August 5, 1933

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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What, no Butler? *a short story by* **Dam**

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AUG. 5, 1933

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102 *years* of experience have taught International Harvester that

DEPRESSION TIME IS NO TIME TO MARK TIME

IN a time of industrial stress two courses are open to a business organization. It can abandon the field of action, crawl into the cyclone cellar, and begin an endless period of WAITING. A costly course, because to stand still is to fall back.

OR—it can continue to build for an inevitably larger future.

International Harvester, during these recent years of reaction, has taken the broader view—a course made easier perhaps by the perspective and experience of its own 102 years of history.

International Harvester occupies a position of major importance in the manufacture of motor trucks, industrial power, and agricultural equipment. In these three fields in these trying years the management of this Company has followed an aggressive program, pioneering new developments and improving its many well-known products.

Some of the outstanding industrial products developed by the Company since 1929 are shown here. *These are products highly qualified to aid in any private or public program of reconstruction.*

If your new plans call for motor trucks and industrial tractors built for today's exacting needs, find out what *International Harvester* has to offer you. Call one of our branches or dealers. Write us for specific information.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 S. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois

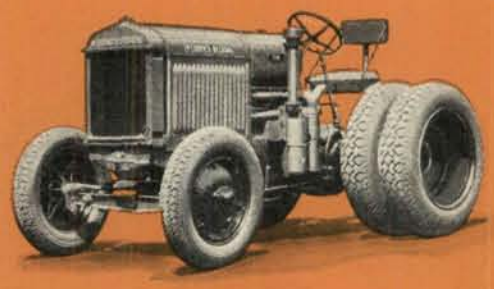
Recent Achievements of International Harvester Engineering:

In this Half-Ton 6-Cylinder Truck for light-delivery, International this year has set a new standard in style and performance. The chassis of this truck, Model D-1, sells for $360, f. o. b. factory.

International has recently announced a remarkable 2-ton value in the Model B-4. The 145-in. wheelbase chassis sells for $1045 f. o. b. factory. There are also 1½ and 3-ton models.

Impressive heavy-duty truck values were presented last year in the powerful 6-cylinder 5 to 7½-ton International Models A-7 and A-8. Built in four wheelbases, for heavy dump, tractor trailer, and cross-country service.

The two McCormick-Deering *TRACTRACTORS*, T-20 and T-40, announced in 1931 and 1932, have proved a sensation through *remarkable accessibility and low maintenance cost.* And now, in *DIESEL* power application to McCormick-Deering tractor design, International Harvester takes another forward step. The large TracTracTor shown is available powered either with a Diesel engine or a 6-cylinder gasoline engine.



The I-30 tractor is the latest form of McCormick-Deering industrial power of the wheel type. McCormick-Deering industrial tractors are the standard of versatile and economical power. International Harvester is the world's largest tractor builder.

The McCormick-Deering power unit is available as an independent power plant or as an integral part of high-quality equipment. Four sizes ranging from 25 to 50 horsepower, including one with Diesel engine.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

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"I Stopped Worrying Two Years Ago"

"A FEW YEARS ago I worried considerably," says Roy A. Hunter. "I saw business changes all around me . . . men, once prosperous, stranded . . . families destitute.

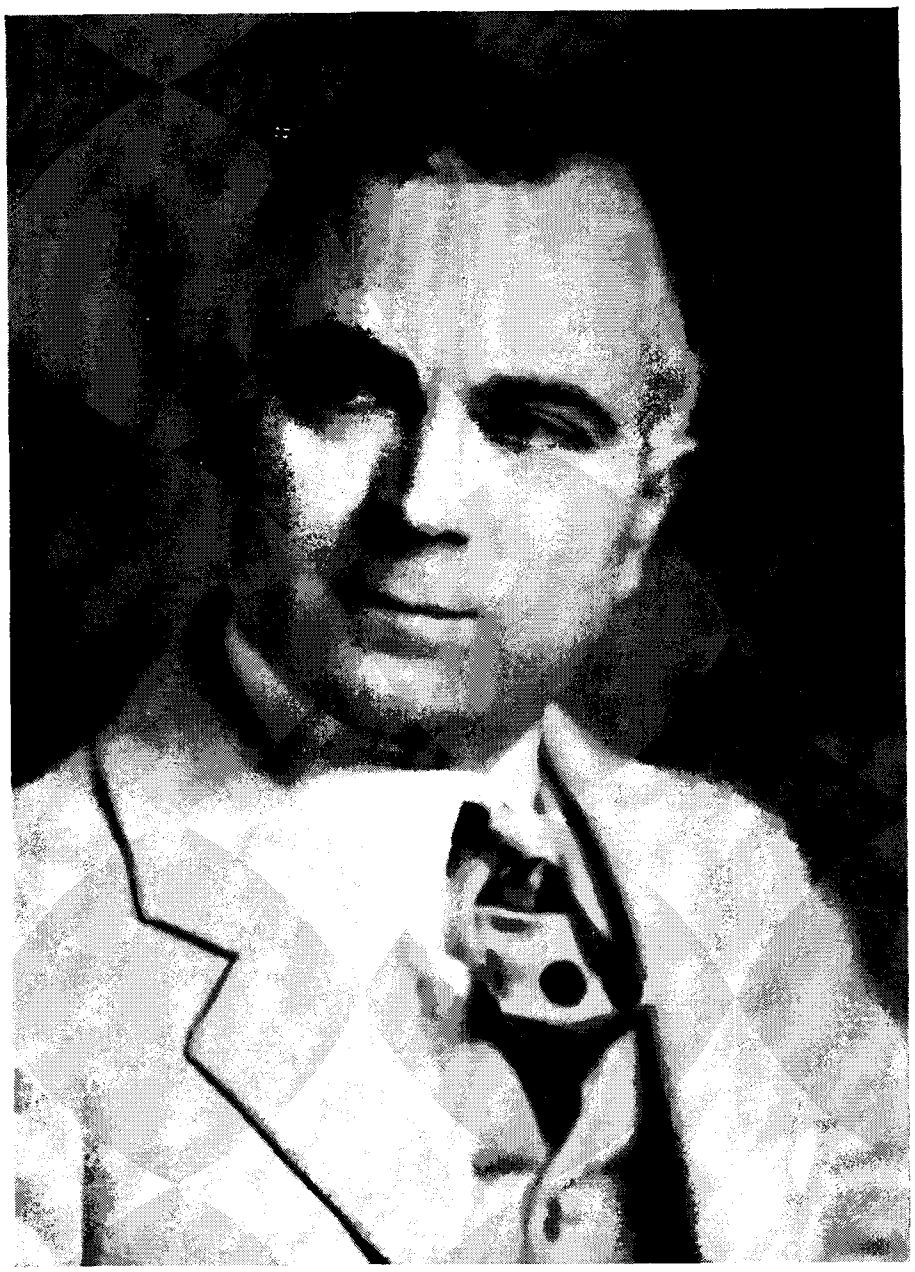
"Then I woke up. I realized that before all other obligations I owed a debt to myself. I made up my mind I must build a Reserve Fund.

"After investigating a number of methods I picked an Investors Syndicate Thrift Plan. Its flexibility exactly suited my requirements. Now I pay my debt to myself regularly . . . and face the future with confidence."

Investors Syndicate Thrift Plans offer a simple method within the means of any business man to provide adequate protection against the many hazards of the future.

Have you a Reserve Fund? Are you prepared for business change, retirement, sickness?

Isn't it time that you did something about this important matter?



Roy A. Hunter, one of many business leaders who are building Reserve Funds through Investors Syndicate Plans. Mr. Hunter is British Columbia Manager of the Pacific Railways Advertising Company, Past Chairman of the Advertising Bureau of the Vancouver Board of Trade, and Past President of the Pacific Advertising Clubs Association.

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Investors Syndicate offers Thrift Plans whereby an individual, or company, can adopt a systematic plan for accumulating money over a period of years.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

JOHNNY BAKER always wore a double-breasted jacket. A double-breasted jacket works out better when you carry a gun and must carry it so it doesn't show. Johnny led a lonely life.

Ann Maybury lived in a New York penthouse—when she wasn't in Southampton or Palm Beach or Biarritz. They didn't have much in common, those two.

And yet they met. Johnny's first wish was that he had never set eyes on the girl. His second was to get away as quick as he could—the quicker he did it the less painful the memory of meeting her would be.

But there was no escape in retreat. Johnny found that out. For once the bullet-proof glass of his special car was no good as protection. In rapid-fire narrative Lucian Cary gives you "The Pay-Off."

AMERICAN women are the most beautiful in the world: even Americans will admit that. Upon being pressed they will grant America preëminence in other fields. But not in aviation. The Europeans are more businesslike, they say.

Collier's, in a desire to get at the truth of this popular American opinion, sent its flying reporter, W. B. Courtney, to check up on it, under daily working conditions, both here and abroad. His report will prove to you with a very satisfactory conclusiveness that "America Flies Ahead." And she's increasing her lead at something over a hundred miles an hour.

"SUPPOSE you've got a kitten. You may have been trying for weeks to get up the nerve to drown it, but if somebody else walks off with it, you'll raise the devil of a fuss—just because it happens to be yours, you know. . . . And then you begin to remember how the darned thing used to scratch!"

That's not the way to talk to your fiancée who is running off with one of your friends. Especially if she's a redhead. And yet that's what Clem Ross said. His hair, too, was red—redder even than Camilla's. Hilda Mauck shows you what happened when Camilla said, bitterly and decisively, "Leave Me Alone."

"THEY Will Never Die," by S. B. H. Hurst, is a brilliant epic of the sea. Harold Lamb contributes a stirring tale of the East, "The Way of the Girl." Billy Evans' "Strictly in Confidence" gives you the inside story of big-league baseball. George Creel, Ernest Haycox, Kathleen Norris and others provide just the right diet to keep you happy.

Take it and like it.

This Week

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August 5, 1933

Cover by George de Zayas

DAMON RUNYON
What, No Butler? **Why Illah-Illah, the Arabian acrobatic dancer, is never mentioned in connection with the scragging of Mr. Justin Veezee.** **Page 7**

GEORGE CREEL
Clear the Tracks! **The railroads decide not to be caught and stuffed.** **Page 10**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Face is Familiar, **by Stewart Robertson.** **Page 13**

DWIGHT MITCHELL WILEY
Insult Accepted. **A young Southern gentleman meets the North—in person.** **Page 14**

WINSTON CHURCHILL
Land of Corn and Lobsters. **That, lest you fail to identify it, is your land.** **Page 16**

FRANK CONDON
Head Down! **A cure for head-lifting that has never failed: all you need is a cannibal isle.** **Page 18**

ERNEST HAYCOX
Starlight Rider, Part VI. **In a cross-tide of love and hatred.** **Page 21**

BILL CUNNINGHAM
Starch for the Red Sox. **Mr. Yawkey makes a second-hand purchase in Boston.** **Page 23**

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Manhattan Love Song, Part IV. **The return of a prodigal—greatly damaged.** **Page 24**

ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON
Busy Wires. **A typhoon of excitement and romance, sucked into the vortex of a local exchange.** **Page 26**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Very small pearls—seed pearls, in fact.** **Page 28**

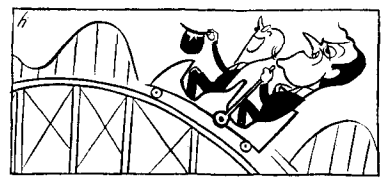
HOWARD S. REED and W. B. COURTNEY
Danged Varmints. **If you want to be a really good tiger hunter, start with cougars when you're young.** **Page 29**

EDITORIAL
Your Dollar's Worth. **Page 50**

●

Any Week

SOMEHOW, as time trickles on, we become less and less sure of more and more things which once we believed to be truth. We do not deny that there may be truth in this letter from Mr. Warren A. Hower of Catawissa, Pennsylvania, but we are saddened by the failure of Mr. Hower to include proof. "A law," says he, "limiting wealth to $1,000,000 per American would be entirely just for it would give fair play. The gold standard enables the special-privilege crowd to bleed the world, therefore remonetize silver to beat them. The depression was engineered by the capitalists in order to force wages down. Dishonest politicians can be driven out of office."



"EVER been on a roller-coaster?" inquires Mr. Frank J. Jedlicka, justice of the peace in Calumet, Michigan. "Up you go. Down you go. Then up again. What an exhilarating feeling. Hold on to your hat, fella. Girlie, mind that skirt. And then, well, well, well—here we are right back where we started. So let's hope that the Roosevelt roller-coaster jumps the track and lands us gently in a field of soft clover."

MR. CALVIN TICHENOR of New York City thinks this column has shown signs of improvement lately and wants to know whether there's "a new man on the job." No, it's the same old man who decided to do better. And just in time too.

"I HAVE been putting my nickels on you more or less regularly and have always considered Collier's the greatest five cents' worth of stimulant in the market," says Mr. Charles E. Peacock of Jacksonville, Florida. "But what I can't ferret out is that last sentence of your 'Live and Let Live' editorial (June 24th issue). When have we ever failed to give to Europe; and what have we ever received?"

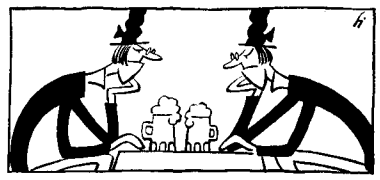
MR. PEACOCK refers to an editorial wherein we urge among other concessions: "A stand-still agreement on war debts extending, say, for a five-year period." Mrs. Harry F. Brown of Los Angeles has a view or two of her own about it. "Even," thinks she, "if we were to remit those war debts entirely, Europe wouldn't be satisfied. Europe would merely regard us as easy marks and act accordingly."

HAPPILY our readers do not always demand answers of us. If they did we'd be in a pretty nasty spot. Just about as nasty as the one Mr. C. P. Lukens of Syracuse, New York, hints at when he asks: "What do you suppose would happen if you tried to do all the things and embrace all the political and economic views your letter-writing readers insist upon?"

WHEN Mr. Bob Casket of Seattle, Washington, was a young fellow "back in Nebraska" he made a tentative decision to adopt politics for his career. "I asked all our biggest men, including the preacher, the banker, the editor and our congressman, about the best way to launch myself," says Mr. Casket. "But it wasn't until I met an old boy named Joe McMunn at the county poor farm that I got anywhere. Joe was regarded by the preacher, the banker, the editor and our congressman as our local nitwit. What Joe said was this: 'Listen, young feller, go home and write yourself a speech. Don't leave nothing out. Climb all over both sides of all questions. Then go and deliver it in some district somewheres and try it on folks who ain't going to get a chance to vote for you anyway. Mark all the places they applaud and check off all the places they hiss. Then go back to your home district and run on a platform made up of the things they liked. That's what makes statesmen, son.'"

OUR Mr. Shepherd returns from Chicago with tidings that the New Deal is working. On Halsted Street a citizen addressed him with: "Brother, the depression is over; can you spare a quarter?"

"IF," says Mr. Tom Stuart of Santa Ana, California, "it's true that banks don't fail in Canada, that the police are incorruptible, that the courts are hard-boiled terrors to all criminals and ignore politicians, and that the liquor laws really work, why not petition the Dominion to annex us?"



"WHAT I'm looking forward to," says Mr. Thos. J. I. O'Neil of San Francisco, "is the privilege of seeing the professional prohibitionists sitting in the Anti-Saloon League headquarters after repeal, hoping the country goes to the dogs."

With a stein on the table?

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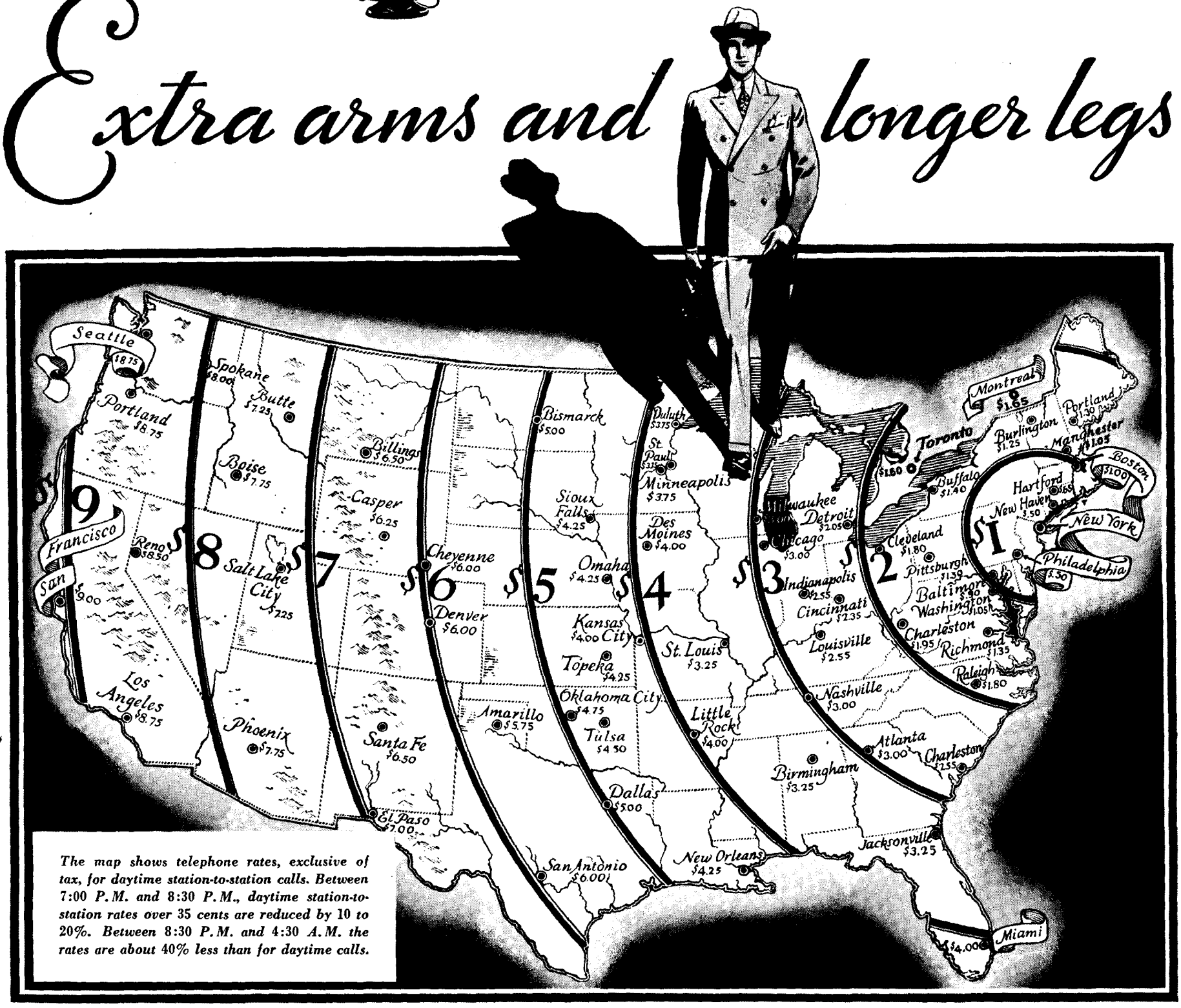
FOR THE SALESMAN . . .

Extra arms and longer legs



The map shows telephone rates, exclusive of tax, for daytime station-to-station calls. Between 7:00 P.M. and 8:30 P.M., daytime station-to-station rates over 35 cents are reduced by 10 to 20%. Between 8:30 P.M. and 4:30 A.M. the rates are about 40% less than for daytime calls.

BUSINESS is scattered over wider areas these days. Salesmen have to see two or three times as many people to get the same volume. They just can't afford to spend a large part of each day waiting in outer offices and calling upon people who aren't available.

Through the systematic use of Long Distance telephone service, many companies are greatly increasing the effectiveness of their sales efforts. This is like giving the salesmen extra arms and longer legs—it enables them to cover their territories much more quickly and inexpensively, and at the same time visit many more customers and prospects.

The Telephone Will Find Your Prospect

The telephone serves them as scout in locating sales possibilities in nearby and distant towns. Without neglecting their present customers, salesmen can focus their efforts on securing new business in those districts that are changing for the better. They can arrange to be on the ground when orders are being placed and can handle the orders with a speed which means repeat business. From all over the country come reports of unusual successes — achieved by companies both large and small — through the *organized* use of Long Distance, as worked out in co-operation with the telephone company. Here is an example:

6% Increase in Yearly Sales

The Consolidated Products Company, large dealer in used machinery, reduced sales costs by 10% and increased yearly sales by 6% through a Long Distance plan developed by the telephone company. Where formerly each salesman averaged six personal visits a day, he now makes six personal visits *plus* twenty telephone calls.

The Atlantic Refining Company says: "Long Distance gets results at lowest cost." Sparks-Withington Company: "Thoroughly convinced of its effectiveness, not only in the promotion of new business, but in the proper handling of production and distribution problems."

The organized use of Long Distance gets the approval of both salesmen and executives, because it brings such big returns in increased sales and reduced expenses. The Business Office of your local Bell Company will gladly give further information.

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Sally only knows—

"It's so very GOOD"

BUT SALLY'S MOTHER KNOWS —SHE NEEDS ITS EXTRA BENEFITS TOO!

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Post's BRAN FLAKES
WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT
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THE NEW CRISP-PACK
POSTUM COMPANY, INC., BATTLE CREEK, MICH., U.S.A.
NET WEIGHT 6 OUNCES

So delicious to eat! . . . This cereal with the bulk you need! Eat it every day—to keep regular and fit!

OF course children think Post's Bran Flakes is just the most delicious-tasting breakfast food they've *ever* had!

But wise mothers serve it for another reason, too. They know that Post's Bran Flakes acts as a precaution against constipation due to lack of bulk in the diet . . . an often unsuspected trouble that may lead to listlessness, ill temper, "low" spirits.

For years, Post's Bran Flakes has been recommended as a safeguard against this condition . . . for children and adults alike. For it provides the bulk the system needs but that many foods lack . . . thus helps to prevent intestinal sluggishness, and to insure *normal* elimination of food wastes. It is also rich in phosphorus, iron, Vitamin B.

Follow this Health Program

That is why you will want to serve Post's Bran Flakes regularly, as a part of this proven program: Outdoor exercise . . . water to drink between meals . . . plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables in the diet. And a generous daily helping of Post's Bran Flakes.

Many ways to serve it

Your family will love this crispy, golden-flaked food . . . whether you serve it plain, or with fruits or berries. So give them Post's Bran Flakes *today*. And see how easily it helps to keep them *regular* and fit. A product of General Foods.

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Visit the General Foods Exhibit, a Century of Progress, Chicago (through October) and see the Post's Bran Flakes display.

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WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

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What, no Butler?

By Damon Runyon

The coppers are still scratching their noddles over Mr. Justin Veezee, who died suddenly. Ambrose Hammer could assist them. But we do not think he will do much talking, for he is very romantic

TO LOOK at Ambrose Hammer, the newspaper scribe, you will never suspect that he has sense enough to pound sand in a rat hole, but Ambrose is really a pretty slick guy. In fact, Ambrose is a great hand for thinking, and the way I find this out makes quite a story.

It begins about seven o'clock one May morning when I am standing at the corner of Fiftieth Street and Broadway, and along comes Ambrose with his neck all tied up as if he has a sore throat, and he gives me a large hello in a hoarse tone of voice.

Then we stand there together, speaking of the beautiful sunrise, and one thing and another, and of how we wish we have jobs that will let us enjoy the daylight more, although personally I do not have any job to begin with, and if there is one thing I hate and despise it is the daylight, and the chances are this goes for Ambrose, too.

In fact, in all the years I know Ambrose, I never catch him out in the daylight more than two or three times, and then it is when we are both on our way home and happen to meet up as we do this morning I am talking about. And always Ambrose is telling me what a tough life he leads, and how his nerves are all shot to pieces, although I hear the only time Ambrose's nerves really bother him is once when he goes to Florida for a vacation, and has a nervous breakdown from the quiet that is around and about those parts.

This Ambrose Hammer is a short, chubby guy, with big, round, googly eyes, and a very innocent expression, and in fact it is this innocent expression that causes many guys to put Ambrose away as slightly dumb, because it does not seem possible that a guy who is around Broadway as long as Ambrose can look so innocent unless he is dumb.

He is what is called a dramatic critic by trade, and his job is to write pieces for the paper about the new plays that somebody is always producing on Broadway, and Ambrose's pieces are very interesting, indeed, as he loves to heave the old harpoon into actors if they do

"The game is up," Ambrose says. "If you wish to confess to me and this party, well and good"

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not act to suit him, and as it will take a combination of Katherine Cornell, Jimmy Durante and Lillian Gish to really suit Ambrose, he is generally in there harpooning away very good.

Well, while we are standing on the corner boosting the daylight, who comes along but a plain-clothes copper by the name of Marty Kerle, and he stops to give us a big good-morning. Personally, I have no use for coppers, even if they are in plain clothes, but I believe in being courteous to them at all times, so I give Marty a big good-morning right back at him, and ask him what he is doing out and about at such an hour, and Marty states as follows:

"Why," Marty says, "some doll who claims she is housekeeper for Mr. Justin Veezee just telephones the station that she finds Mr. Justin Veezee looking as if he is very dead in his house over here in West Fifty-sixth Street, and I am going there to investigate this rumor. Maybe," Marty says, "you will wish to come along with me."

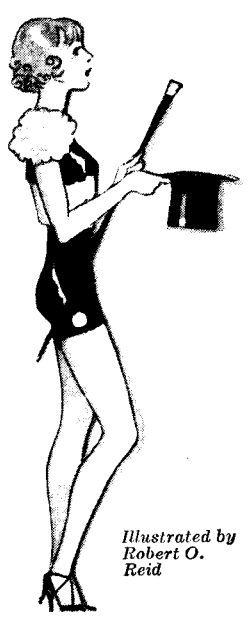
"Mr. Justin Veezee?" Ambrose Hammer says. "Why, my goodness gracious, this cannot be true, because I hear he is in the Club Soudan only a few hours ago watching the Arabian acrobatic dancer turn flip-flops, and one thing and another, although personally," Ambrose says, "I do not think she is any more Arabian than Miss Ethel Barrymore."

But of course if Mr. Justin Veezeee is dead, it is a nice item of news for Ambrose Hammer to telephone in to his paper, so he tells Marty he will be delighted to go with him, for one, and I decide to go too, as I will rather be looking at a dead guy than at guys hurrying to work at such an hour.

FURTHERMORE, I am secretly hoping that the housekeeper does not make any mistake, as I can think of nothing nicer than seeing Mr. Justin Veezee dead, unless maybe it is two or three Mr. Justin Veezees dead, for personally I consider Mr. Justin Veezee nothing but an old stinker.

In fact, everybody in this town considers Mr. Justin Veezee nothing but an old stinker, because for many years he is along Broadway, in and out, and up and down, and always he is on the grab for young dolls such as work in night clubs and shows, and especially young dolls who do not have brains enough to realize that Mr. Justin Veezee is nothing but an old stinker. And of course there is always a fresh crop of such dolls coming to Broadway every year, and in fact it is getting so nowadays that there are several crops per year.

But although it is well known to one and all that Mr. Justin Veezee is nothing but an old stinker, nobody ever dasts speak of this matter out loud, as Mr. Justin Veezee has plenty of potatoes, which come down to him from his papa, and it is considered very disrespectful along Broadway to speak of a guy with plenty of potatoes as an old stinker, even if he is as tight with his potatoes as Mr. Justin Veezee, which is very, very, very, very tight, indeed.



Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

Now, the house in West Fifty-sixth Street where Mr. Justin Veezee lives is between Fifth and Sixth avenues, and is once the private home of the Veezee family when there is quite a raft of Veezees around, but it seems that these Veezees all die off one by one, except Mr. Justin Veezee, and so he finally turns the old home into an apartment house.

It is a very nice-looking building, maybe four or five stories high, with apartments on each floor, and Mr. Justin Veezee's apartment is on the first floor above the street, and takes in the whole floor, although this does not mean so much space at that, as the house is very narrow.

It is one of these apartment houses where you push a button at the front door on the street floor, and this push rings a bell in the apartment you are after, and then somebody in the apartment pushes a button up there, and this unlocks the front door, and you walk up the stairs to where you are going, as there is no elevator, and no doorman, either.

WELL, anyway, it is in the front room of Mr. Justin Veezee's apartment that we see Mr. Justin Veezee himself. He is sitting straight up in a big easy-chair beside a table on which there is a stack of these pictures called etchings, and he has on evening clothes, and his eyes are wide open and bugging out of his head, as if he is totally amazed at something he sees, and the chances are he is, at that.

There is no doubt whatever but that Mr. Justin Veezee is very dead, indeed, and Marty Kerle says we are not to touch anything until the medical examiner has a peek, although by the time he says this, Ambrose Hammer is looking the etchings over with great interest, as Ambrose is such a guy as dearly loves to look at works of art.

The housekeeper who calls up the station is present when we arrive, but she turns out to be nothing but an old tomato by the name of Mrs. Swanson, who does not live in Mr. Justin Veezee's house, but who comes every morning at an early hour to clean up the joint. And this Mrs. Swanson states that she finds Mr. Justin Veezee just as he is when she comes in on this particular morning, although she says that usually he is in the hay pounding his ear at such an hour.

She thinks maybe he falls asleep in the chair, and tries to roust him out, but as Mr. Justin Veezee does not say aye, yes, or no, she figures the chances are he is dead, and so she gives the gendarmes a buzz.

"WELL," I say to Ambrose Hammer, "this is a most ghastly scene, indeed. In fact, Mr. Justin Veezee looks worse dead than he does alive, which I will never consider possible. The chances are this guy dies of old age. He must be fifty, if he is a day," I say.

"No," Ambrose says, "he does not die of old age. The way I look at it, this is a case of homicide. Somebody gets in here and cools off Mr. Justin Veezee, and it is a very dirty trick if you ask me, because," Ambrose says, "they do not give Mr. Justin Veezee a chance to change into something more comfortable than a dinner jacket."

Well, Ambrose says he will look around and see if he can locate any clues, and while he is snooping around the joint in comes a guy from the medical examiner's office and takes a gander at Mr. Justin Veezee. And the guy states at once that Mr. Justin Veezee is positively dead, although nobody is giving him any argument on this point, and he further states that what kills Mr. Justin Veezee is nothing but a broken neck.

Right away this broken neck becomes a very great mystery, because it does not stand to reason that a guy can break his own

In comes a guy from the medical examiner's office and takes a gander

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at Mr. Justin Veezee

neck sitting down, unless maybe he is practicing to be a contortionist, and nobody figures it possible that Mr. Justin Veezee is practicing to be a contortionist at his age.

Furthermore, the medical guy finds certain marks on Mr. Justin Veezee's neck which he claims show that somebody grabs Mr. Justin Veezee by the guzzle and cracks his neck for him as if he is nothing but a goose, and the medical guy says it must be somebody with very strong dukes to play such a prank on Mr. Justin Veezee.

Well, Ambrose Hammer seems to be all heated up about this whole matter, although personally I cannot see where it is any of his put-in. The way I look at it, Mr. Justin Veezee is no price any way you take him when he is alive and kicking, and his death does not change the betting any as far as I am concerned, because I know from the things I see of Mr. Justin Veezee, and the things I hear of him, that he is still an old stinker, in spades.

Ambrose tells me that he is certainly going to solve this mystery in the interests of justice, and I tell him that the only way to solve a murder mystery is to suspect everybody in town, beginning with the old tomato who discovers the remains of Mr. Justin Veezee, and winding up with the gendarmes who investigate the case.

"BUT," I say to Ambrose Hammer, "you do not pin the foul deed on any of these parties, but on the butler, because this is the way these things are done in all the murder-mystery movies and plays I ever see, and also in all the murder-mystery books I ever read."

Well, at this Marty Kerle, the plainclothes copper, states that the only trouble with my idea is that there is no butler connected with Mr. Justin Veezee's establishment in any way, shape, manner, or form, and when I tell Ambrose that maybe we can hire a butler to double in murder for us, Ambrose becomes very indignant, and speaks to me as follows:

"No butler commits this murder," Ambrose says, "and, furthermore, I do not consider your remarks in good taste, no matter if you are joking, or what. I am convinced that this crime is the work of nobody but a doll, because of certain clues I encounter in my survey of the premises."

But Ambrose will not tell me what these clues are, and personally I do not care, because the way I look at it, even if some doll does give Mr. Justin Veezee the business, it is only retribution for what Mr. Justin Veezee does to other dolls in his time.

Well, the scragging of Mr. Justin Veezee is a very great sensation, and the newspapers make quite a lot of it, because there is no doubt but what it is the greatest mystery in this town in several weeks. Furthermore, anybody that ever as much as speaks to Mr. Justin Veezee in the past twenty years becomes very sorry for it when the newspapers commence printing their names and pictures, and especially any dolls who have any truck with Mr. Justin Veezee in the past, for naturally the newspaper scribes and the gendarmes are around asking them where they are at such and such an hour on such and such a date, and it is quite amazing how few guys and dolls can remember this offhand, especially dolls.

IN FACT, pretty soon the scragging of Mr. Justin Veezee becomes one of the most embarrassing propositions that ever comes off east of the Mississippi River, and many citizens are thinking of going out and scragging somebody else just to take the attention of the scribes and the gendarmes away from Mr. Justin Veezee.

As near as anybody can find out, the last party to see Mr. Justin Veezee alive the morning he is scragged is a red-headed doll at the Club Soudan by the name of Sorrel-top, and who is by no means a bad-looking doll, if you like them red-headed. This Sorrel-top is in charge of the check-room where one and all are supposed to check their hats and coats on entering the Club Soudan, and to tip Sorrel-top a shilling or two when they go out for keeping cases on these articles.

It seems that Sorrel-top always remembers when Mr. Justin Veezee leaves the Club Soudan, because he never stakes her to as much as a thin dime when he calls for his kady, and naturally Sorrel-top is bound to remember such a guy, especially as he is the only guy in the United States of America who dasts pass up Sorrel-top in this manner.

So she remembers that Mr. Justin Veezee leaves the Club Soudan on the morning in question around three bells, and the chances are he walks home, as none of the taxi jockeys who hang out in front of the Club Soudan remember seeing him, and, anyway, it is only a few blocks from the club to Mr. Justin Veezee's house, and it is a cinch he is never going to pay money to ride in a taxi just a few blocks.

NOW it comes out that there are only two entrances to Mr. Justin Veezee's apartment, and one entrance is the front door, and the other entrance is a back door, but the back door is locked and barred on the inside when Mr. Justin Veezee is found, while the front door is locked with a patent snap lock, and Mrs. Swanson, the old tomato who does the housekeeping for Mr. Justin Veezee, states that she and Mr. Justin Veezee have the only two keys in the world to this lock that she knows of, although of course the parties who live in the other apartments in the house have keys to the street door, and so has the old tomato.

Furthermore, the windows of Mr. Justin Veezee's apartment are all locked on the inside, and there seems to be no way whatever that anybody except Mr. Justin Veezee and the old tomato can get in this apartment, and the gendarmes begin looking at the old tomato very suspiciously, indeed, until she digs up a milkman by the name of Schmalz, who sees her going into the apartment house about six-thirty in the morning, and then sees her a few minutes later come tearing out of the joint yelling watch, murder, police, and the medical guys say there is no chance she can guzzle Mr. Justin Veezee in this time, unless she is a faster worker than anybody they ever hear of in all their days.

Anyway, nobody can figure a motive for the old tomato to guzzle Mr. Justin Veezee, although a couple of the newspaper scribes try to make out that maybe she is an ever-loving sweetheart of Mr. Justin Veezee in the long ago, and that he does her dirt. Personally, I consider this proposition reasonable enough, because it is a sure thing that if the old tomato is ever Mr. Justin Veezee's sweetheart, he is just naturally bound to do her dirt. But the old tomato seems so depressed over losing a customer for her housekeeping that finally nobody pays any more attention to her, and one and all go looking around for someone else who may have a motive for giving Mr. Justin Veezee the business.

Well, it comes out that there are a large number of parties, including both male and female, in this part of the country who figure to have a motive for giving Mr. Justin Veezee the business, but they are all able to prove they are some place else when this matter comes off, so the mystery keeps getting more mysterious by the minute, especially as the gendarmes say there is no chance that robbery is the motive, because Mr. Justin Veezee has all his jewelry on him and plenty of potatoes in his pockets when he is found, and nothing in the apartment seems disturbed.

FURTHERMORE, they find no fingerprints around and about, except some that turn out to belong to Ambrose Hammer, and at that Ambrose has a tough time explaining that he makes these fingerprints after Mr. Justin Veezee is found, and not before. They find most of Ambrose's fingerprints on the etchings, and personally I am glad I am not around fingering anything while I am in the joint, as the gendarmes may not listen to my explanations as easy as they listen to Ambrose.

Well, I do not see Ambrose for several nights, but it seems that this is because there are some shows opening around town and Ambrose is busy harpooning the actors. Finally one night he comes looking for me, and he states that as I am with him when he starts working on the mystery of who gives Mr. Justin Veezee the business, it is only fair that I be present when he exposes the party who commits this dastardly deed. And, Ambrose says, the hour now arrives, and although I do my best to show Ambrose that there can be no percentage for him in hollering copper on anybody in this matter, nothing will do but I must go with him.

And where does he take me but to the Club Soudan, and as it is early in the evening there are very few customers in the joint when we arrive, as the Club Soudan does not heat up good until along about midnight. Furthermore, I judge that the customers are strangers in the city, as they seem to be partaking of food, and nobody who is not a stranger in the city will think of partaking of food in the Club Soudan, although the liquor there is by no means bad.

Well, Ambrose and I get to talking to a character by the name of Flat-wheel Walter, who has a small piece of the joint, and who is called by this name because he walks with a gimp on one side, and by and by Ambrose asks for the Arabian acrobatic dancer, and Flat-wheel says she is at this time in her dressing-room making up for her dance. So Ambrose takes me up a flight of stairs to a little room, which is one of several little rooms along a hallway, and sure enough, there is this Arabian acrobatic dancer making up.

And the way she is making up is by taking off her clothes, because it seems

(Continued on page 30)

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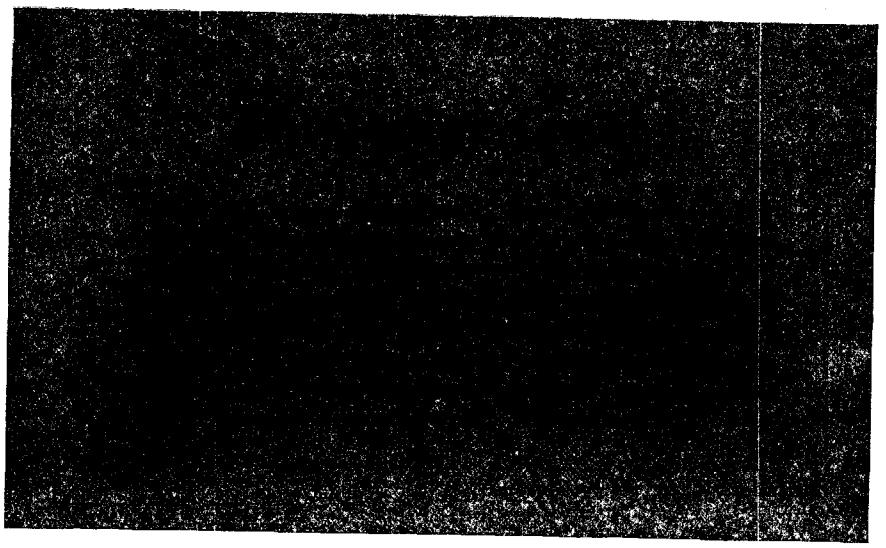


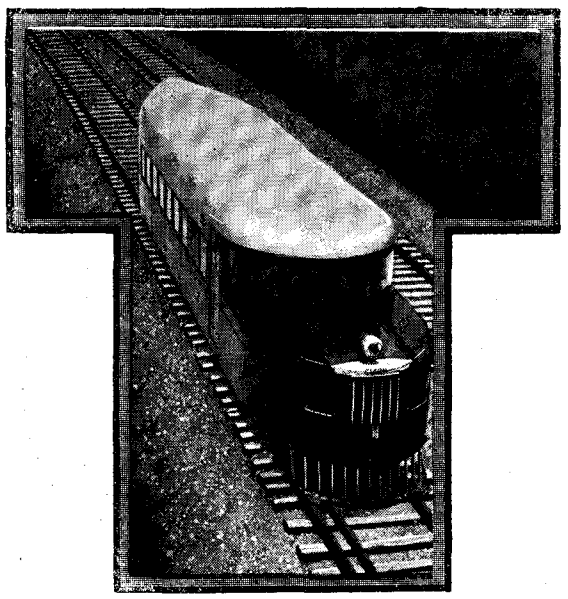
CLEAR THE

IN ALL this excited talk about the future of transportation in the United States, with people speculating on the probable speed of aircraft and automobiles, it will not do to overlook the railroads. No magic carpet will be provided, but it can be said that the steam lines are on the eve of a revolution that will make present-day rail travel seem every whit as antiquated as the stagecoach and the ferry.

Inventions and improvements, already under way, make it certain that the next few years will see trains running from coast to coast in two or three days, and this in cleanliness and comfort; trains in which the cars are built of aluminum, aluminum alloy or stainless steel, light and gay as dragon flies; Diesels, electric or gasoline engines replacing the chugging, snorting, smoke-belching locomotive, and instead of the old blunt-nosed construction, everything streamlined to a point where wind resistance is reduced to a minimum. As a result of the new construction and increased motive power, the speeds will average from eighty to ninety miles an hour with a maximum of one hundred and twenty-five under favorable conditions.

Greatest blessing of all, there will be an utter absence of the bumps and jars due to teeth-loosening, spine-cracking flat steel wheels. Not only will every possible part of a car be mounted in live rubber, but the employment of ball and roller bearings, shock absorbers, resilient wheels or actual balloon tires may be counted on to do away with the incessant vibration that now forces elderly passengers to hold in their upper plates with both hands.

No more will fruity, full-bodied odors make the usual coach a cross between an East Side tenement and an Eskimo igloo, for every car will be air-conditioned, cool in summer, warm in winter, and sweet and pure all the time. Artificial ventilation will permit the double-paned windows of non-shatterable glass to be set in place permanently and hermetically, and this improvement, together with smokeless engines, will eliminate the dirt and dust and cinder nuisance. What has kept thousands of sincere patriots from "seeing America first" is a chunk of coal in the eye. Sound-proofing will also be a feature of the new construction.

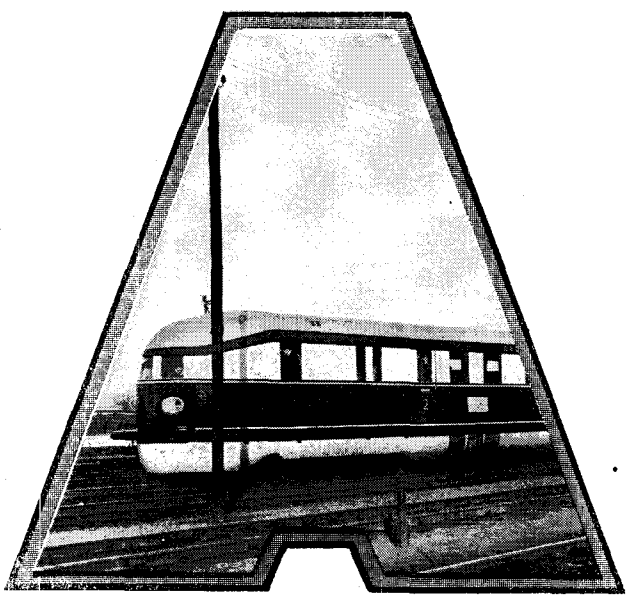


Clark Equipment Co.

The AutoTram, Michigan Central's streamlined, motor-powered coach, which travels at a hundred m. p. h.

Ewing Galloway

The flexible, motor-hauled freight container eliminates terminal delay on the New York Central road



International News

The "Flying Hamburger," Germany's ultra-modern train, which maintains a speed of 93 m. p. h. over long runs

The red plush seats that Rutherford B. Hayes used to admire as a boy are scheduled for the junk pile, and the new seating arrangement will be made up of lounges, settees and big, comfortable leather chairs. Each car will have its kitchenette, ready to serve passengers when service is required, so there will be no more of this painful business of bunching in the vestibules outside of dining cars, waiting wearily for those at table to finish toying with the dessert.

We're a Patient People

Pullmans, as we know them now, are going to take their place in the Smithsonian along with shaving mugs, bootjacks, horsehair furniture and other fossil remains. Double bedrooms, if you please, and instead of upper and lower berths, upper and lower *rooms*, commodious enough to let anyone dress and undress without a preliminary course in contortion. And each room with its own toilet arrangements, thus banishing those Chambers of Horror, those Black Holes of Calcutta, that now masquerade as washrooms.

Who has not, at some time in his life, scuttled out of a berth, holding up his pants with one hand, the other burdened by a suitcase, carrying shirt and tie between his teeth, and arrived at the lavatory to find the cubbyhole crowded with early risers smoking an after-breakfast cigar, and the remaining space taken up by the linen, toilet lotions and scalp invigorators of various fat traveling men? And yet they say Americans are not a patient people!

Branch line and suburban travel, no less than main-line service, is due for complete and radical reorganization. Gas or electric engines, drawing air-conditioned, sound-proof trailers, with ball and roller bearings and rubber tires insuring maximum comfort, will be the railroad's answer to the bus in the competition for short-haul business.

Two- and three-car trains, racing along at an average speed of seventy or eighty miles an hour, may also prove the solution of our problem of highly congested centers of population. How many, for instance, would continue to prefer the tenement or the apartment house if they could be carried in forty minutes, cleanly and comfortably, to a house and garden fifty miles away?

And *cheaply*, too! It is in connection with the important matter of cost that we come to the greatest and most fundamental change that is going to be worked in railroad travel. Nothing is more certain than that there will be slashing reductions in the high passenger rates that have done more than any other one thing to diminish rail incomes and turn traffic over to the busses. A rate of one cent a mile is confidently to be expected, and it is not at all unlikely that the price will drop as low as half a cent.

The process of modernization is not going to stop with car construction, improved motive power and interior improvements. It is doubtful if a single grade crossing will be left in the United States a few years hence. Their elimination is no longer looked on purely as a railroad duty, for the grade crossing is a result of highway extension and even now the government is considering the task as part of the projected public works program. Here is employment for an army of men, and the right sort of employment, for the job is sixty per cent labor and only forty per cent material.

Nothing is more obvious, of course, than that this picture of the travel of the future will be met with many an incredulous "Oh yeah," for there is little in the past performance of the carriers to indicate any passion for progressivism. Even the National Transportation Committee, a friendly body, was compelled to admit in its recent report that "if the railroads had regarded themselves more accurately as purveyors of transportation rather than guardians of a monopoly, they would have been more alert to take advantage of every development in their field."

Our Awakening Railroads

Only the most pigheaded executive will deny that the railways have stood like iron against the thrust of new ideas. They sneered at the telegraph; they refused to build refrigerator cars, compelling the formation of private companies; they would not speed up their box cars beyond twelve miles an hour and let express companies capture the fast freight traffic; they sat idle while interurban trolleys took away their patrons and, stone-blind to the possibilities of automotive transport, they did little to meet the competition of busses and trucks beyond clamoring for legislation that would tax them off the highways.

All of this, however, relates to the past. There are still a good many railroad managers who, like the Bourbons, die but never learn, but a vast change has come over the spirit of the majority, and progress is the order of the day. Nine executives out of ten have had the

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sense to realize that they were going deeper and deeper into the red because railroad service had not shown an improvement in the last thirty years. Uncomfortable coaches, dirty and noisy, creeping along at an average speed of twenty-five miles an hour, and even the so-called "lightning express" doing no better than an average of thirty-eight. Huge old L. F. Loree, president of the Delaware and Hudson, stood up on his hind legs not long since and growled that "if a tithe of the effort that in the past ten years has been expended in developing the automobile had been expended in the development of the locomotive, we should now have a machine that would discredit and make obsolete a large number of our present stock of 55,400 engines."

In addition to other such rebellious outbursts, poor old Europe, derided as a back number, began to shame the boasted inventive genius and initiative of America. England came forward with the famous Cheltenham Flyer, with a start-to-stop average of eighty miles an hour, and followed it with the Royal Scot and a Diesel-electric service between London and Birmingham.

gation, intensive experimentation has been carried on these last few years, engineers, scientists and inventors joining hands to find the New and Better.

The matter of higher speeds was a first consideration and, along with exhaustive fuel and engine tests, experts took up the study of weight, and found that about ten tons of metal were being hauled around the landscape for every single passenger. As a consequence, car builders began to think in terms of aluminum, aluminum alloy and stainless steel and other methods of light construction designed to cut down awkward, useless dead weight.

The Cars of the Future

No railroad man had ever heard or even dreamed of such a thing as wind resistance, but when aircraft engineers discovered it to be a prime problem, car and locomotive manufacturers got to work. Tunnel tests demonstrated that wind resistance could be cut down as much as fifty per cent by the proper sort of streamlining, thereby saving a like amount in horsepower.

Among the first fruits of all this ex-

electrical load, and the double-end control does away with a large amount of switching.

The AutoTram, now being tested by the Michigan Central lines, differs from the Budd-Michelin car in three fundamental particulars. It is built of aluminum alloy, drawn by a sixteen-cylinder gasoline engine, and has resilient wheels instead of pneumatic tires. Streamlined to the ultimate, it does from eighty-five to one hundred miles an hour, and amazing economy in operation is claimed by the manufacturers. Weighing 32,000 pounds, and with seating capacity for forty-two, the weight per passenger is 750 pounds.

The double-paned windows are set permanently in place, and an adequate circulation of air—cool in summer and warm in winter—is provided by blower fans. The chairs are of aluminum tastefully upholstered, arranged as in a club car, and not only is the motor and all other rotating equipment mounted in live rubber, but a large degree of resilience is given to the wheels by four rings of rubber between the steel tire and aluminum web-plates.

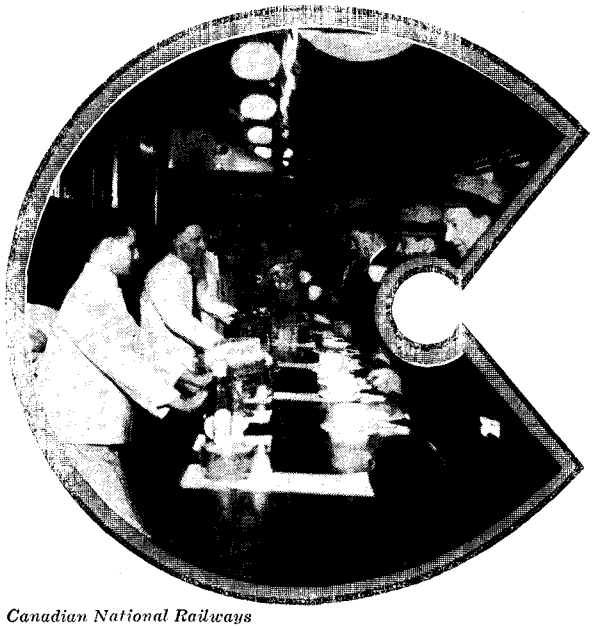
Where the steam train loses most of

sleeper, an impressive reduction in the cost of haulage that involves no sacrifice of safety, for the lighter construction has been proved to possess the same strength as ordinary steel.

Cars that Carry Climate

Thermostatic control regulates the air-conditioning of the car, cooling it in summer, warming it in winter, and at the same time changing and filtering it. This not only does away with the necessity of open windows, eliminating noise, smoke and dirt, but permits a higher degree of streamlining. A turtle-back roof replaces the present double deck, with its many ventilators, and wind resistance is lessened still further by the rounded rear end, for the old-style cindery back platform has been glassed in.

The model is really three cars in one, for in addition to the commodious sun room and lounge there are three bedrooms, one double, and a compact kitchenette able to serve a full passenger list quickly and efficiently. Other innovations are the use of rubber tile in the flooring, and a system of indirect

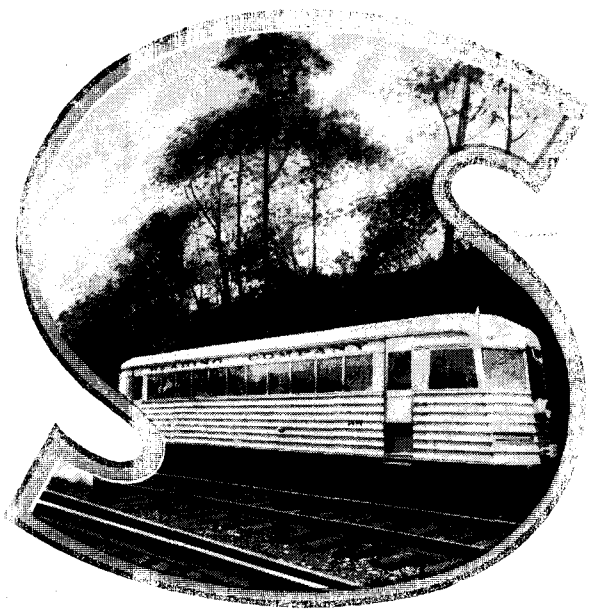


Canadian National Railways

A Canadian National Railways lunch car, where low-cost meals are served profitably on reduced-fare excursions

Wide World

Changing one of the new steel and rubber pneumatic wheels on the newest type American coach shown at the right



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Reading's Diesel-electric rubber-tired coach is the last word in high speed travel comfort

Germany's contribution was the "Flying Hamburger," which makes the 179-mile run between Berlin and Hamburg at an average speed of ninety-three miles an hour, and a promise of ninety-nine miles in the near future. A brand-new idea in construction too, for the equipment of the train consists of an articulated unit of two coach bodies carried on three four-wheel trucks. The one hundred passengers are cared for in seats of the Pullman section type, and a delightful little buffet in the center serves hot and cold drinks and sandwiches. Diesel engines provide the traction, and the very highest degree of streamlining contributes to the speed.

France, no less than Germany and England, burst out in a rash of progress. The Bugatti people, automobile manufacturers, started in on the production of high-speed rail motors, and evolved a type that has met every test. The Bugatti coach is about the same size as the standard sleeping car, carries sixty passengers, and has a maximum speed of 125 miles an hour.

Spurred by these European examples, and fairly kicked into action by the competition of bus, truck and plane here at home, the railroads have finally wakened from their sleep, and are cutting off the Rip Van Winkle whiskers that tangled up their feet and prevented progress. Through various associations, formed for the purpose of coöperative investi-

perimentation was a rail car turned out by the Budd-Michelin people, and put into practical operation on the Reading railroad. Built of stainless steel, the car weighs only 22,000 pounds, and as it seats forty-six people, the weight per passenger is brought down to 450 pounds as compared to the present all-steel car figure of ten tons. The power plant consists of a 125-horse-power Diesel engine directly connected with a 250-volt generator, and this modern traction, plus streamlining, produces a speed of from seventy to eighty miles an hour.

Air-conditioned and sound-proofed, the Budd-Michelin car has a further contribution to comfort in the form of balloon tires, used for some years in France but brand-new to the United States. The wheels are of the removable disc type to accommodate the pneumatic tires, and each has a metal flange to hold it to the rails. An inner ring of solid metal guards against blow-outs, for in event of deflation the drop is five eighths of an inch, which still leaves ample space between the flange and the rail joints and fish-plates.

Not the least of the car's recommendations is the cheapness of operation, for with a mileage of 2,150, and carrying 2,181 passengers, the cost of fuel and lubricating oil was $4.96. A scientific lighting system provides better illumination at a 75-per-cent reduction in the

its speed is in the starts and stops, and the problems of acceleration and deceleration have been made the subject of intensive study by the experts. As a consequence, the AutoTram can go from a dead stop to a speed of forty miles an hour in fifty-two seconds, a pick-up three times as quick as that of the locomotive, and can be brought to a full halt from seventy miles an hour in about a thousand feet.

Another high-speed, low-cost product has been manufactured by the Ingersoll-Rand people in coöperation with the St. Louis Car Company. It is a combination locomotive, railway postoffice, baggage and express car, which means one car taking the place of three. The power is furnished by a Diesel engine, and tests by the Louisville and Nashville road have demonstrated a speed of eighty-five miles an hour. Here again, as in the case of the AutoTram and Budd-Michelin rail car, we have the last word in streamlining, and every provision against smoke, noise and dirt. The manufacturers claim that three passenger trailers can be hitched on and hauled at half the cost of a steam train of the same weight and length.

The Pullman Company's contribution to progress is an all-aluminum "observation and room car" now on exhibition at the Chicago Fair. This new offering tips the scales at close to 97,000 pounds, just half the weight of the present-day

lighting that junks ceiling fixtures, wall lamps and table lamps, even while giving a far more adequate illumination. The laurel wreath for transportation progress, however, must go to the Union Pacific Railroad, for the present at least. Some time since the executives of the line quit whining about the bus, and reached the sane conclusion that to save and restore passenger business to the rails necessitated the development of a light, high-speed train that would provide safe, comfortable travel at minimum cost. Their engineers set to work at once, and in late May a design was approved for a three-car train weighing eighty tons, the present weight of a steel coach, and with a maximum speed of 110 miles an hour, and ninety as a safe average.

The traction will be furnished by a 600-horse-power, distillate-burning, internal combustion engine with direct connected electric generator and motors on the wheels of the forward truck.

Streamlining will be carried to a degree beyond anything known to aircraft and automobiles either in this country or in Europe. Along with the train's rounded ends, the cars themselves will be tubular in shape, and all three completely articulated, that is, hinged together, and the vestibules so accurately covered that from front to back the train will present a smooth, wind-tight surface. The windows of

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shatterproof glass are placed flush with the outside of the car, headlights, taillights, whistles and bells are recessed into the car body, and a specially designed mechanism opens the side and trap doors, and lets down folding steps.

The first car is a railway postoffice and baggage room, and the two coaches each have accommodations for sixty people, the rear one carrying a buffet for serving meals to passengers in their seats. No sleeping arrangements are provided in this first train, but the Union Pacific officials have become so thoroughly convinced of its adaptability for transcontinental travel that a sleeper is now being designed.

A revolutionary motorized stainless steel train is being constructed by the Budd Manufacturing Company for the Burlington road. It will be an aërodynamic conqueror of time, with a 600-horsepower Diesel motor, and be capable of a speed of two miles per minute. It will be placed in operation this fall.

The Railroads Have the Edge

It would seem from these instances that the railroads of the country are awake at last, and certainly it is high time. As a matter of truth, their clamor against the competition of the bus has always been a somewhat silly thing, for in every respect the railways possess inherent advantages. Operating on their own private roadbeds, they have none of the nuisance of traffic stops, and when grade crossings are eliminated, will be rid of the dangers of intersections. And they suffer little from the disabilities and disruptions imposed on highway transport by ice and snow.

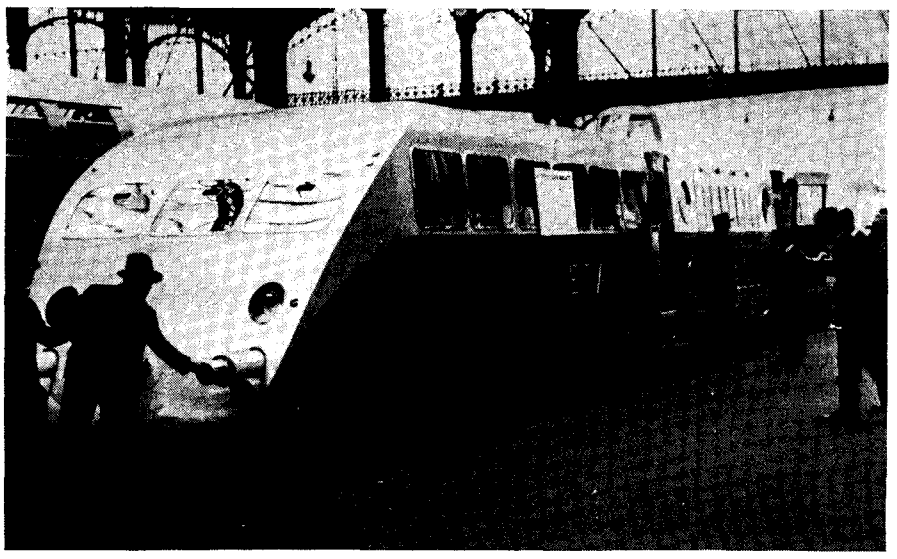
Where the railroads are going to be slowest to change, and where they should be quickest, is in the lowering of rates. All other businesses in the country have cut prices to the bone as an attraction to buyers, but the majority of the carriers still stand pat. Everything they buy has gone down, yet so far from rate reductions, the railroads persist in their clamor for increases.

It is estimated by experts that a train, even at a loading of two-thirds capacity, can be operated profitably at one cent a mile or even less. In the face of this exact finding, the average road sticks stubbornly to the 3.6 cents per mile rate, and then wonders dismally and stupidly why half the cars that shuttle back and forth from coast to coast are either empty or only a quarter full.

West of Chicago, to be sure, the lines have established first, second and third class rates, but there is a catch in it. The second class, while twenty per cent less than the first, is good only in tourist sleepers, while the third class, still at the high price of 2.16 cents a mile, can be used only in day coaches. Such passengers, therefore, as have a hankering for a night's sleep, can enjoy it only by paying the full rate of 3.6 cents per mile, plus the Pullman charge and also plus the railroad surcharge.

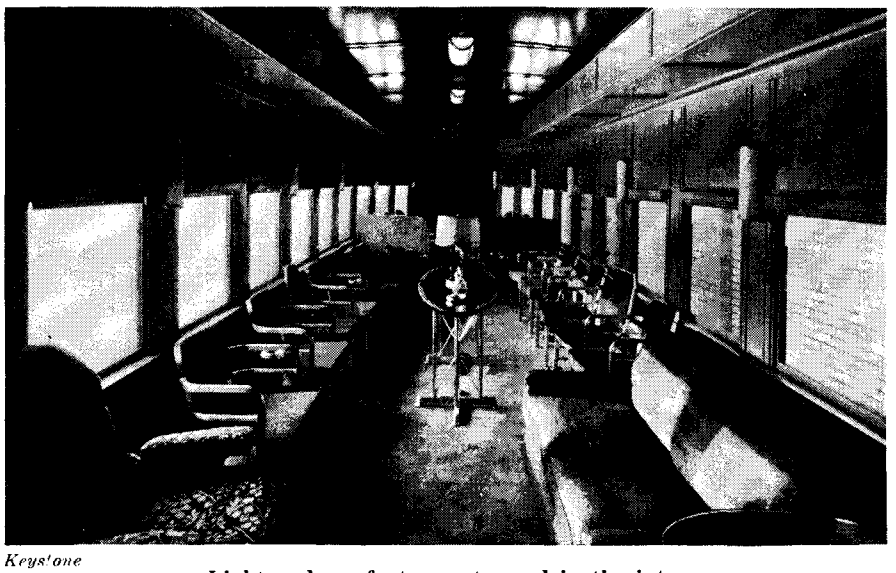
The Louisville and Nashville, with more intelligence than the others, has established a rate of three cents a mile, good in Pullmans, and on top of that has cut off its surcharge, a fairly substantial reduction. The Southern Railroad put on a rate of one and one-half cents a mile during the Easter holidays, and carried 22,000 passengers, more than it had seen in months.

Special rates and excursion rates, however, do not meet the situation. The remedy is not mere stimulation of railroad travel but *restoration* of the habit of railroad travel. What the people demand is straight-out price reduction without any strings. The railroad surcharge for Pullmans was stupid, and it is equally stupid to give special rates that bar the buyers from Pullmans. Sleeping car service is the greatest advantage that the railroads have over the bus and plane, and instead of capitalizing it, they have done everything they could to dissipate it.



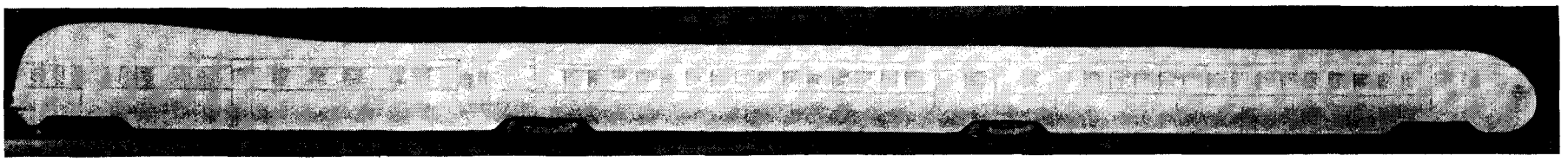
Wide World

The Bugatti motor-rail car, in service in France, attains a speed of 125 m. p. h. on its regular run



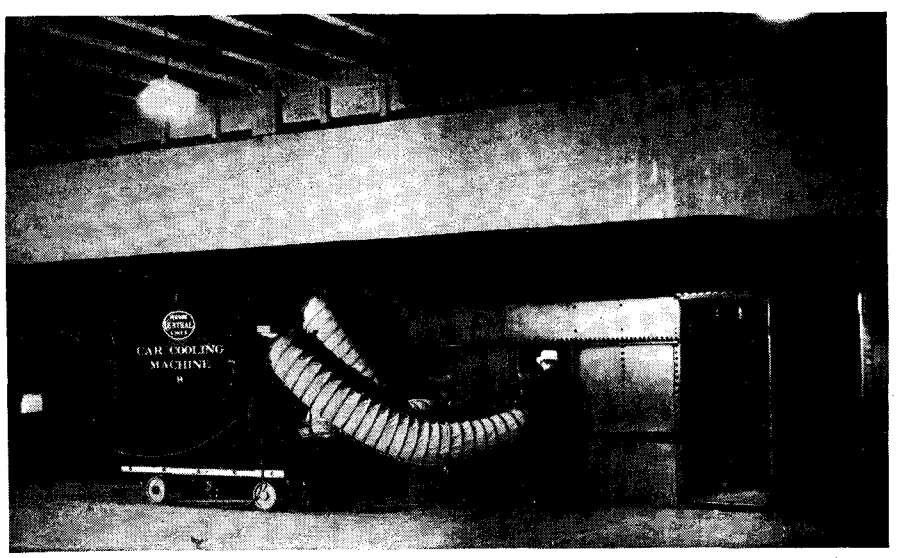
Keystone

Light and comfort are stressed in the interior of the sixty-foot aluminum AutoTram



Wide World

Union Pacific's proposed three-car train, motor driven, will attain a speed of 110 m. p. h.



J. J. Hirz

Air-conditioning in terminals contributes greatly to the comfort of railway passengers

Given high-speed trains, running in two- and three-car units and on frequent schedules, together with air-conditioned, rubber-tired cars, clean, comfortable and noiseless, and a cent-a-mile rate, and there is no reason why the railroads should not beat out the bus, and also win back the patronage of a large percentage of private automobile owners. There are, of course, many branch and feeder lines where bus service is bound to be more efficient and economical, and in these cases it is up to the railroads to work out an intelligent coödination.

The Bus Has Come to Stay

Various systems are already proceeding along these lines. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, the Great Northern, the Union Pacific, and the Chicago and Northwestern now own bus lines that operate in conjunction with rail service, supplementing rather than competing, and the Pennsylvania and Southern Pacific have acquired heavy interests in established bus companies. The development is due for tremendous acceleration, as it is certain that the government means to lift those restrictions that now prevent railroads from acquiring competing bus lines. Every force is moving in the direction of a coördinated transportation system, and the rails ought to be the very heart of it.

The coming revolution in transportation is not going to be confined to passenger traffic, but will take in freight movement as well. Antiquated shipping methods, plus high rates, are principal causes of the maldistribution that is at the bottom of the depression. What more tragic than the sight of foodstuffs rotting in fields, orchards and gardens while people starve in near-by cities, all because freight rates are too exorbitant to pay for picking and packing? Less than carload lots have always been treated with irritated contempt by the steam lines, and even on long hauls, excessive terminal costs are piled up by the endless switching.

There can be no question that the motor truck has come to stay. For short hauls, especially in the handling of package freight, fruits, vegetables, dairy products, poultry and eggs, it is cheaper, quicker and more efficient than the rails. Another place where the truck fits right in with railroad needs is in connection with terminal movements, a rich source of expense, delay and confusion.

Various lines have had the sense to realize these truths, and instead of whining and howling, are substituting trucks for rail shipment wherever possible and profitable. Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago have introduced trucks into their terminal areas with large savings in time and money, and there is a marked daily increase in the pick-up and delivery service.

New methods are continually developing new ideas. The Pennsylvania, the New York Central and the Lehigh, for instance, are using a steel container with a capacity of from 750 to 1,000 pounds. The shipper packs it, a truck hauls it to the rail heads, a flat car carries it, and a truck delivers it to the consignee's door. The demountable truck body, easy to transfer to and from rail cars, is another evidence of progress.

On the whole, it looks as if the railroads had rubbed off a good deal of the moss and were on their way.

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The Face is Familiar

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Stewart Robertson

THE idea, in the first place, was not Mr. Bristow's own. When you have suddenly acquired several millions by being a little sharper and brighter and more enterprisingly callous than the mob, you cannot waste a lot of valuable time on the subject of decoration. Nevertheless, Mr. Bristow knew that his architect was expensive enough to be worth listening to, so he smiled benignly when the suggestion was offered.

They had reached the dining-room of Mr. Bristow's newly furnished Tudor mansion.

"And what this room needs," the architect remarked, "I cannot give it."

"Ah," Mr. Bristow said politely, "Just—er, what—?"

"Portraits, of course. Ancestors."

"Um," said Mr. Bristow, reviewing his family album with the myopic eye of memory. "You say portraits—well and good. But I'm afraid I haven't any photographs to go by." He failed to add that he possessed no data on any Bristow prior to the Civil War.

"That's all right," said the man of blueprints. "Drop a few hints to any good artist, and he'll do the trick for you. But he'll have to work fast—you want the house in order by the twenty-ninth, don't you?"

"That's correct," nodded Mr. Bristow. "The twenty-ninth, exactly." He expanded as he mentioned it, for on that date he was giving a *very* important dinner. "Do you know an artist who can keep his mouth shut?" he inquired.

The architect did, and the following morning Mr. Bristow was conversing with a spruce gentleman who listened politely as the millionaire explained.

"I'll take the job under one condition," the artist agreed, "which we'll come to later. Your house is Tudor, eh? Well, what about a bishop for a starter—one of Bloody Mary's right bowers? Good, I thought you'd like him." In rapid succession he proposed an Elizabethan admiral, a cavalier, a Georgian magistrate and a Revolutionary colonel. All, he hinted, with a discernible resemblance to Mr. Bristow's features. For his good lady there would be a don in black armor and a toreador. Mr. Bristow nodded dizzily.

"That's seven," he remarked, "and I need eight."

"The eighth is my condition. For years it's been my ambition to paint a plainsman for people in your fix, but they won't hear of it. Lots of bragging about the covered-wagon days and our empire builders, but when it comes to hanging one on the wall, they won't have it. I want to do one for you!"

"Okay," said Mr. Bristow.

ON THE late afternoon of the twenty-ninth Mr. Bristow stood in his dining-room and shook hands with the ages. A little history taken on the fly had enabled him to feel more at home with his collection, and in less than an hour he was on excellent terms with all save the plainsman. In his fringed buckskin, with rifle stock in the crook of his arm, that worthy was disturbingly vital compared to the celebrities in uniform and robe. At first his eyes seemed pools of shadow, but in another light Mr. Bristow discovered that they were a greenish-gray with firm, inky black pupils. Accusing eyes. Mr. Bristow was not at all sure that he liked him.

He trotted over for another glimpse of the rakish cavalier, but in a moment his gaze went questing back to the plainsman. What a canny, coffin-shaped face, what a prow of a nose, what an uncompromising set to the mouth. After all, he was of the generation that had helped to push back frontiers, a man who could take a chance, a man, in short, very much like Mr. Bristow himself. He felt the jauntier for the thought and returned for a closer inspection, only to bring up short under what now seemed to be bitter scorn in the plainsman's eyes. In fact, the whole expression of the stern, tanned countenance strongly intimated that Mr. Bristow was a scoundrel.

Ten o'clock that evening saw Mr. Bristow and six congenial colleagues well fed, well liquored, and wheezing amid a cloud of expensive cigar smoke. Rutherford, spokesman for the six, rose in his place and beamed upon his host.

"And now, Bristow," he said cheerily, "let's have it. Of course, we've gathered that this time your plan involves flour and potatoes, and that if it materializes everyone who wants a loaf of bread or a panful of French fries pays indirect tribute to us, but let's have the details. Who has to be taken care of? How high dare we rig the prices? How much velvet can we hope for?"

MR. BRISTOW rocked to his feet, and stared down at the cluster of flushed and crafty faces. He had dreaded this moment, for inevitably he knew that it would bring him into uninterrupted view of the plainsman, who stood starkly alone against the dark wall beyond the foot of the table.

"Gentlemen," he began, "it will take only a few words to inform you that my proposed—"

"Thievery!"

Who had said that? No one, apparently, for the avid six were eagerly waiting, but Mr. Bristow once more caught those implacable eyes and knew whence the charge had come.

"My proposed corner, gentlemen, will—"

"Beggar decent traders and bring misery to the poor—if you go through with it."

If! Mr. Bristow raged inwardly. Why should he keep on interpreting words that had never been uttered? Why should he even think of such phrases unless . . . unless his conscience . . .

"Of course I'm going through with it!" he said.

"But you're not," said the plainsman's expression, and a grim kindliness softened the craggy features. "You can't. You're a Bristow. It isn't worthy of us."

"Ahhhhhh," said Mr. Bristow in wonderment, "so that's it. Probably you're correct."

"What are you mumbling about?" queried Rutherford. "Speak up, man."

"I was merely saying," said Mr. Bristow, astonished at how gay he felt, "that the corner will be abandoned. I do not feel," he went on against the rising murmurs, "that a man of my—er—background can lend himself to such a proceeding. I must think"—this very firmly—"not only of my family, but of my ancestors and what I owe to them. That will be all."

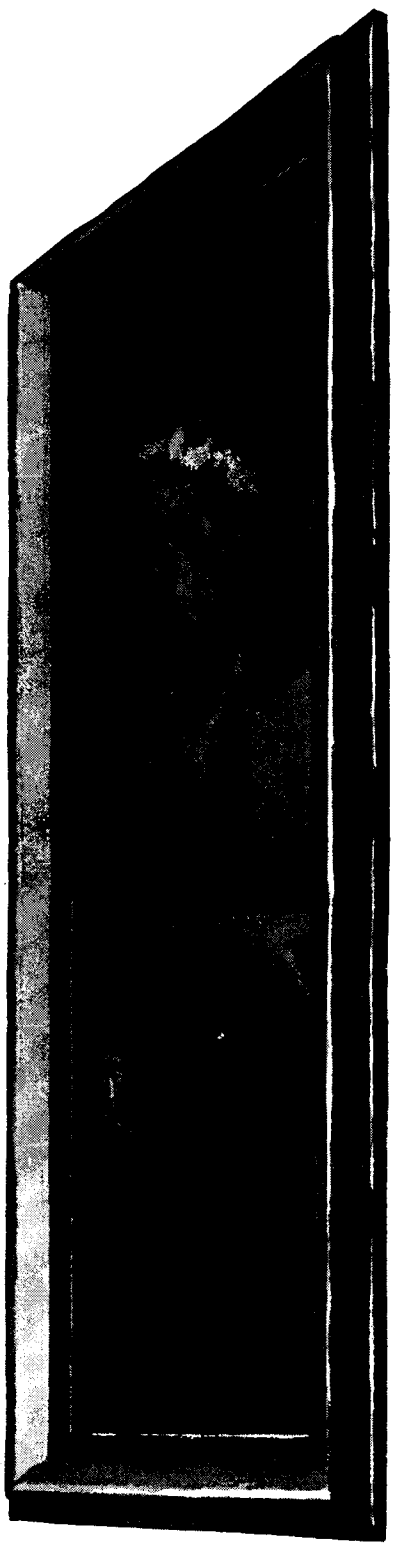
Curious, now, how friendly those greenish-gray eyes were! . . .

Half an hour later the disgruntled six shambled through the doors, and Rutherford waved a scornful hand toward the walls.

"Just a lot of window dressing," he said bitterly to his companion. "Ancestors! That's a hot one! Look at this do-or-die pioneer with the rifle—why, the moment I saw him I remembered I'd missed him for years."

"Then he isn't really a Bristow?" asked the other diner.

"Not a chance," said Rutherford, "but it does look as though Bristow had taken over some of this bird's business of being noble. And yet, by gosh, he *is* an ancestor in his own way. Good old Bill Hart—he was the daddy of them all!"



The whole expression of the stern, tanned countenance seemed to intimate that Mr. Bristow was a scoundrel

Illustrated by Seymour Ball

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Insult Accepted

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

The end of a perfect misunderstanding. In the good old days this would have meant pistols for two and coffee for one. Times being what they are, the villain still breathes

TIRED, honey?" Mrs. Wingate asked.

"And hot," Dick said. "I left the car at King's and rode on through to Lampadosia Plantation."

The wide screened porch was shadowy and cool; Dick stretched his legs out gratefully and took the battered, frosty silver mug which 'Sephus handed him.

"The Gregorys have arrived," Mrs. Wingate said.

"I know," Dick answered. "The island's seething with the news."

"Their flag is flying over Casa Mara," Mrs. Wingate told him. "That's how I knew. It's their house flag, showing they're in residence."

"In residence!" Dick said. "Now everybody hush!"

Mrs. Wingate laughed. "It does seem just a trifle sumptuous," she said.

"It's ducal," Dick said. "Nothing less than ducal. He's the duke of Kitchen Cabinets or something, isn't he? And all the natives are agog. We're natives, Mother. You're a native woman to the ducal Gregorys."

"We'll have to blame the general for that," said Mrs. Wingate. "And your great-great-great-great grandmother. Why, yes, I guess we're natives, honey, and it does seem right unenterprisin' of the Wingates, stopping all these generations here on St. Cecilia."

"We'll have enterprise from here to yonder now," Dick said. "The Gregorys are just the first. In five more years there'll be a winter colony. A row of stucco palaces like Casa Mara on the beach. A pink hotel. A boom."

"Boom," Mrs. Wingate said. "Yes, I can almost hear it, Richa'd sugah."

She always called him "Richa'd sugah" when she teased him, and she loved to tease this tall, dark son of hers, so like his father had been, so like all the Wingate men, intense and proud and with the hint of arrogance, of sudden Wingate violence, beneath a smooth, soft drawl.

Dick drawled: "They'll get a colored booklet out! 'See St. Cecilia Island on your way to Florida. The real Old South. Hear quaint old darkies singing spirituals for a quarter. See the tabby houses and the old fort where they used to shoot the Spaniards from. Picnic on the lawn at quaint old Wingate House and see the indolent descendants of the planters drinkin' juleps.' 'Sephus!"

"Yassah, Mistah Richa'd. Comin' toward you right off."

"Why, Mother," Dick said, "we can have a hot-dog stand out front."

Mrs. Wingate laughed and said: "I'll pose in crinoline and spread the mustard. And you think all that will happen, Richa'd, just because one Northe'n family discovered St. Cecilia? Well, I'm glad to know the reason why the Gregorys have been so irritatin' to you, sugah. I've been wonderin'. Yes, I really have."

DICK said suspiciously: "And isn't that enough?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Wingate. "Naturally that would irritate you. I'd been wonderin', that's all." She paused and then said innocently, "But she's really beautiful. She really is."

"Who's beautiful?" Dick said. He tried to make his voice surprised. The trouble was, though, you were pretty helpless with a mother who could read your mind.

"Why, Susan Gregory," said Mrs. Wingate. "Yes, she's very lovely-looking, Richa'd, and I thought—it just occurred to me—"

"I never even saw the girl but once," Dick said. "A year ago. I never even met her. The ducal Gregorys don't meet the natives, Mother."

"And it just occurred to me," said Mrs. Wingate, "that perhaps that was the irritatin' part."

Dick laughed. He always had to laugh at just the wrong times when his mother plagued him. He reached out to pinch her and she giggled and they scuffled for a moment as they always did.

Dick said: "I haven't lost my appetite about her anyway. I'm starved."

"The first roe shad came in," said Mrs. Wingate. "Dicey has been grumbling all day, too. That means beaten biscuit probably. And then I heard some talk of sweet-potato pie. Will things like those amuse you, honey?"

"Fine," Dick said. "I'll have a swim first, if I've time."

It was nearly dead low tide, Dick saw, and very hot and still. The wide white beach sprawled in the sun and simmered and the palms were motionless and silent, waiting for the breeze which rides in with the tide to tune them up again. There was no sound, no sign of life except a single pelican who stopped to do some marketing offshore and then proceeded down the bay to where the Georgia coast line was a low, dark, welcome interruption to the water's glare.

Low tide was not a pleasant time to swim, on this side of the island. The sheer drop to the deep, swift current of the channel was just a few yards out, at ebb, and the receding water drew you toward it. If you waded out you'd step off suddenly, waist-deep, and if you weren't prepared for it you would be swept yards out before you came up. Then you had a fight ahead of you. Dick didn't feel like battling after twenty miles on horseback, so he went on down the beach to have his swim around the point. He kept forgetting that the point was "private" now.

"You have put us under an obligation that cannot be settled in any material way. And yet, that is the only way I know"

Dick said at last, "It's all right now"

DICK read again the curt, unfriendly sign, resenting it; resenting Casa Mara and the Gregorys; resenting, most of all, the fact that instantly, and from this distance, he had recognized the figure in the brief, bright bathing suit. It was ridiculous to recognize, a hundred yards away, a girl you had seen only once, a year ago, in riding clothes. Absurd and irritating, and—significant.

It proved—yes, he'd admit it—that his mother had been right. This girl had bothered him. The truth was he had made a mental photograph of her a year ago; a photograph he'd caught himself examining since then with disconcerting frequency. That wasn't like him, either. He was pretty sane and

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Illustrated by James W. Earley

cynical about girls, mostly, and to have this Susan Gregory—the daughter of these Gregorys—on his mind just wouldn't do and he would put a stop to it.

The girl he knew as Susan Gregory walked down the beach and to the water's edge as Dick stood there resenting her and Dick thought: "Maybe I should go and warn her about swimming there at low tide."

Somebody had told her, though. She knew about the channel, certainly. She'd only wade. And he would be the one to get in deep if he went over there and talked to her. Besides, he'd be a trespasser. A Wingate trespassing; on St. Cecilia Island. That was something. Dick turned and walked back down the beach toward home.

He had gone just about ten yards before he heard the first scream.

There was, then, just one piercing cry. It stopped with terrible abruptness and something inside Dick stopped with it for an icy and interminable clock-tick; then he wrenched his mind free, whirled, and sprinted down the beach. She screamed again and then Dick caught a flash of white arms in the dazzle of sun. She was already far out, desperately far out, but she was struggling, keeping up still. He yelled to her and found his voice came strong. He yelled: "I've got you. Keep your arms down. Kick." It sounded loud and confident and Dick found he was keeping cool and thinking as he drove himself ahead. He thought: "I've got to run on past her. Got to figure on the current."

THE shallow water slowed him and, waist-deep, he plunged and thought he heard her cry out as he hit the water. Then the current surged against him and he fought it back and suddenly a glaring rage against this cold, enveloping resistance swept him and he came up yelling. Strength flowed through him and a strange, fierce exultation and he felt that he could tear the sea apart to get her. He was only yards away now and she threw one arm up and went down. Dick dove for her and they were going down together and he kicked hard for the surface. She felt limp in his grasp and that scared Dick, but then they came up and she clutched him desperately.

Dick didn't try to break her hold at once. He kept them up and tried to talk to her; he forced her head back, found her eyes and tried to make her listen. "You're all right, you're all right now—the shore's right there. I've got you." He knew that he had penetrated through her horror, for he got her arms loose and she didn't struggle. "You're all right. Like this, now. Kick."

Dick was pretty weary when he got her in where he could stand and carry her. He felt burned out; shot; not just physically, but like he'd used up something deep inside of him; something that you hoped you had to use up at a time like this but never could be sure about. The water felt safe, inoffensive, wading in. It lapped around his legs as if it wouldn't harm a soul. Dick thought: "Yes, darn you!" And he thought: "I'm glad I had it."

WHEN he put her down she lay there sobbing, with her hands clenched and her body pressed against the sand, her head against the warm, safe sand.

Dick said, at last: "It's all right now," and put his hand against her cheek. She didn't answer but her sobbing ceased and Dick said: "Let's not think of it; try not to think of it."

She sat up, looking at the smooth and sunlit treachery of water; shivered, covered both eyes with her hands and sobbed again. Dick put his arm around her and she clung to him. He told her, quietly: "Tomorrow it will only be a thing to tell about. You won't remember, even, how you felt; not really. You'll try to tell about it and you won't be able to because you can't feel fear and horror when there isn't anything to be afraid of any more. It's lucky, isn't it?"

She said: "Th-thanks; thanks for talking. I—I guess I'm all right now. I won't forget though. I—I won't forget you. Ever."

DICK said: "I was there and hauled you out; that's all."

"I—I was gone," she said. "I—I gave up. I was—gone. And then I realized that someone had me, talking to me, and you looked so big and sure and somehow not afraid and when you talked to me I knew I was all right. You did that, talking to me."

Dick said: "Can't you make it to the house now if I help you?"

"I—I seem to want to cry some more," she said. "I'm t-t-trying not to. I want to tell you—thank you—and I only seem to cry. I—I was drowning. Just a little while ago. I—I was gone. Now I'd be—"

Dick saw terror in her eyes again and held her tight. A little while ago she had been Susan Gregory and he'd resented recognizing her. He'd tried to tell himself, resenting her, that she'd be hard, sophisticated; that she was the tall, cold, irritating type. And now he found that he was saying: "Don't cry, honey—don't cry!" to a small, scared little girl who clung to him and sobbed.

The young man in white flannels sauntering across the lawn of Casa Mara paused, observing them. Surprised, he hurried forward.

Dick walked slowly homeward after all the exclamations; after someone whom he didn't like named George had made it evident that he was capable of helping Susan to the house alone. Dick thought: "And just what happens now? You've saved her life. All right. And now what happens? What comes next?

A small, scared girl clung to him

For just a minute in the water there, and on the beach just afterwards, there wasn't anyone but you and Susan Gregory. For just that little while you two were all the people in the world; there wasn't anyone or anything outside of you. That's what danger—what a thing like that—does to you. But it doesn't last."

Dick thought: "You see, the thing I'm getting at is that it's over now. For just a minute you were all there was, and now you're simply Richard Wingate; just a name she never heard before; just some strange, big, strong boy that happened in in time; the other actor in a sort of unreal drama that tomorrow will be just a thing for her to tell about and shiver over. So there's gratitude; yes, that lasts. Probably that's all, outside of story books. She's Susan Gregory; and then there's all this business of 'tomorrow is another day' and there is George, too, probably; it looked like it. So if you go and leap at

(Continued on page 43)

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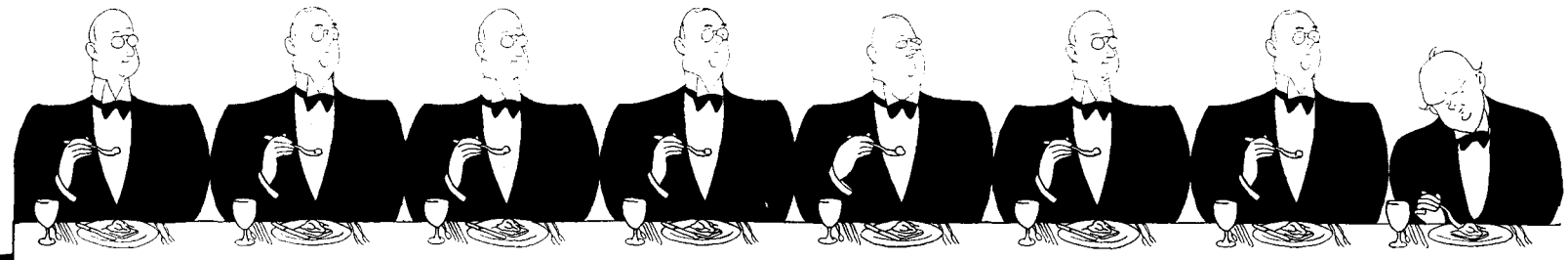
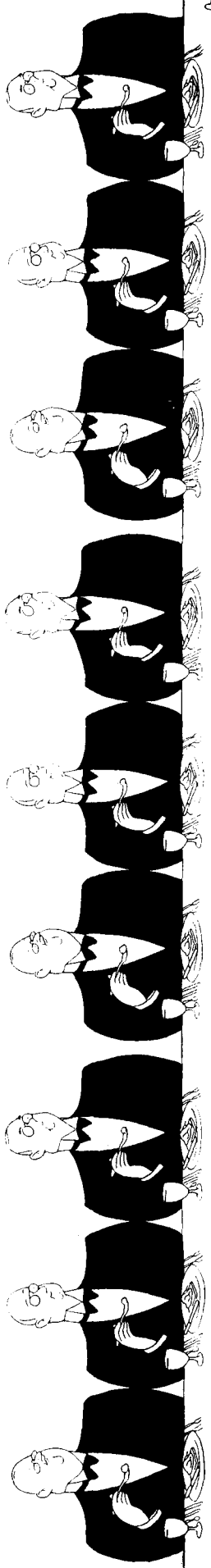




Illustrated by Glayas Williams

Land of Corn

By Winston

I FEEL shy about expressing my opinion about American food. I was everywhere received with such charming hospitality that to give any verdict of a critical character might seem churlish. However, as eating and drinking are matters in which the good taste of different people and different countries naturally and legitimately varies so widely, there may be no harm in my setting down a few general impressions. Then there is the danger that one may be thought greedy, and reproached for setting too much store by creature comfort and dwelling unduly upon trivialities. But here I fortify myself by Dr. Johnson's celebrated dictum: "I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else."

So I will start out boldly with the assertion that Americans of every class live on lighter foods than their analogues in England. Fruit, vegetables and cereals play a much larger part in their bills of fare than with us, and they eat chicken much more often than meat—by which of course I mean beef and mutton. All this is no doubt very healthful, but personally I am a beef-eater, and I always expect my wife to provide me with butcher's meat once a day when I am at home.

Moreover, the American chicken is a small bird compared with the standard English fowl. Attractively served with rice and auxiliaries of all kinds, he makes an excellent dish. Still, I am on the side of the big chicken as regularly as Providence is on that of the big battalions. Indeed it seems strange in so large a country to find such small chickens. Conscious, perhaps, of their inferiority, the inhabitants call them "squabs." What an insulting title for a capon!

A dangerous, yet almost universal, habit of the American people is the drinking of immense quantities of iced water. This has become a ritual. If you go into a cafeteria or drug store and order a cup of coffee, a tumbler of iced water is immediately set before you. The bleak beverage is provided on every possible occasion; whatever you order, the man behind the counter will supply this apparently indispensable concomitant.

Reversing the Old Order

American meals nearly always start with a large slice of melon or grapefruit accompanied by iced water. This is surely a somewhat austere welcome for a hungry man at the midday or evening meal. Dessert, in my view, should be eaten at the end of the meal, not at the beginning. The influence of American customs is now so all-pervading, that during the last few years I have noticed this habit creeping into England. It should be strongly repulsed.

The coffee in the United States is admirable, and a welcome contrast to the anemic or sticky liquid which judicious Americans rightly resent in English provincial towns. The American Blue Point is a serious undertaking. On the other hand, the American lobster is unrivaled anywhere in the world; he has a succulence and a flavor which I have found nowhere else. Shad roe and terrapin I have eaten only in the United States; I find them both entertaining. Softshell crabs and corn on the cob are by no means unpalatable, but should not be eaten too often.

A very general custom in American society is to have a little preliminary repast before the company sits down at table. The guests arrive any time within half an hour of the nominal dinner hour, and stand about conversing, smoking cigarettes, and drinking cocktails. There is, of course, the admirable tomato-juice cocktail. But this is not the one most commonly used. It was explained to me that nothing in the laws of the United States forbids the convivial consumption in a private house of any stores of liquor which happened to be in the host's private cellars before prohibition became effective in 1920. Many people must have had very large and well-stocked cellars in those distant days, and these supplies have lasted extremely well. Indeed one might almost believe that, like the widow's cruse, they miraculously replenish themselves.

Serving a preliminary repast before meals has become a general custom

Alcoholic liquor could therefore, without any illegality, enter into the composition of many kinds of cocktails and these short, hard, wet drinks may be freely enjoyed without any presumption of illegality. I am no devotee of cocktails, still I must admit that this preliminary festival while the guests are arriving is most agreeable. The cocktails are supported by all sorts of dainty, tasty little dishes continually handed round upon trays or displayed upon tables. This custom is nothing more nor less than the old custom of Imperial Russia called "the zakouski."

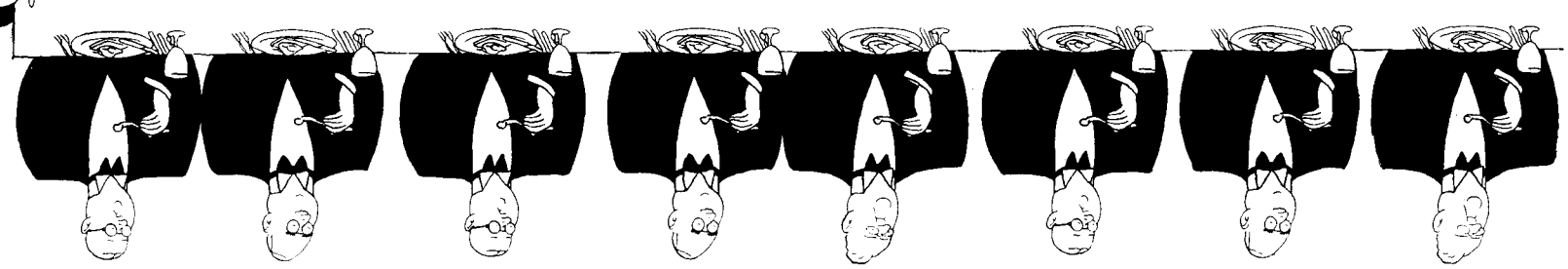
I remember as a child, nearly fifty years ago, being taken by my mother on a visit to the Duke of Edinburgh, who had married a Russian princess. There I saw exactly the same ritual, with kümmel and vodka instead of the cocktails, and the same attractive, eatable kickshaws to keep them company. It was only after this was over that the regular dinner began. There is much to be said for this arrangement. No doubt it encourages unpunctuality, but on the other hand it protects those who have already arrived from starving helplessly till the late comers make their appearances.

Travel-Conscious America

I expect the practice has come to stay. It makes for sociability and good mixing, both of the guests and their refreshments. Indeed I should not be surprised if some day the formal sit-down dinner were dropped altogether and an ethereal generation contented themselves with cocktails, cigarettes and caviar, and then went off and danced for glee. I should not approve of this; but we live in a world of change, and who can control its oscillations?

The vast size of the United States and the imperative need of moving about have given the American an altogether different standard of distances from that which prevails in our small island. He thinks as little of a fourteen or fifteen hours' railway journey as we do of the hour and a half to Brighton or Oxford. He is no more balked by the prospect of traveling from New York to Palm Beach than we should be by going to Scotland. Even the mighty journey to California, from ocean to ocean, presents itself as quite an ordinary undertaking.

It is odd how quickly the visitor falls into this American order of ideas. A four- or six-hour journey by railway soon becomes a bagatelle. I have made three great journeys in the United States—the first separated



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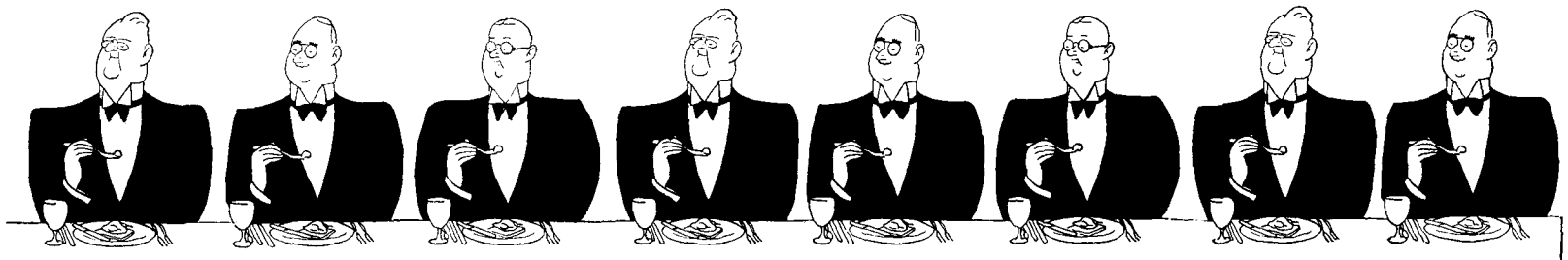


and Lobsters

Churchill

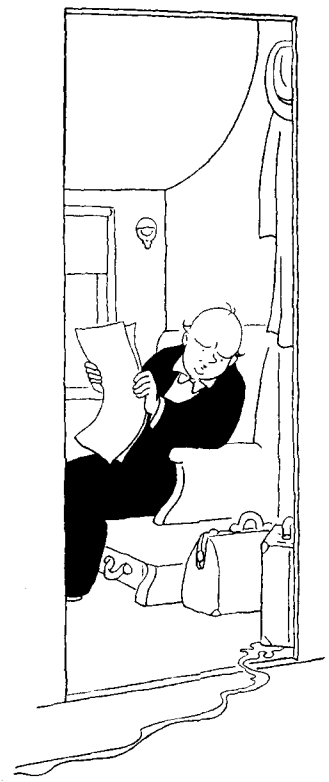
from the two last (I am ashamed to say) by nearly thirty years. I dreaded the toil of traveling so much by railway, and it was a strong deterrent from undertaking a lecture tour. But I am bound to say that I did not find these long runs and this continuous traveling day after night, night after night, at all fatiguing on these later occasions. Indeed I started for a journey of nearly six weeks soon after I had been struck by a taxi, very weak and frail, and with much misgiving as to my capacity to fulfill my engagements; but in fact I throve on it.

Railroad Travel De Luxe

It was a fruitful convalescence, and I was much stronger at the end than at the beginning. The truth is that the trains are extremely comfortable: the enormous rolling stock, the weight of the metals and the steady pace maintained—even when interrupted occasionally by formidable bangs and jolts—give a sense of repose which I do not feel on our quick, tremulous, and comparatively light railways. In England, indeed, except for long journeys of four or five hours, I almost always go by motor car. In America one resigns oneself easily to many hours of train, and tranquilly settles down to work or reading without any feeling of impatience.

When in 1929 I traversed Canada from east to west and came back across the United States from California through Chicago to New York, and then down to the battlefields of the South, I had the wonderful experience of being transported (through the magnificent kindness of Canadian and American friends) entirely in a private car. This rare and costly luxury gave a really joyous feeling. It was a home from home. And what a sense of power and choice, to be able to stop where you would and for as long as you would, and to sleep on till you wished to get up, and to hook onto any train when satiated with the wonders of the Yosemite Valley, or the Grand Canyon, or the roar of Niagara, or the clack and clutter of the Chicago stockyards! It was like marching and camping in war time in enormous lands. Indeed, I meditated hiring a private car for my lecture tour. Alas, the cost! Twenty-four tickets were more than my business would bear.

Many English people do not like the long sleeping-cars in which strangers of both sexes are separated from one another only by curtains, and where the temperature is often tropical till you open the window, and arctic when you do. Still, they are very practical once you are used to them. No one could require better accommodation than a drawing-room compartment all to oneself. Our sleeping-berths are nearly always at right angles to the train, and the beds are so narrow that one can hardly turn over in them. Moreover, the sheets and blankets are also on the narrow side, and at the slightest movement come untucked. The United States railway bed is a splendid, soft, broad affair. It lies lengthwise with the train, and I slept in one, night after night, as soundly as I should in any house.



Something seemed to have gone wrong with the contents of the suitcase

Nowhere in the world have I seen such gargantuan meals as are provided upon American trains. Every plate would feed at least two people. I have always been amazed at the immense variety of foodstuffs which are carried in the dining-cars, and the skill and delicacy with which they are cooked even upon the longest journey through the very heart of the continent.

The darky attendants with their soft voices and delightful drawl and courteous, docile, agreeable ways were an unfailing source not only of comfort but of perpetual amusement to me. In view of the results of the late presidential election, I may perhaps confess that, armed with a medical certificate, I somewhat anticipated the verdict of the American nation upon the Eighteenth Amendment. But these discreet attendants never seemed to let their eyes stray upon any vessels or containers not officially brought to their notice. Indeed one would have thought that where liquids were concerned they were entirely color-blind. One of them, however, shrouding with a napkin a gold-topped bottle which might well have contained ginger ale, when I returned to the compartment after a few moments' absence, made this memorable remark: "Yo' ought to be very careful with this, sah. Men will steal this who would not steal di'monds." It is pleasant to reflect that such a temptation will soon be forever removed from the weaker members of American society.

On one occasion only was there cause for alarm. A friend of mine when I left California in 1929 sent as a parting gift a good-sized suitcase, unlabeled, which at the last minute was thrust unostentatiously into my compartment. Unluckily something seemed to have gone wrong with its contents, and a very curious trickle had left its trail all along the station platform. However, no one said a word; and fortunately, on examination, the damage was found to be confined to only one of the articles which this mysterious, anonymous package contained.

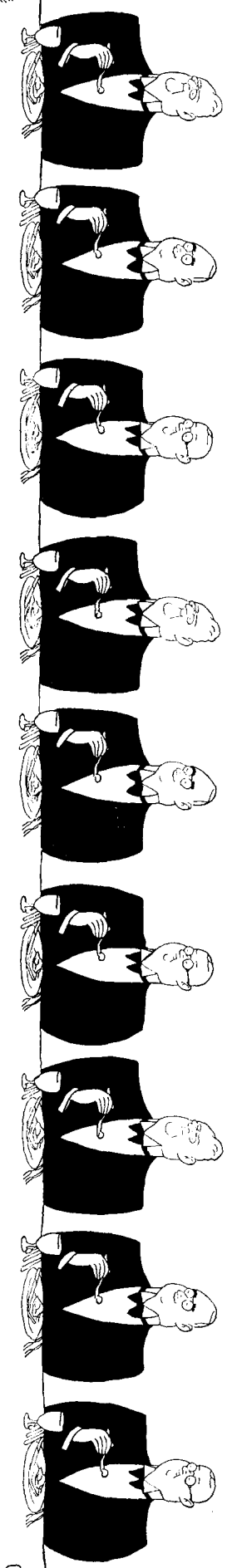
Whenever I come to a new city I always make haste to climb the tallest building in it and examine the whole scene from this eagle's nest. They are wonderful, these bird's-eye views; each one gives an impression of its own which lies in the memory like a well-known picture. I have heard the opinion expressed that all American cities are alike. I do not agree with this shortsighted view. The hotels are the same in their excellence and comfort, in their routine and service; but anyone who will not only perch himself on a pinnacle, but thread and circumnavigate the streets in a motor car, will soon perceive that each city has a panorama and a personality all its own.

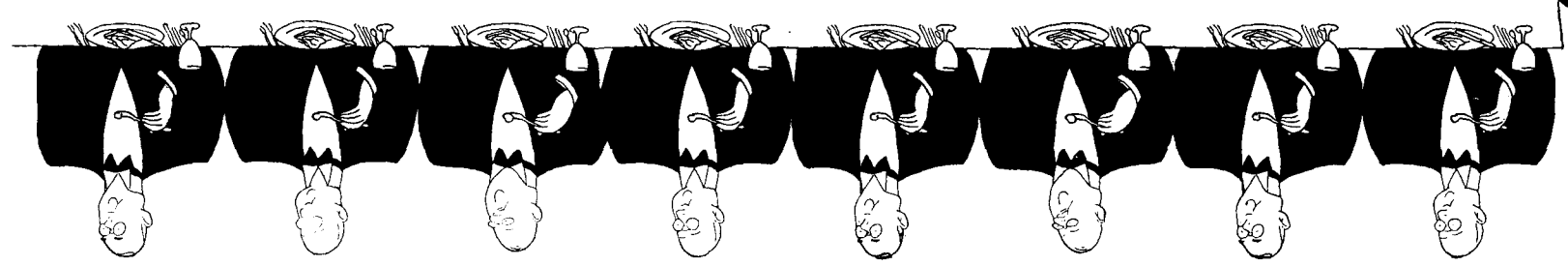
The Land of Fair Cities

Nothing of course can equal the world-famous silhouette of New York from the sea. It is a spectacle the magnificence of which is perhaps unsurpassed in the whole world and, though each building taken separately may have its failings, the entire mass of these vast structures is potent with grandeur and beauty. But San Francisco, earthquake-defying, makes a fine counterpart as it gazes on the Pacific. Nothing could be more different from San Francisco than Los Angeles, the one towering up under its cloud canopy, its buildings crowded together on the narrow promontory; the other spreading its garden villas over an enormous expanse, a system of rural townships basking in the sunlight.

From west to south! What lovely country surrounds the city of Atlanta! Its rich red soils, the cotton-quilted hills and uplands, the rushing, turgid rivers, are all alive with tragic memories of the Civil War. And who would miss Chattanooga, lying in its cup between the Blue Ridge and Lookout

(Continued on page 45)





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Head Down!

By Frank Condon

The singular adventure of an ex-golfer—who met a girl. (Note: The beautiful island of O-O is still closed to visitors)

ON HIS twenty-eighth birthday, Mr. Davie Houser sat down after eighteen holes of golf at the San Dimas Club and fell into discourse in the grill with Mr. Sam Ordway, who has liver complaint and looks at the world darkly. The conversation concerned the good of a person's soul and the person was Davie Houser. He is a blond, light-hearted and friendly youth, looking twenty-one rather than twenty-eight, with blue eyes and a disarming grin, and he is the master golfer at San Dimas. He is so much the superior of the rest of us that to suggest comparison is foolish.

The friendly chat, begun casually enough, concluded with a dramatic gesture, due to the oratory of Sam Ordway, who is sixty-four and inclined to talk freely. Sam is a fair golfer, too, but prefers to regard himself as a philosopher and an oracle. Davie ventured to remark that in the course of time he might win the state championship, at which Mr. Ordway snorted.

"You," he said scathingly, shooting his forefinger at the mild-mannered Davie, "are getting to be a bum."

"Who?" Davie asked in surprise.

"You're supposed to be a lawyer," Sam thundered, "and how do you go about laying the foundation for a career? You play golf. You play incessantly and habitually, and on weekdays when you should be pegging away at your calling. You're turning into a plain golf hobo. You drink too much, but of the two the golf is getting you down and you'll never have a law business, or any other kind."

Sam thereupon snorted again and wrapped himself around a cooling drink and Mr. Houser said nothing, for the facts were indisputable and as stated.

"Furthermore," Sam continued harshly, but with evident pleasure, "you're never going to be worth hell-room as a golfer. You have one fatal fault: you can't keep your head down. You are the worst head-lifter since the Tower of Babel. Am I right?"

"You are," Davie agreed ruefully.

"You sit there and gas about being champion of the state of California. Good crimminy cripes! You make me ill. This state is full of golfers who will always beat a man with a movable head. Meantime, you're wrecking your business with second-class golf and your health with rum."

THIS was a slight exaggeration, for Davie never shoots second-class golf.

"What would you do?" queried the victim.

"Quit," shouted Sam. "Quit cold. Go to work. Get out of here and stop wasting your life. Shut off on the booze and make a name for yourself. You can do it. I knew your old man, and he had insides."

It was good advice, as Davie was aware. He had fallen into the habit of playing four or five times a week, and a man cannot play five times a week when he has a business. If somebody desired to sue somebody, he had to wait until Lawyer Houser finished putting for the day and there was, in addition, a deal of drinking to be done about San Dimas, which is a sparkling little California town out beyond, where the snow comes down to talk it over with the orange groves.

As for his ever being state champion, no golfer can aspire to such a pinnacle unless he learns to keep his head still and look at the ball. You must look fixedly at a golf ball to hit it. A cardinal rule of golf is: Your head must be motionless at the moment of impact. Some people never can learn to follow this rule, no matter how fiercely they try. They glance up to see where the ball is going and of course it goes nowhere. Looking up is an affliction, the same as glanders or wry neck. Young Davie Houser was by all odds the smoothest golfer at San Dimas and thought nothing of a smart seventy-three or -four, but he was cursed with the looking-ups and whenever a bad attack seized him, as it always did at some point in tournament play, he blew up and lost his match.

He could hit the ball many yards in a straight line and did so. He could putt like an inspired demon. He could smack a mashie shot from a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five yards away and plunk the ball up in a beautiful high loop, dropping it like a sack of beans two or three feet from the pin. He had control of everything but his head, and we all felt sure he would never get anywhere. He tried desperately to cure the fault and took lessons until the flinty pros broke down and wept on him. His head was put on by Nature in a moment of nervousness. It moved, and that's all there was to it.

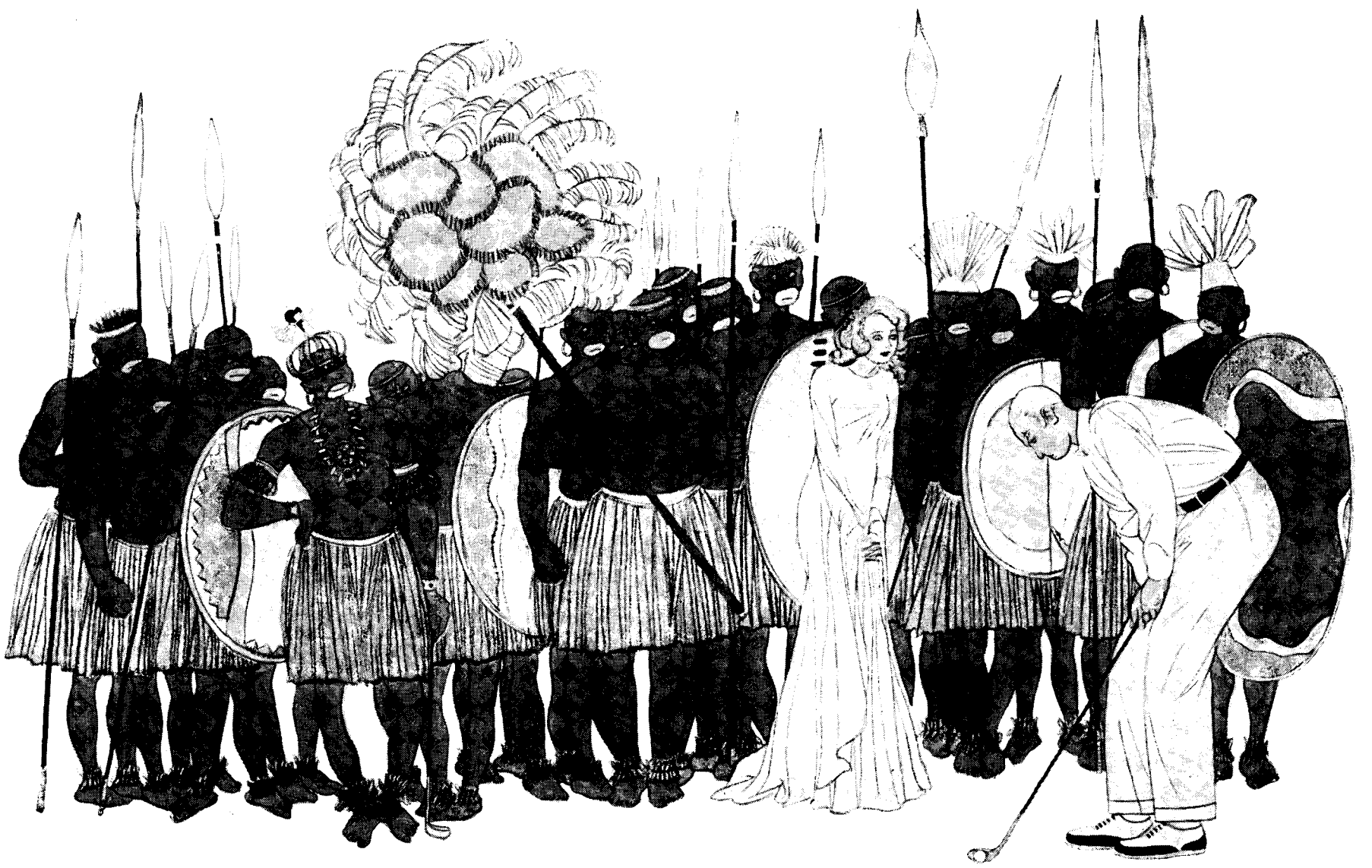
EVEN the afternoon Sam Ordway selected to give him Hail Columbia, Davie was slightly spiffed and, before they ceased chatting, so was Sam, but as he is a hardy and ancient stag it made no difference. Sam's life work is done. For two hours they drank bitters and Sam called Davie a bum and Davie agreed with every word.

"All right, Sam," he said at fifteen minutes of six. "You're the doctor. I am getting to be a golf bum and that's the worst kind of bum. So I quit. I'll never play again."

Sam Ordway rose. His wife had twice sent in word that she was sitting out there impatiently in the limousine.

"You mean it?" Sam shouted.

"I mean it," replied Davie. "No game is going to make a bum of me."



"Four hundred and ten yards," Fern said, standing close to him, "and it is a small green"

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The older man seized his hand and shook it and before he left the club that night, Davie Houser called for his leather bag, with its nineteen assorted clubs, and formally gave them as a free gift to Herman Jones, a caddie. Mr. Houser then walked about saying farewell to such members as lingered, put on his hat and strode out of San Dimas forever. It was a startling thing to do, but, as Davie explained in his letter of resignation, the way to give up golf is to give it up and not compromise. For a solid month we wouldn't believe it.

HIS next step was even more dramatic. Realizing he was a confirmed golf hound and that the game was in his blood, and knowing that if he remained in our town or near our club temptation would overcome him, he resolved to go away. He had no family to consider, for his people live in Buffalo and hear from him once a year. He was as free as a humming-bird. He could wander where he willed, so he packed a few bags and headed for San Francisco on a night train.

Seeking complete reformation, he gave up drinking and became a teetotaler. He prowled among the docks where the ships sail out to the far corners of the earth, and there young Davie stumbled upon the Land's End, a smelly freight steamer, her hold crammed with asphalt for Shanghai and steel rails for a street car company in Australia. There, also, Davie shook hands with Captain Kenneth Lowry, commander of the Land's End.

Twelve hours later the freighter was bobbing out through the Golden Gate, her nose pointed for the South Seas, and Davie Houser sprawled in a deck chair enjoying the privileges of a first-class passenger on a freight ship—and the only one on board. His quarters were clean and comfortable and Captain Lowry assured him the fodder on the Land's End was fit for anybody. The skipper was happy to have him along and a quick friendship sprang up, which was heightened by a chance remark.

"What are you going out for?" Lowry inquired and Davie replied vaguely.

"You don't look like an invalid!" grinned the mariner.

"I am on this ship," Davie said simply, "because I am a golf bum. I doubt if you know what a golf bum is. I am running away from golf and all its works."

Captain Lowry turned to his lone passenger and fixed him with a sudden glare.

"You play golf?" he demanded.

"I did play golf. Not any longer."

"Are you a good golf player?"

"I am considered fair in my home town. But I have given up the game, I tell you. It was ruining my business and making a loafer of me. I do not drink and I do not play golf."

"That's all right for you," the captain remarked, "but what about me?"

The pride of San Dimas studied the sea dog in astonishment. He saw a red-faced, enthusiastic skipper, young for his responsibilities, solidly built, with the shoulders and chest of a pugilist and the bright eye of a dreamer.

"Well, what about you?"

"Can you cure me of my slice?" asked Captain Lowry in an earnest voice.

"Why, certainly. I can cure anybody of a slice," Davie laughed. "Are you a golf player?"

"And a good golf player," the skipper admitted—"all but my slice. I have had it for years, and never can get rid of it. Each time I go ashore, I start all over, and there is the hellish slice still hanging around my neck."

"Surprises me to find a ship captain talking golf. I am all washed up with that game, but I will be glad to straighten out your slice, which is a simple matter."

"If you think curing my slice is a simple matter, you know nothing about simple matters," grinned the skipper, and thus was created an immediate bond, for, while Davie had truly quit playing, he retained his old interest in the pastime. Before the Farralones were out of sight, Captain Lowry and the young man had looked over the golf prospects on the Land's End. There was sufficient space on deck to rig up a tarpaulin ball-stopper and lay out a grass mat to serve as a tee, and the captain brought forth his clubs, which glistened like silver, showing the pride of possession.

"Hit one," suggested the passenger, when able seamen had thrown together a practical driving range, and Lowry spread his feet and obliged.

"No wonder you slice," said Davie. "You hold your hands too far away from your stomach. Hold 'em in close, like this."

BEGAN thus the first golf lesson at sea to cure a mariner of his vice.

The skipper improved rapidly, and at last the fair day came when his slice was gone. He could hit a golf ball as straight as a rifle bullet. And Davie was proud of his handiwork.

A freighter like the Land's End slogs along slowly over such a vast expanse as the Pacific, and with each passing hour Davie Houser was glad he had reformed his careless life, glad he was no longer a golfing hobo, and happy to look back upon days of total abstinence from rum. His health bettered. There came a strange sparkle into his eye and a ruddy tinge upon his cheeks. He ate like a horse, slept well and had never a care in the world until Captain Lowry turned to the subject of Headhunters' Island.

Until that morning, Davie had contemplated the captain as a hard-headed, practical seaman, a man free of eccentricities, a victim of no sudden impulse—in fact, a steady, sober-going sea dog. It came like a bolt from the blue and left young Houser wondering. They were idling in the captain's cabin, feet on table, cigars burning, the day's golf lesson ended.

"We're changing our course," Lowry announced. "I made up my mind today."

The passenger looked interested, but said nothing, as it made no difference to him whither the Land's End went.

"You probably never heard of Headhunters' Island," the skipper continued. "Few know it. There are navigators who have been up and down these seas all their lives and never heard of it. It's an island of dirty savages and, as the name indicates, they lean to heads. The native name is O-O and it's fifteen hundred miles off my course."

"WE GOING to O-O?" Davie asked politely.

"We are."

"You mean when your ship starts for Australia with rails you can change your course any time you like?"

"I will no doubt be chucked out if I return from O-O but, on the other hand, I may not return. The whole thing would sound dumb to a shipping concern. There is no romance in big business, and they'd slap me off the Land's End like that. . . . There's a white girl down there named Fern Clarkson. She's been there for years."

"White girl?"

"Yes, a beautiful, helpless white girl. I often think about her."

"Is she there alone?"

"Sure, she's alone. She's the only white on the island."

"Does she want to stay there?"

"She does not. She's a captive. That's why I'm going down. She can be rescued from O-O, only it sounds foolish to tackle the job, because the odds are against you and you either get her off, or you leave them your head as a memento."

"Not actually leave your head?"

"Absolutely. They cut it off with an axe or other sharp instrument and set it in the sun to dry. A quaint island custom, as they are fond of heads, especially white heads. I started down three years ago and lost my nerve on the way. This time I'm going through. I can beat Mr. Kanukamena."

"Mr. who?"

"Kanukamena. He's the head panjandrum of O-O, and is not as good a golfer as he used to be. Now that I ran across you and fixed up this slice, I'll beat the old devil and we'll bring Fern Clarkson back to the world."

"This Mr. K. a black man?"

"Would you expect to find an albino down here? Certainly he's black."

"What kind of a song and dance is this?" Davie demanded, removing his feet from the captain's table, and the latter smiled.

"I am only telling you what I know. Sailormen have been trying to get Fern Clarkson off the island for years and years. She's nearly twenty-two now and a raving beauty. You hear tales about her wherever sailors sit down to gossip and more than one brave golfing lad has tackled the job. It's about the swellest way I know for a golfer to commit suicide, and simple, too. If you lose, you don't come back. If you win, you are a Pacific hero forevermore and a white girl is brought back to her own people. Kanuk is a square shooter and I'm ready to take a chance."

IT WAS a warm day at sea and they continued to lounge in the cabin while the skipper enlightened his guest. Many years before, a white man and his child were washed ashore on O-O, following a tropic storm, and when the savages swooped down upon the damp castaway, they found him dragging a heavy leather metal-studded bag from the surf, which when opened contained white, wooden bludgeons, with tips of metal on the thin end. The man was Arthur Clarkson, a Scotch pro, bound out to take a job in Sydney with the Royal Sydney Club.

Kanukamena, then a spry young buck, asked the white man why he saved the wooden bludgeons from the sea, and what they were for, and that bit of heathen curiosity saved the lives of Arthur Clarkson and his small child. The pro informed the chief headhunter that they were golf clubs, used to play a white man's game, and Kanuk, who was proud of his strength, became instantly interested. The castaway was spared to teach the royal headhunter the great international pastime, and when he learned what the game was, Kanukamena went mildly mad about it, like many a white man in knickers. In due time he became highly proficient. In fact, he became a whiz.

He caused to be constructed, with Clarkson's assistance and suggestion, one of the world's truly beautiful golf layouts, in the shadow of Mt. Omo, a dead volcano. He directed Arthur to build a golf links thirty per cent harder than the toughest course known to white players, and to the last week of his life, the hardy pro played around with Kanukamena. When the old man lay dying of natural causes, the ruler of O-O made him a solemn declaration, which was that little Fern should always go unharmed about the island. She would be properly fed and housed and clothed and the bloodthirsty tribesmen would never cut off her head and mount it. Furthermore, Kanukamena, who grew better and better, promised old Clarkson as he

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

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lay gasping his last breath that if there ever came along a white man, or any other, who could beat the emperor over eighteen holes, match play, that day Fern Clarkson would be given her freedom and shipped back to civilization. Davie Houser, who had never even heard of Headhunters' Island, listened in honest astonishment.

"You mean you're going down there to an island of murdering black savages and play the main assassin eighteen holes, match play?"

"In a word, yes. I have been honing to do it for three years, and now I am ready. No slice."

"If you lose, off comes your conk, hey?"

"On the collar line," said the skipper.

FOR the following twenty-three days, the Land's End jogged along into the south and Davie Houser was sorry he had come aboard to bring calamity to an honest ship's captain. He blamed himself for ridding the skipper of his slice. He blamed himself for mentioning the word "golf," for he saw a vigorous mariner, in the prime of his strength, rushing to his doom, and all over an unknown girl. The first mate, Mr. Boddy, would have to navigate the ship onward to Australia and Lowry's head would bleach in the pitiless sun of O-O. . . .

As they neared the island, Davie's despondency increased and he was unhappy, and repeatedly he tried to talk the captain out of his mad enterprise. He found to his amazement that beneath the hard-bitten exterior of Captain Kenneth Lowry, there lurked the crusading soul of a knight of old, a yeoman of the guard, who would do or die for a lady fair, a frail damsel whom he did not know.

When the volcanic island of O-O loomed up ahead, the morning was brilliant under a tropic sun, the sea was like velvet, the world was lovely and serene. Davie, shivering slightly, climbed up to where Captain Lowry was standing at the wheel.

"How you going to break the news to this fanatic?" he demanded. "Get off and go ashore?"

"If you did that, you mightn't come back. They're impulsive, these headhunters. I'll send him word that here I am, ready to play."

"Does he speak English?"

"To be sure. Mr. Kanukamena is a smart bird, and why he delights in snipping off your head is beyond me."

Long before the freighter came to anchor, she was surrounded by dugouts and outrigger craft known as kanetches, filled with as black and threatening a crew of wild men as Davie Houser had ever seen, even in the movies. His eye passed from one craft to the next and he beheld no kindly countenance but only ebony hyenas, ready to leap up and rend a white man limb from limb. They seemed to be sitting back idly in their boats, waiting for the pale visitors to make a mistake, and when Captain Lowry dropped a line over the side, with a letter for Kanukamena, the nearest kanetch slid forward and cautiously removed it.

"Take that letter over and hand it to the head murderer," the captain shouted and, whether they understood or not, the kanetches started swiftly for the shore. The message was a simple challenge to play the emperor eighteen holes immediately on the usual terms, the player's head against freedom of Fern Clarkson, if she were still alive.

"And while we are waiting for his answer," suggested the skipper, "what do you say we dash up to my cabin and heave in a snort or two of good brandy? My nerves are a trifle jittery and this is no day to be shaking over a putt."

Davie promised to step up in a moment and drink a glass of ginger ale, and Captain Lowry hurried off to his quarters. An instant later came the unfortunate accident. The skipper, hurrying around a corner, tripped on a bit of rubber mat, stumbled into a companionway and fell the full flight to the deck below, and when two startled seamen reached him his face was chalky.

"My leg!" he groaned. And so it *was* his leg, the bone cracked above the ankle. "Take me to my bunk," he commanded and they bore him tenderly, while he cursed the stout oaths known to mariners. The cook was sent for as a man who had knowledge of broken bones and he bound up the fractured leg crudely, but with a certain skill withal. Davie Houser was informed of the mishap and hurried to the captain's bedside.

"It's tough luck," Davie admitted, "and yet it might be worse. A broken leg is better than a head detached at the throat-latch. Now you can't play golf in O-O or anywhere else."

"I know it," moaned the officer and swore again.

After sympathetic discourse, Davie walked out, wondering at an incident that was closed before it began. He felt a vague sense of relief. . . .

Meantime the excitement on O-O continued unabated, with small boats bobbing in and out, but hovering at a respectful distance from the Land's End. Mr. Houser, watching from a point of vantage, observed a much larger kanetch pull away from the distant shore and his first impression was that Mr. Kanukamena himself was on his way out to confer. In a few moments he perceived it was not the black emperor. The kanetch was filled with dusky oarsmen, hauling away steadily, and erect in the stern was a flaxen-haired figure in a white robe. Davie scowled over the rail.

"Old Man Clarkson's little daughter Fern," he said ungraciously, "coming out to see about the sappy captain."

The one in the white robe continued to stand and stare at the ship until she was within earshot. Suddenly she waved her hand toward Davie and he returned the salute. In a moment more the native craft slid up close to the Land's End and Mr. Houser was looking down at the prettiest white girl he had ever seen.

"Hello," she said.

"Ship ahoy," Davie responded politely.

"Are you Captain Lowry?"

"I am not. My name's Houser."

"Where is the captain?"

"He's in bed."

"What is he doing in bed at a time like this?"

"He is staying in bed for two months. He just fell downstairs and broke his leg."

The girl looked stunned.

"Oh," she cried. "Don't tell me he broke his leg. Oh my! Oh my!"

"Bad," said Davie. "He won't walk for weeks. Are you Fern Clarkson?"

SHE began to cry, not loudly, but a gentle, sobby sort of weeping and he stared down at her in uneasy sympathy. He noticed a strange thing, too, about himself. He began to feel queer, as though something was boiling within him, and the longer he looked at the girl, the more beautiful she became. Her luxuriant yellow hair was blowing in a cloud about her head and he could see that her eyes were large and trustful. The savages paid no attention to her or to him, but leaned calmly on their oars, waiting for orders.

"Pretty miserable break of luck for you," he continued. "The Cap was all ready to go ashore and play that golf game with Mr. Kanukamena."

The yellow-haired one went on weeping quietly, standing in the stern of the kanetch and Davie felt singularly concerned. The forlornness of the beautiful creature made him feel miserable and this surprised him.

"Won't do any good for you to cry," he said. "The broken leg couldn't be helped. Maybe another boat will come along. We passed one up here a ways."

"Steamers never put in here," she said sadly, and he remarked that her voice was beautiful too, and possessed a quality that thrilled a man.

"It might."

"If it did, it wouldn't bring along a good golf player, and no other kind will do," she said, and the depths of her despair were obvious to him.

"You been here all your life?"

"Yes."

"Must be pretty dull, and you all alone?"

"IT'S ghastly," she said. "I was hoping Captain Lowry would be a good golf player."

"Takes a pretty good one to beat Mr. Kanukamena, does it?"

"Oh, yes indeed."

"But you can leave here, if anyone beats him?"

She nodded and the flaxen hair flew this way and that.

"It's on the level, is it? I mean, there's no funny business about it?"

"He always keeps his word," she said, and Davie Houser suddenly felt himself slipping. He realized that the slide had commenced and tried to catch himself, but he was a man on a greased chute. The waving yellow hair and the trustful eyes were doing it.

"What kind of a game does this old duffer shoot?" he asked, trying to be casual.

"He isn't a duffer and he isn't so old—he plays every day," the forlorn girl said. "Yesterday he had a seventy-eight, but he is not quite as clever as he used to be, on account of his rheumatism. When he was young, nobody could beat him."

She was still crying, but softly, and the sight unnerved Davie Houser.

"All right," he said suddenly, with the same feeling one has when bailing out an airplane in a storm. "You can stop your crying right now, Miss Clarkson. Lowry is in bed, but I'm crazy too, and I'll play your main headhunter."

"You!" she said, looking up. "Can you play golf?"

(Continued on page 32)

"You get her off or you leave them your head as a memento"

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Starlight Rider

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

RUSHED to a hospital, after being shot by a hidden enemy, Hugh Tracy, a young cattleman, recovers, returns to his home—to find it looted! Mystified, he investigates. From Lynn Isherwood (a girl whom he meets quite by chance and about whom he knows nothing) he learns that he is still in peril. After which he learns that his enemy is Tade Shadrow, whose TS outfit is fighting with the Double-Ought (owned by Morgan and Bat Testervis) for control of the Powder desert region.

Allying himself with the Testervis brothers, he goes to Antelope, a near-by town, where he succeeds in saving Willy Bones (whom Shadrow has hired, robbed and fired) from Sid Maunders, one of Shadrow's killers. Then comes a shock. Headed by Shadrow and Lake Tolbert, his foreman, the TS men ride away. *And Lynn Isherwood is with them!*

A battle between the rival outfits follows. With Bill Vivian, an old friend, and Bones, Tracy arrives too late for it. . . . At TS headquarters, after the encounter, Shadrow, Maunders and Tolbert discuss the situation. In an adjoining hallway, Lynn Isherwood listens. The girl is, it appears, Shadrow's niece—and ward. She loathes him. "Well," Shadrow remarks, "we got Morgan Testervis." He turns to Maunders: "It's up to you to get Tracy—*right away!*" The girl listens no longer. Saddling her horse, she gallops away—to warn Hugh Tracy. Tolbert sees her go. He knows what she is doing. Making his own plans quickly, he holds Maunders in conversation for several minutes; then—"Move out, Sid," he commands. "It ought to be easy—*Tracy won't be expecting you.*"

Maunders and twelve men move out, attack Tracy's home. But, warned by the girl, Tracy, Bones and Vivian beat them off. Then, sure that another attack will follow, the three men hide on a near-by ridge. TS men ride by. "I must warn Bat!" Tracy says. He rides to Testervis headquarters. The place is deserted! Returning, he can find no trace of Bones and Vivian. . . . Meanwhile, Lynn Isherwood had made her way home. Shadrow and Maunders accuse her of having warned Tracy. She insists that she had merely gone for a ride; and, to her amazement, Tolbert supports her story. . . . The trio (Lynn listening again) go into a huddle. "You'd better do something about that girl," says Maunders. Shadrow laughs. "I aim to," he says. "*I'm going to marry her.*" Tolbert rises, leaves the room. In the darkness, outside, his usually inscrutable face is twisted with hatred of Sid Maunders—*and Tade Shadrow.*

VI

A MILE from TS, Hugh Tracy broke out of a long-maintained gallop and drifted quietly on, listening for the echo of Shadrow's outriders. Ranch lights cut a series of glowing yellow loopholes in the night and along the windless air lay the smell of wood smoke. He cleared the road, curling around a string of corrals. The maneuver placed him on the east edge of the outfit and put him as well into an arroyo of some depth. Leaving the horse here, he walked back across the road. Shadrow's small saddle-stock barn cut its pattern against the dim ranch glow; on all fours, he reached the structure and crawled as far as the plaza edge.

He knew the ranch well and could name each of the buildings. Casting his glance from point to point, it occurred to him that the lights made a deceptive show. Very little noise came from the bunkhouses and nobody seemed to be abroad. A calm pervaded the ranch, a calm arising from semi-emptiness. Shadrow, then, had his crews out on Mogul to consolidate his victories.

Across the plaza on the left-hand side sat the main house with its office door wide open. Shadrow he could see rather plainly behind a desk and he could hear other men talking. Somebody moved through the room, momentarily blanking out the light. Settling on his haunches, Tracy let the minutes ride by while he felt out the situation in which he had placed himself.

There was nothing precipitate in his approach of this TS citadel. It was not the reckless back-slap he was otherwise quite capable of making. During the hot day on the ridge his thoughts had been split between his own particular problem and the extremely dangerous position of the girl. He realized that as much as she knew of Shadrow she didn't know the full hazards of being in the same house with him, under his power. All his life this baron had done as he willed. Cautious and crafty and scheming—these qualities only veneered Shadrow's intrinsic ruthlessness. At heart the man was a buccaneer with a buccaneer's contempt for tribal morals. Lynn Isherwood could not know—for there was nobody in the Powder who dared tell her—of all those stories which were household property in the country concerning Shadrow's basic character. Whatever this man touched, ruin also touched.

SO TRACY had slowly turned this over and over in his head, and he had at last come to realize that her fortune had to be his fortune. There was no way out of it. The dark weavers had placed the thread of Lynn Isherwood's career across his own. The two were joined. That fact had brought him out of the ridge and placed him now beside the barn. As little as he could offer the girl in the way of security, it was better than what she had.

Illustrated by Matt Clark

The rustling of brush made him reach for the holstered gun

There was more to it, of course, than that. There was a deep and stirring ferment in the thought of this girl and he could not shake out of his mind the picture of her—straight and inexorably honest, full of grace and vital fire. But the only thing that counted now was to get her away. And, considering his position by the plaza's edge, he realized he had to take a still more dangerous step. Getting to his knees, he rose; next moment he flattened against the barn wall.

A man came aimlessly from the direction of the main house and passed behind the barn, out of sight. A whispering undertone rose over there and a little later Tracy saw two figures cross in front of him and head for the bunkhouses. Unknowing, he had waited out a break. Instantly accepting the chance, he slid behind the barn, paralleled it to that point where the yard narrowed into the outgoing road. The corner of the main house stood a hundred feet straight ahead and a settling darkness hovered over everything. Walking casually into that area, he looked back at the plaza and found the two hands gone. Halfway to the house he discovered a horse standing at the porch end and beyond that, nearer the office door, a string of six all saddled to go.

Still throttling down the urge to break into a run, he swung in at the porch, stepped to it and made the black aperture of the living-room doorway in three long strides. The house was familiar to him and inside, edging across an absolute darkness, his stretching hands touched a couch. Kneeling behind it, he listened to a gusty argument boil out from the office; Maunders' voice, recognizable anywhere, grumbled along a string of words. Shadrow spoke back, swift and crackling. And he heard Lynn Isherwood's low reply.

From where he crouched he could see the suggestion of that hallway on either side of which the guestrooms stood. They were all dark save one and beneath the door of that a penciled strip of light emerged. At the far end was another such thin glow from the kitchen. Shadrow spoke once more, answered by somebody whose tones were definite but so slurred that he could not distinguish them; immediately afterward bodies shifted and Tracy pulled himself below the couch a moment before the office door was thrown wide. Somebody came through, breathing fast. The door closed. Lifting his head, Hugh saw Lynn pass into the lighted bedroom and shut herself in.

WHAT was to be done had to be done rapidly, for the conference in the office had the sound of dissolving in a quarrel. Rising from the couch, Hugh went over the living-room floor on his toes and down the hall. In front of the girl's room he drummed his finger tips softly against the panel and, without waiting for an answer, pushed himself through. She came wheeling around, both hands defensively rising. A half gasp ran from her throat, yet, as quick as he was to motion for silence, she passed him, closed the door and put her body against it.

"Hugh," she whispered, "do you know what you're doing?"

He bent near, "You'll have to get out of here tonight."

"I can't—I don't dare—where would I go?"

"Think of that later. No time to argue about it, Lynn. If you don't slip out of here now you never will. Understand what I mean? Now—or you never will."

She looked up, trembling; one slim hand reached out and gripped his sleeve for support. The pressure of it pulled him nearer to her almost inaudible words. "I know. But we can't! We could never get out of here! Hugh, for heaven's sake, go away!"

He shook his head. "You go down the hall first. Turn out the back livin'-room door. Wait there until—"

She let go his arm and whirled around, both hands pressing against the door. Hugh, turned rigid, let one arm fall against his gun and remain there. Outside was the slow creep of feet. Then that sound died and in the silence—faintly broken by the bickering from the office—was the slight shift of a body beyond the door. Something scraped the wood. Looking down, Tracy saw a slip of paper appear through the bottom aperture. As softly as he had come into the hallway, the unknown retreated.

Lynn swept up the paper at a single gesture and unfolded it. Watching, Hugh saw her eyes race along the writing and actually change color. She held the slip out to him. It read:

"Your horse was lathered last night. Don't do that again or they'll catch you."

He looked up, puzzled. Leaning forward, she framed an almost inaudible name: "Tolbert."

THE quarreling in the office had dwindled to one man's steady talk and Hugh knew he could risk no further delay. Motioning toward the door, he whispered:

"Go ahead. If Tolbert's in the livin'-room, speak to him so I'll know. And draw him to the back door with you. Otherwise wait out there."

She threw a strained, protesting glance at him. But he shook his head, again motioning. Lynn swung the door open and passed through, leaving it ajar. Hugh crossed the room and reached the hall. He could see nothing at all, but he heard her moving ahead and followed on the balls of his feet. She had stopped somewhere along the living-room; and in the dragging interval he heard her expel another breath. After that he saw her cut a vague silhouette in the living-room's back doorway. Rapidly and less cautiously he went after her.

Her throaty murmur came up beside him: "Where now? Tolbert must be around."

He caught her elbow and pulled her as far as the corner of the house. From here he could command a part of the plaza, apparently empty; in any event, empty or holding men, he could no longer wait to watch. Warning her with a slight pressure on her arm, he walked straight eastward from the house. Fifty yards onward he crossed

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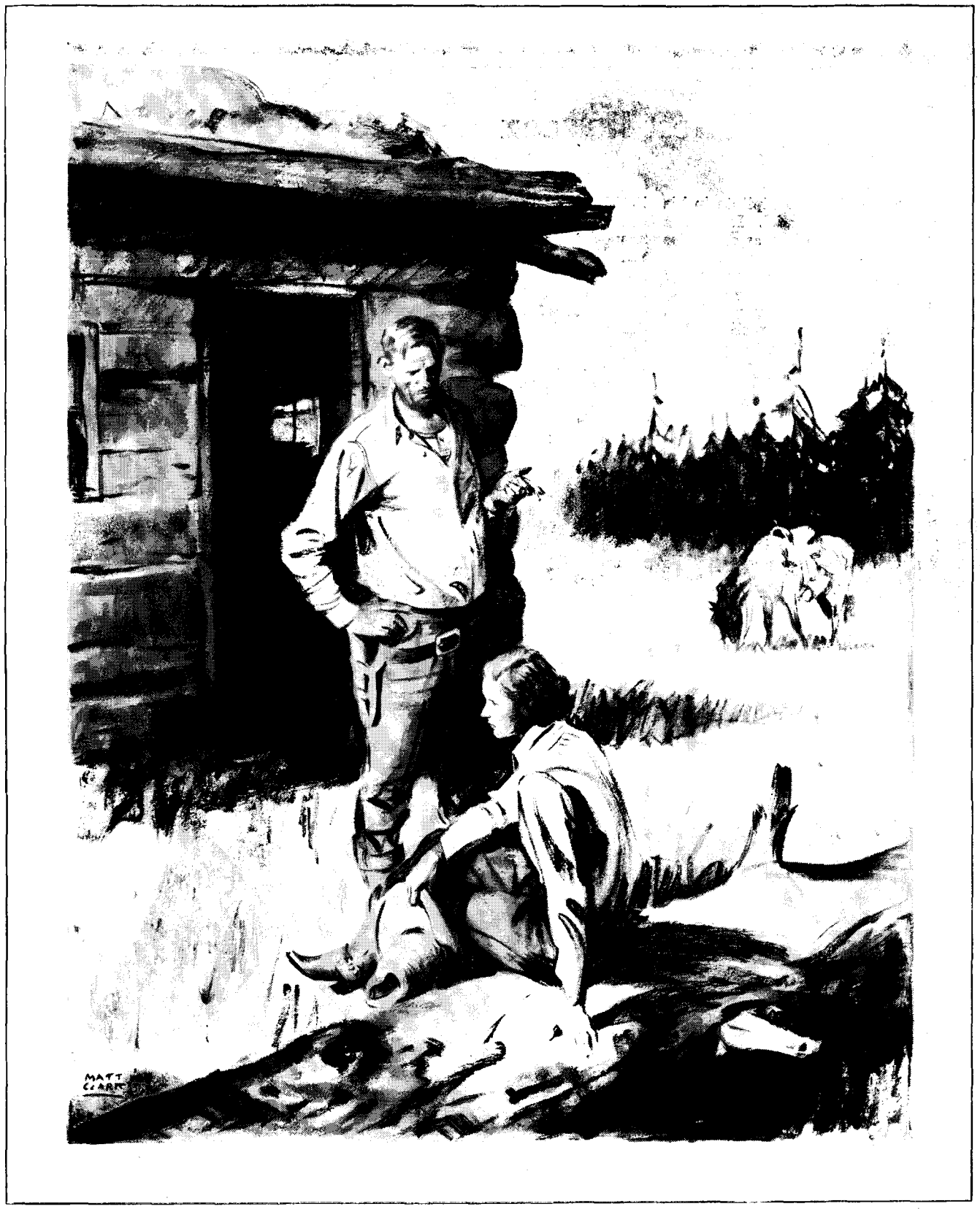

"I want an even chance, same as you'd give any man. Drop all the nonsense that's been pumped into you"

the road, swerved and went on as far as the gully. Down that a few paces he located the pony.

"Climb up."

She obeyed, but swung over, holding to him. "You are not thinking—"

"Go straight ahead at a walk, Lynn. Straight ahead till you hit the road that leads to the rim. I'll catch up with you."

"But you are not thinking of—"

"Lynn, never mind. A gambler never looks his luck in the face. Go at a walk and keep in the road so I won't miss you."

HE STEPPED back and waited until she had faded down the ravine, southbound. There was the small clipping echo of the pony's hoof striking some pebble and a faint groan of leather. Turning out of the depression, he went back toward the house and gained the dark corner where he had been so shortly before. This time he skirted the side wall and came to the porch. That saddled pony on which he had pinned his hopes still stood near by. Over at the bunkhouse a hand idled in the doorway and the argument in Shadrow's office continued on.

But neither of these things bothered him so much as the threat of Lake Tolbert somewhere in this obscurity. That note to Lynn, presenting a warning and a reassurance, was nothing at all in the face of the foreman's record and his cold killer's instinct. If he had in any sense detected an off taint to the air this night he would be watching. Thinking so, Hugh hooked his head around the corner and studied the porch closely. It was, so far as he could make out, clear. In the other direction—out through the throat of the yard where he must go—he could determine nothing.

Pulling himself away from the wall, Tracy walked around the end of the porch and reached the horse. He knew he had to carry it out with the lazy motions of a man doing the natural and the expected act. The only thing that would betray him to any covert eye was haste. Yet when he untied the racked reins and climbed into the leather there was a coat of sweat over his face and he jammed his feet into the stirrups stiffly to keep from raking the beast out of the yard at a dead run.

The man at the bunkhouse appeared to catch the blurred shift of Tracy's body and to see in it some signal for ranch activity, for he moved into the yard at long strides. That woke hidden figures all around the sheds. A shadow broke clear of the small barn and came diagonally toward Hugh. Ten yards away, he called out:

"What's it goin' to be now?"

"Go to the office," grunted Hugh and drifted abreast the fellow.

"Who's—"

Shadrow's voice sailed out into the pooled darkness. "Tolbert, I want you."

"Get over there," said Hugh to the stopped hand. And he was past, out of the plaza into the road.

"Tolbert!" shouted Shadrow. "Come here!"

The poised hand shot a suddenly curious challenge at Hugh. "Who're you?"

"If you'd stuck by the barn," muttered Hugh, "instead of roamin' all around this yard, you'd know."

"Tolbert!" yelled Shadrow. "Maunders, come out here and see what's goin' on yonder! Tolbert!"

No reply came from Tolbert—an ominous hint. Maunders' blundering progress became increasingly clear to Hugh, who gripped the reins with a heavy pressure. This whole situation was about to blow up violently, yet he dared not make a break for it until the two hands in his rear had lost sight of his outline and until he himself had picked up the shadow of the girl ahead. Somewhere on the dark road lay a proper deadline. There—

He never finished the thought. There was a quick rush of a pony directly in front. A roughened voice rapped out, "Stop that! Come here, you little fool, or I'll shake the wind out of you!" Lynn Isherwood screamed, "Hugh—Hugh!" Then her appeal died abruptly and the pony drummed off into blackness. Ripping his spurs across the borrowed horse's flanks, Hugh threw himself forward. Maunders was yelling. Shadrow lifted a voice so full of rage as to sound like the screeching of a woman; and all the hands were shouting down the yard. Somebody fired a single shot. Out in front the girl cried again, and again was silenced.

TRACY'S pony flung itself forward in great lunging strides. Out of the foreground a solid shadow appeared, moving from left to right uncertainly, and for one wild moment Tracy thought he was lost. Bending down, he threw the whole weight of his body into an avoiding turn and, half successful, struck the shadow—Lynn Isherwood's abandoned mount—a slanting blow. His right leg scraped the beast's yielding side; stirrup and stirrup got entangled and then the free pony bucked away. The shock of that sudden strain upon the locked saddle furniture almost unseated Tracy. All that saved him was the abrupt breaking of the empty stirrup from its holding ring. Clear then, he applied his spurs again while Lynn's horse galloped back toward TS.

The flurry checked him, put the fugitives so much farther ahead in the unseen foreground and brought the swarming Shadrow riders so much nearer. He heard Maunders' strident voice ride furiously across the night. They were in full halloo back there—all of them—and strung out along the earth. A nearer hand sent up a shouted cry: "Watch out—on the road!" A gun's echo followed closely.

That signal appeared to check in the TS group, to collect it, and to bring on an abrupt snarl of riders. Then there was a clear faltering of stride. Maunders was bearing away on another tangent, each pace marked by a black oath dropped; but Shadrow's half-screamed command went after the gunman imperatively.

All this happened in the turn of a moment, with Tracy rushing on. By degrees he drew clear. The sound of all that riot diminished, dwindled and at last became only a few faint threads of murmur. The last definite thing he picked up was the backlash of a thundering quarrel between Maunders and the TS owner.

It was the first breathing spell, a respite from trouble behind. Listening now for what lay ahead, he got the rapid drumming of hoofs—of a single horse breasting the night and actually drawing away. It puzzled him, for he

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McManus

Tom Yawkey (front) and Eddie Collins are inseparable in their business of baseball and their recreation of shooting

Starch for the Red Sox

By Bill Cunningham

He was weaned on a bat and cut his teeth on a major-league missile. His playmates were immortals—Ty Cobb and Wah-Hoo Sam Crawford. Then he inherited a few millions and bought a ball club. Now go on with the story of young Mr. Thomas Austin Yawkey, who is out to make the game of baseball what it used to be

OLD HERB PENNOCK'S fast one had steam along the stitching and his hook was shaving them cleaner than a new razor blade on a January morning.

The Yank defense was clicking when called upon, which wasn't often, while Ruth, Gehrig, Combs and the other truncheoneers parlayed their bingles and blasts in such workmanlike fashion that the lowly Red Sox had just been blanked again—this time, 4 to 0, or 4 to a horse collar, as the ball players say it.

Thus, in routine manner, concluded the first bracket of an early season double header between the league-leading New Yorkers and the tail-ending Bostonians.

If the audience had been watching the venerable Mr. Pennock as he wrapped his pitching arm in the fragrant folds of a sweat shirt, wadded his war-worn glove into a yawning hip pocket and pushed the bill of his cap back sufficiently to wipe the beads of dew from his perspiring brow, they'd have seen him wend his way to a box adjacent to the Red Sox dugout.

They'd have seen him there greeting and being greeted by a pleasant-looking young gentleman in faultless spring tailoring—a young gentleman who speaks in a firm, authoritative manner and whose steel-blue eyes look steadily into his listener's. And if the audience could have listened, this is what it would have heard:

From Pennock: "I don't know how you liked 'em, Mr. Yawkey, but they looked good to me losing. You and Eddie must have done something to 'em. Believe it or not, they looked more like a ball club losing than the A's did winning here earlier in the week."

And from Mr. Yawkey: "Yeah, I thought they looked better myself. Keep your eye on 'em, Herb. They're going to knock that glove right back down your throat one of these days. But I want to congratulate you on the nice game you pitched. You had us breaking our backs at that roundhouse of yours. But watch us, kid, and don't waste all your sympathy. We're going to go places with this ball club yet."

The "Mr. Yawkey," addressed and addressing, was Thomas Austin Yawkey, brand-new owner of the Red Sox, the baby, by many years, of all the major-league magnates, the wealthy young New Yorker, who inherited the residue of a $50,000,000 estate upon his thirtieth birthday last February 21st, and who, four days later, bought perhaps the most dilapidated piece of diamond merchandise to be found on the major-league shelves.

Tom Yawkey holds no working card in the Major and Minor Prophets' Union No. 1. Nor does he profess any powers of peering into the future. Nevertheless, he delivered himself of a truly startling prediction in that Yankee Stadium conversation with the slightly patronizing Mr. Pennock.

Not two weeks later the young magnate sat in his own park in Boston, along with some thousands of New Englanders, and saw these same Red Sox rend these same cocky Yankees limb from limb in a five-game series! After dropping the first half of a Sunday double header, 7 to 8, the suddenly humming Hose took the next four in a row. By slam-bang scores, too—11 to 9, 6 to 5, 13 to 5, and 8 to 5.

Keystone

The new owner of Boston's Red Sox, Thomas Yawkey, with Marty McManus, manager, and Eddie Collins

And the Yanks weren't in a slump. They were doing their stuff. They slammed six homers, which ought to be enough. But the suddenly savage Sox saw all they had and raised. They drove *eight* home runs out of the park. They sprayed triples and doubles all over the premises. They banged out 63 hits for 98 bases, driving all the Yankee pitchers off the hill in steady and almost mathematical rotation. Included in that number was the eminent Mr. Pennock in person. He was rushed in upon three separate occasions in a desperate effort to halt the berserk Bostonese, but he might as well have stayed back at the hotel playing pinochle. Upon all three occasions, of a truth and a verity, he had his glove knocked right back down his throat!

Who is this young Mr. Yawkey? What has he done? What does he plan for his tepid tail-enders? Why, in these times of industrial *sturm und drang* did he feel impelled to swap a bale of hard-to-get dollars for a down-at-the-heels baseball outfit? He's a New Yorker. Why didn't he buy the Giants? It's an open secret that they can be had. How did he reach his decision, and how does he feel about it now?

I undertook to ask him all these things the other day. He answered fully and freely. Both the manner and the matter of the answers completely obliterated any suspicion that here was just a dizzy playboy suddenly sucked into a questionable investment the grief of which he couldn't realize.

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Manhattan Love Song

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

ANSWERING New York City's challenge to the young who long for success, four friends—Fanny Furness, Madge Rountree, Mack Wise and Chris Thring, all just out of Stanford University—go there. With little money, and no friends, all of them secure jobs. Mack, a talented speaker and piano player, makes good with a broadcasting company. Chris takes an eighteen-dollar-a-week job with a law firm. Fanny (not afraid of anything) becomes a sorter in a clothing salvage shop. Madge "goes on the stage" at a small Greenwich Village theater.

But at least one of the four is miserable. Fanny. In love with Chris, she is well aware that he cares deeply for Madge. And, rooming as she does with Madge, she soon learns that Mack, too, has fallen under the spell of the pretty little actress.

Fanny is not jealous—she is far too sensible for that. She is, however, hurt—made wretched by Chris Thring's casual attitude toward her, Mack's growing interest in Madge. Restless, preferring to suffer unobserved, she takes a tiny room, alone. Then, burying herself in her work (she now has a better job—in the wardrobe department of a noted theatrical organization), she tries to forget her troubles.

Two weeks—long, agonizing weeks—drag by. Then, just before Christmas, Chris calls. His face is haggard. He seems strangely agitated. They chat for a few moments. Then—"Fanny," Chris bursts forth, "I saw Madge this morning. She asked me to tell you that she and Mack are going to California. They're going to be married out there."

Fanny is silent. She watches the man she loves, notes that he is suffering keenly. "I've resigned," he goes on. "I'm going to ship somewhere—*anywhere*." He seizes Fanny's hand, presses it. "That leaves you alone, poor kid," he exclaims. "But I'll be back some day. Goodby, Fan."

He leaves. As the door closes behind him, Fanny bursts into tears. Now at last—for the first time—she *knows* that she can never hope for Chris Thring's love. She goes over the events of the past few months slowly. Then, throwing her head back defiantly and drying her eyes: "All right, New York. *You haven't licked me yet!*"

IV

IN THE office of Robert Kreutzmann sat Fanny Furness, in an almost unbearable state of excitement. It was the morning of all mornings to have something wonderful happen, and—unless this were all a dream, and Fanny tucked up asleep under her suffocating big German bedspread at Mrs. Behrmann's—it was actually happening. Anyway, here she was in Kreutzmann's office, "by appointment."

This was enough, on such a singing April morning, to raise her spirits to the pitch of delirium. After the cold, lonely, puzzling months of the long winter it was almost unbearably sweet to have the air soften, and the snows melt, and a blue, trembling sky take the place of the leaden, bleak dome that the city had worn so long. It was unbearably sweet to have Easter hats suddenly in windows, and flowers cramming the steamed glass of the florist shops, and languid, fragrant twilight ending the day, instead of wet, lamplighted dark. This was enough joy. Fanny had her new hat, too, of dark blue straw, and under her big soft Bond Street coat there was a new frock, of dark blue cloth. And she had bought a gardenia.

The Bond Street coat came from the Salvage Shop, but the dress was quite new. Just the feel of it, just the tilt of the blue hat made Fanny feel in key with the singing, spreading, deepening, all-enveloping glory of the spring.

But there was more. She had written Kreutzmann a modest application weeks ago—written him indeed under the desperate pressure of a February mood, when the streets were slushy and when rain was falling and when Fanny herself had had a cold in her head. She had said modestly that some time when he was casting a play she would like a part. She had had no stage experience, but she had studied dramatic diction in night classes, and several times had done "bits" for the Inter-America Broadcasting Company.

The great Kreutzmann had paralyzed her with excitement a few days later by pausing at her desk to say, as he went through the office:

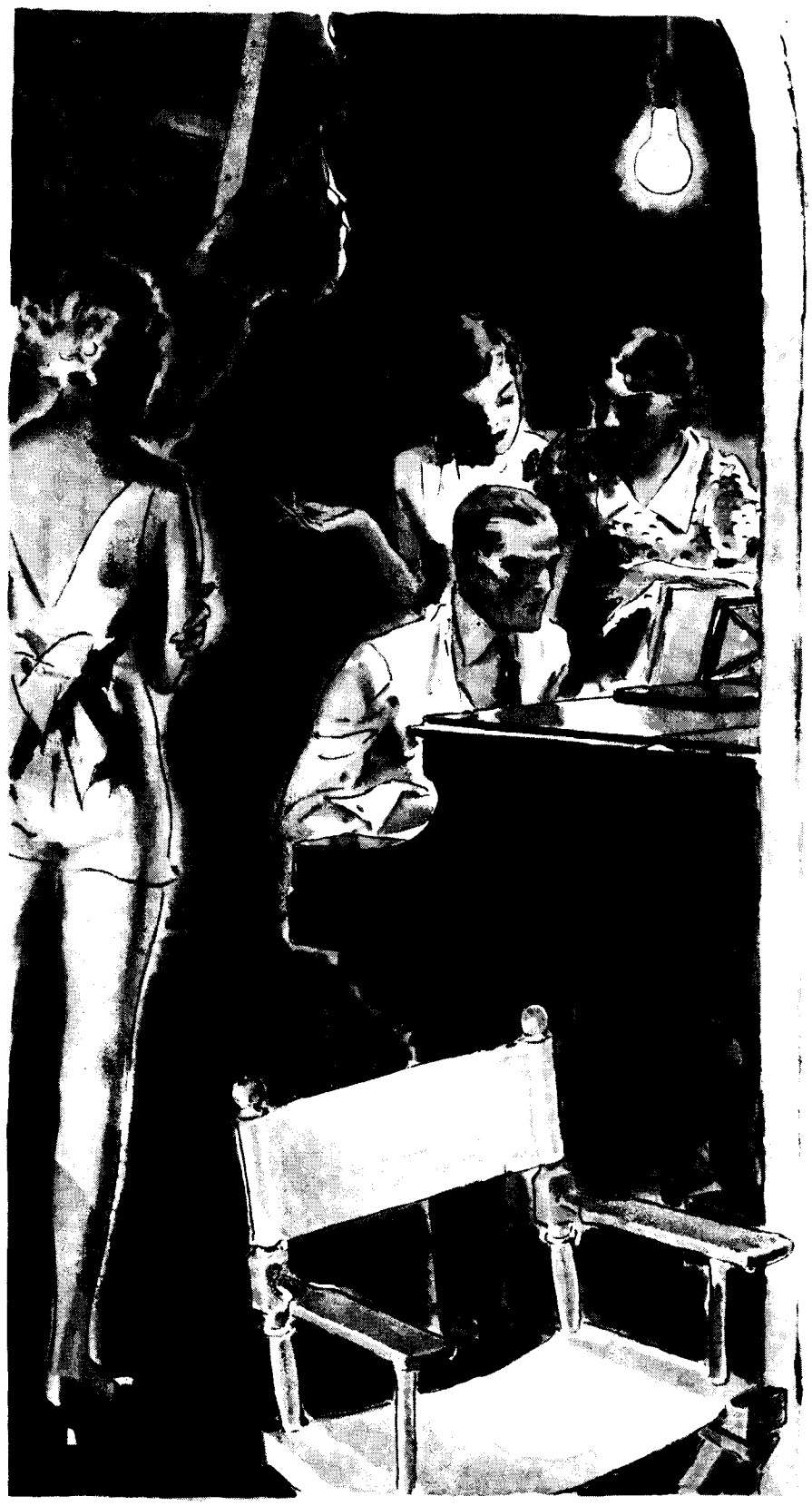
"I have your name, Fanny. I'll keep you in mind."

FOR his brother, the fat old doctor, liked Fanny, and Fanny had more than once been out to have a heavy sentimental, musical dinner with the senior Kreutzmanns, in their rich, ugly, luxurious apartment on the Drive. And being German and Hebrew they were a united family, always with a birthday cake or a Christmas poem to cry over, and the sons and daughters, and the brother who was a famous theatrical producer, were quite disproportionately pleased when anyone was polite to the old couple. The dinners rather bored Fanny, and the food upset her for days, but the experience was one of the many upon which she seized during her lonely winter, with dips into Socialist meetings, settlement houses, Rosicrucian chapels, the Chinese theater, forlorn feelers sent out in every direction for friendships, interests, occupations.

And now Robert Kreutzmann, the great theatrical dictator, had kept his word about remembering her. He might—Fanny could not believe the words as her thoughts framed them—he *might* be going to offer her a chance!

She waited patiently for him to get through some long talk in the inner office. There was plenty of time, and this was all fun. She began to try to describe the furnishings of the room in German for Otto's benefit. Otto and she studied German together in the evening three times a week, and the effect was curiously to make her want to put all her thoughts into German.

Well, then, this office—*dieses Zimmer*—of Kreutzmann was an enormous room in the theater building. It had one curved wall, on the other side of which were perhaps gallery seats; anyway, the theater's vast, empty bulk was right there, for there was a sort of porthole in the thick barrier of cement and concrete and steel, through which one could look down into it.

One of the walls was all doors; the two remaining angles were broken by the tremendously imposing windows, deep set, that were framed outside in the heavy, upcurved cornices and angles and scroll work that hung over Broadway. Anyone down there in the dirty, hurried street, Fanny knew, for she had often done it, could look up and see these great symbolic figures, and on the floor above them other figures—Comedy and Tragedy taking masks off their faces, and medallions with the names and faces of Shakespeare and Molière and Goethe.

"You must be crazy about

The office was richly carpeted, and the tables and chairs and lamps were all comfortable and rich and ugly; where there were Kreutzmanns there would always be that effect. A large photograph of Mrs. Robert Kreutzmann, with Babette and Sonya, was on the desk. The walls were papered with theatrical photographs old and new: Fanny Davenport with ringlets cascading over a striped silk shoulder, and a finger held to a tipped cheek; Robert Mantell, magnificent in a cutaway; May Robson, Georgia Cayvan, Katherine Gray, and the new favorites—Helen Morgan on her piano, June Walker, Peggy Wood.

THIS morning the windows were open, and sweet fresh air streamed in. It was deliciously thrilling to stand at one of them, high above Broadway, and see the closed, silent theaters opposite, and the night clubs being cleaned and aired, and the presses going in the newspaper building. Broadway had her dull, her grimy side in ten o'clock light but in a few hours the big signs would be flaming up and down, and the theaters pouring out streams of brilliance, the restaurants and the sidewalks would be crowded, and every opening door would release bursts of music and laughter into the star-pierced blazing night.

"Good morning, Fanny!" said Robert Kreutzmann behind her, and Fanny faced about, with her heart plunging, and they shook hands.

She sat on the edge of her chair, watching him with the alert, friendly fear of a cat. But Kreutzmann was very much at his ease, laughing and leisurely, wanting to know how they treated her in the office and how Mamma Behrmann was.

"And how many of those yellow-headed boys are in love with you?"

"All of them," Fanny said shamelessly.

"All of them? Then that's safe." After a while he got talking of a new

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it," one of the girls said to Fanny, witheringly, during a rehearsal

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

play, and her heart, which had almost gone back to its normal beat, began to hammer again, and her hands and her knees got cold, and her mouth furry. "Now," he said, "what are they paying you?"

"Eighteen—" She had to clear her throat. "Eighteen a week."

"Oh, well, we can do a little better than that. But come now—they rob me, you know, Fanny; this man who was just with me, he was telling me how poor I am, and how I have to cut down. Five years ago do you know what I would offer you, just to do a little maid's part—on in the first act, and then for a minute at the end? You would have had seventy-five dollars a week for that. But now—"

Of course this was all a dream—a dream—oh, God, don't let this be a dream!

"So I say thirty-five," Kreutzmann observed.

Fanny's smiling face broke into deeper wrinkles; broke into April tears.

"Mr. Kreutzmann, you're awfully kind—"

"Yes, but then why does she cry about it?"

"Because I'm so happy, I guess—and it's spring, and—and everything!" Fanny managed to say, on a choked laugh.

"But you know you have a delightful voice, Fanny, and you are young and pretty, and you have a good figure," Kreutzmann argued simply, "so who shall have a chance if not you?"

"I know." She was standing. "But just the same you're wonderfully kind."

"And the depression salary doesn't frighten you?"

SHE looked at him seriously, but her face was all ready to laugh.

"You know, Mr. Kreutzmann," Fanny said, "I've never known anything else but this depression. It began in my junior year at college, and that's about as soon as anyone begins to notice things like that. I don't remember times when there were jobs for everyone, and everyone wore fur and silk stockings and went abroad and bought bonds. This is—just the world to me, just the way the world is. I've been here almost a year now, and—I've *lived.* I began on ten a week, and I got on all right; then when I came here it was fifteen and now it's eighteen."

"And you can do it?" he asked, looking down at her from his six feet three.

Her flashing laugh answered him.

"I love it!" she said, with a gesture toward the city below the opened window.

"It's a great city. But you must have had some scared days."

"Never—really." Fanny looked out at the roofs that were hazy and soft under the soft, misty sky, at the jerking caterpillars of the elevated railways, at the blocked skyline over toward the Avenue, and the swarming insects far below that were men and motor-cars. An odd softness came into her voice. "It gets into your blood," she said in an undertone.

"And you'll be here on Thursday at eleven?"

AND then Fanny was going through the tremendous halls again—was threading her way back to her own office, in the costume rooms upstairs, hugging her secret to her fast-beating heart. Thursday, at eleven, parts were to be given out, and she would be there!

That day Broadway seemed to smile at her when she went out for lunch; she had a window seat at the particular little restaurant she affected, and could look upon the throngs that went up and down, and feel herself a happy, a successful part of them—a part of New York! She had a job in a big theatrical firm, and she was being considered for a part—

When she went back there was a famous actress in the elevator, going up to see "Bob." The elevator boy nudged

(Continued on page 40)

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Busy Wires

By Elaine Sterne Carrington

A time will come when people will look back on the events of this story and say: "It must have been fate." That's all the credit Elsie will ever get

THE Brenton Telephone Exchange is a one-room frame house on Butternut Lane, which is the station road. It has a plate-glass window behind which those passing (at train times, mostly) can see Elsie Deems seated before her switchboard, intent on keys and plugs.

Brenton is so small that there has been talk from time to time of abolishing the telephone office and of letting South Durwood take all the calls, but so far this has not been done. In fact, Brenton has put up a stiff fight to keep its local system, due primarily to Elsie's popularity. She was voted the prettiest girl in South Durwood high school some years back—six, to be accurate—and also because of her comfortable manipulation of the switchboard. She has memorized every local number and many out-of-town ones. When you call up, you merely say, "Elsie, get me Tucker's garage." "Elsie, get me the station." "Elsie, what's playing at Edwards' Theater tonight?"

On this particular morning, in midsummer, Elsie could have wished, and with reason, that the fight had been lost. It was hot—too hot to read the magazine which was pressed open and laid face down on the switchboard. The handkerchief with which she wiped her face was a moist ball in her palm. It was useless to apply powder to her small, uptilted nose, and the survey of her features, usually a pleasant occupation because of her dark, intelligent eyes, her small, full mouth, her little pointed chin, apparently discouraged her. It was all of a shine. Tiny trickles of perspiration slid down from under the curly, shining, brown ringlets all over her head.

THE light went up. She plugged in. "Tenbrook operator," said a voice. "Tenbrook calling Brenton six-two." There was a pause, then a man's voice, a voice she recognized instantly, came on the wire.

"Hello, is this the bank?"

It was, she knew, Ken Maynard, calling his father at the bank. She listened in.

Mr. Maynard's secretary, Annie Ford, answered, "Who wants Mr. Maynard?"

"I do," said Ken.

She gave a little gasp. "Oh, is it *you*, Ken? Just a minute."

Hearing Annie's fluttering agitation, Elsie smiled. She forgot the heat of the day in her intense interest. Then she heard Annie say, "Here's Mr. Maynard, go ahead."

Ken said, "Hello, is that you, Father?"

"Yes," said the older Maynard coldly. "What do you want?"

"I'm at Tenbrook. I'm driving up to see you."

"What for?"

"What for?" Ken laughed. "Say, I don't come often, do I? I haven't been near you for over a year. You ought to be glad to see me once in a while."

"I'm not," said his father, "and you know it."

Again Ken laughed, but this time not so heartily. His assurance seemed a little shaken. "Well, what I've got to say won't take long."

"What do you want to see me about?"

"I'll tell you when I get there."

"And I'll tell you in advance if you're in some scrape and want money, you won't get it. Not again. Not from me. Not if you go to jail for it." He hung up and Ken was left floundering at the end of the line.

"Hey, hold on! You cut me off! I haven't finished."

Annie Ford, who had evidently been listening in on an extension, said a little breathlessly, "He—he hung up, Ken."

"Is that you, Annie?"

"Yes."

"Listen, don't let him get away until I get there."

"I'll do what I can, but he's not very well and maybe it would be better if—"

"I've got to see him. I've got to get some money—I'm in a bad scrape. I'm counting on you, Annie."

"I'll do the best I can, only—"

He cut her off impatiently, calling another number as he did so: "Say, give me nine-one, will you?"

Nine-one. The Martin house. He was calling Peggy Martin, doubtless, and Peggy was Harry Martin's kid sister, which set her apart. Anyone even remotely related to Harry Martin was forever set apart in Elsie's mind.

She frowned as she plugged in. She heard Ken say cautiously, "Hello, is Miss Martin at home?"

Then Peggy's little gasp, "Oh, Ken, it's *you!*"

"Hello, Peg," he said. "Gee, it's great to hear your voice again!"

She whispered, "Wait. I want to close the door." When she came back to the phone she said: "I can't believe it's really you. Where are you?"

"I'm at Tenbrook, heading for Brenton."

"You mean—you mean you're coming here?" Peggy asked in some surprise.

"Yes."

"But why didn't you write me you were coming? Why didn't you let me know?"

"Didn't dare. Afraid somebody might open the letter. I just had to take a chance on seeing you."

"You mean you're coming up here just to—just to see me?"

"Of course. What else would I come for?"

"Oh, Ken!" She could not speak for a moment, then she said, with a little catch in her voice, "But you never answered any of my letters and I wrote so many. I thought maybe—"

"I'll tell you all about it when I see you. Where will it be?"

She said quickly, "You can't come here. Dad would be frantic if you came here."

"I know. How about the dune house?"

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

She heard him say, "Hello, is Miss Martin at home?"

There was an instant's silence. Then: "I guess it will be all right. I'll get the key and meet you there."

"How soon?"

"Right away," she said.

"Hold on, I suppose as long as I'm in town I ought to look in on Father."

"Couldn't you do that later?"

"No. I'll do it first and get it over with, then I can spend the rest of the time with you. When I leave his office I'll call you."

"ALL right, only I suppose I oughtn't to meet you, not after the way you've treated—"

"Listen. I came all the way out here just to see you."

She was crying now. "I—I thought you'd never come back."

"I'd have been back long before this but I heard you were going with Tom Bailey. I heard you were engaged."

She broke in breathlessly: "No, no, that's not true. He's—it's only that you were gone so long. Nobody ever mattered to me but you."

"I wanted you to say that. I'm pulling right out for Brenton now. I'll drop in on Father and then give you a buzz. Stand by, will you?"

"Yes. Oh, Ken," her voice sank to a whisper, "I love you so!"

Elsie pulled out the plug. Sitting inert, she thought of little Peggy Martin as she had seen her only last evening, after supper, in front of the post office in Tom Bailey's station wagon. She was young-looking for her nineteen years—blond, curly-haired, burned brown by the sun, red-lipped, laughing.

Tom Bailey, who had just passed his bar examinations, towered above her.

They went everywhere together this summer. You saw them streaking by, along the highway, in the station wagon

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that needed paint, Tom at the wheel, Peggy slumped down on the seat beside him, her head flung back, her hair fluttering like skeins of yellow silk in the wind.

A nice kid. A happy kid. Harry's sister.

SOMEBODY wanted Doctor Stevens. Elsie listened. The voice was high, querulous, "Please, is the doctor there?"

He was, having just come in and sat himself down to his noonday meal; nevertheless he came at once to the phone.

"This is Mr. Martin's house. This is the nurse speaking. The baby's took sick."

The thought of Harry's baby being sick made Elsie feel weak.

Doctor Stevens said amiably, "Well, what seems to be the matter?"

"I couldn't say exactly. He's got a high fever and he hasn't kept a mouthful down since breakfast."

"Does Mrs. Martin want me to come over and see him?"

"She's not here to ask. She went to New York on the morning train. She won't be home till evening, and Mr. Martin's in Philadelphia. Nobody's here, only me."

Doctor Stevens said, "All right, I'll be over," and hung up.

Elsie remained sitting there, her hands clasped in her lap. She had a perfectly unreasonable impulse to fly up to Martin's house and take charge of Harry's baby; to replace the nurse whom she had seen countless times in the village—a thin-lipped, angular woman in a blue cape and bonnet. English nurse. She did not sound very English over the phone.

Sitting there, Elsie could feel again the thrill, the rapture of that summer, a few years ago, when Harry Martin and she had gone around together. He was just out of college. He had a glittering, new, red roadster. He used to come by her house on Railroad Avenue and squonk the horn all the way from the corner. That gave her time to snatch up her hat and fly down the steps to meet him.

At nights they drove to the Three Oaks and danced. And all the time she was dancing with him, smiling up into his eyes, feeling his arms about her, she knew he was as distant from her as the stars themselves. That she meant nothing whatever to him. Could never mean anything to him as long as she lived. He always treated her with a respect that stabbed at her heart like a knife. She knew she must seize what little of him she could, these few fleeting hours, because one day he would forget all about her; meet a girl of his own station, love her, marry her.

That next summer he was engaged, and the following year he was married, and the year after that his son was born. She saw him passing on his way to and from the station. He always flipped a friendly hand at her. He had probably forgotten those warm, sweet summer nights driving home from the Three Oaks, when her head rested on his shoulder.

A BUZZING on the switchboard brought her back to her work. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Another call for Peggy. This time it was the English nurse at Harry's and she said, "Oh, Miss Peggy, is that you?"

"Yes, Hilda, what is it?"

"Could you come over here?"

"Come over? Why? Is anything the matter?"

"Robby's took awful sick."

"What's the matter with him?"

"I don't know yet, and being here all alone with him—"

"Where's his mother?"

"She went to the city this morning."

"Where's Mr. Martin?" Peggy asked.

"He left for Philadelphia last night."

"Have you called Doctor Stevens?"

"Yes, Miss, but he hasn't come yet. I thought maybe you could come up here and help a bit with Robby. I'm afraid to take the full responsibility alone."

There was an instant's silence, then Peggy said slowly: "Why, of course I'll come if there's anything I can do, only, Hilda, don't you think perhaps you're getting in a panic over nothing? I mean, it may just be a little stomach upset or—"

"No, Miss, it's more than that. I know a sick baby when I see one. He's never been like this before."

"Poor lamb! Of course I'll come." Then: "Only, Hilda, I've got to—to wait for a phone call first. It's awfully important. I'll come over right afterwards."

The nurse broke in, "Excuse me, Miss, but here's the doctor now."

Peggy said, "Call me the minute he goes and tell me what he says. I'll wait until I hear from you."

"Yes, Miss."

Elsie stared straight before her. In her mind's eye she could see the Martin house on the dunes. Harry had driven her out there one moonlight night, and they had sat on the steps and watched the molten ocean churning and writhing, and flinging itself against the shore. She could still hear the boom of it in her ears and smell the salty tang of the air.

BUZZING broke around her ears. She was grateful for the diversion. "Philadelphia calling Brenton."

Long distance. Philadelphia!

A quiver of excitement passed over her. She took the trunk wire in her hand, shot it in.

"Philadelphia, calling Brenton three-one-two."

So it was Harry. Harry calling his house. Then she heard his voice, "Hello. Hello."

She said, "Hello, Harry, this is Elsie Deems."

"Oh, hello, Elsie, how are you? I'm calling the house. Can you put me through?"

"Yes, only I—I happened to overhear the nurse there talking to Doctor Stevens—"

"The nurse? You mean Hilda? Robby's nurse? What's happened? What's the matter?"

"Nothing terrible, only Robby's sick. The doctor's there now. I thought I'd tell you first so that—"

"What's wrong with him?"

"I don't know. The nurse seemed sort of worried—"

"Give me the house. Give me Mrs. Martin."

"All right. Just a second. Mrs. Martin went up to town on the morning train."

"All right, Elsie, give me the house and thanks."

The English nurse came to the phone and, hearing Harry's voice, she broke down and began to cry. "Oh, Mr. Martin, Robby's got the scarlet fever. I don't know what to do—"

"Just sit tight, Hilda. Get a nurse from the hospital. No. Wait a minute, Elsie"—he was tapping the hook—"Elsie, are you there?"

"Hello. Yes."

"Elsie, you call the hospital—will you?—and get a couple of nurses on the job. I'll charter a plane and fly home. Tell Hilda not to worry. If she wants to phone for anything, tell her to get you to do it for her. And do you mind taking all incoming calls until I get there?"

"All right, I'll take them. I'll attend to everything."

He rang off, and Hilda's bewildered voice besought her: "What did he say? I couldn't hear good. What did he say?"

"You go back to the baby," said Elsie, briskly. "I'll call the hospital and get the nurses right over. Don't worry. Mr. Martin's flying home."

Her heart singing in her breast. He needed me. I was the one to help him. I'm the one he turned to. She plugged in on South Durwood hospital, summoned two nurses to the case. As she did so, she looked out the window and up into the sharply blue sky. Soon he would be up there in that sky, speeding across space with the wings of a bird. Perhaps she would even hear the hum of a motor as he passed over the exchange. Presently, she would meet him somewhere, on the street, in the post office, and he would say, "Thanks, Elsie, for all you did that day. You were a brick!"

SOMEONE calling Doctor Stevens. Elsie plugged in. Rang the doctor's house. There was no answer and she said, "Nobody's home, but if it's important, I'll take the message for the doctor and give it to him later on."

"It is important!" said a woman's voice, broken, quivering. "Oh, Elsie, something awful's happened."

It was Annie Ford. Mr. Maynard's secretary. She was sobbing into the mouthpiece. "Mr. Maynard's had a stroke. He's unconscious—"

"Wait a second, Annie, I'll try Doctor Winslow in South Durwood. He might be in."

"Get somebody quick. Get anybody. Oh, my God, it would be terrible if he died!"

"What happened?"

"I don't know. He hasn't been well and it's been such a hot day—"

"Is Ken there with him?"

"Ken?" A pause, then, "Why—why—yes, he's here. He—"

"I thought I saw his blue car go past Lanahan's Gas Station a while back. "I figured," Elsie lied, "he was probably heading for the bank."

"Yes, he came in to see his father and they were—were talking when Mr. Maynard keeled over. In a way it's a mercy Ken was here." Staunch, loyal Annie! She would burn at the stake for her idol, if need be!

"Wait," said Elsie. "Maybe I can get Doc Stevens after all. He was up at Martin's a few minutes ago. Their kid's got scarlet fever."

"Oh, that's terrible. My sister's girl had it and everybody in the house was quarantined. Nobody could come in or go out for weeks. Listen, Elsie, try the doctor up there. I think we ought to get Mr. Maynard to the hospital as soon as we can. He looks awful!"

"Where's Ken?"

"Why, he—he rushed out to get help—"

"And left you holding the bag."

"Oh, no, he's coming right back."

"I'LL get a doctor, Annie." She added maliciously, "It's too bad Ken had to come home and kill the old man." She could not resist it. Annie's gasp only amused her. "Oh, Elsie, how can you say such a—"

Elsie pulled out the plug. Her light went up immediately. Someone phoning from the drug store, "Listen, sister, get me nine-one again, and hurry, will you?"

It was Ken Maynard calling Peggy Martin again, now of all times, when his father lay dying!

Peggy answered instantly. She must have been sitting beside the telephone. "Oh, Ken, I thought you'd never call. What took you so long?"

"Peggy, how soon can you make the dune house?"

"Right away. I've got the key. Only—only first I've got to call my brother's house. My little nephew's sick and I'm waiting to hear—"

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He interrupted, "Peggy, something's happened. Something pretty bad."

"What is it?"

"My father—I stopped in to see him, you know—"

"Yes?"

"He—he's had a stroke."

"You—you mean he's dead?"

"No. Not yet. But I don't think he can last long."

"Oh, and of course you want to stay with him. I understand—"

"No. Wait. Once I get him off to the hospital there isn't a thing I can do for him and all I want is to—to see you."

"Oh, you poor darling. I'll dash out to the dune house the minute I hear from Robby's nurse and—"

"See here, Peggy, there's—there's something else. I went to see Father because I was in a bad jam. I wanted to borrow some money. I had to have it. And just as I was explaining it all to him, he—he pitched over."

"How frightful for you."

"Yes. Ghastly. But the worst of it is, I still need the money."

"Oh."

He said, after a pause, "Look here, Peggy, I hate like the devil to mention this at such a time but could you, do you suppose— I mean if I don't get it—"

She said, quietly, "How much do you want, Ken?"

"I've got to get hold of quite a lot. I wanted two thousand dollars."

She said: "I have that much in the bank. Some of the money grandmother left me, I mean. I could get it, I think."

"God, if you'd loan me that until—until the estate is paid over. I'll get everything. I'll—"

She gasped, "But Ken, your father's not dead yet."

"That's right. That shows how crazy I am. I'm nearly off my head with worry. What I thought was if you still cared enough for me to help me out of this hole—"

"I do care, Ken."

"Then will you—do you think you can get it and meet me at the dune house in say half an hour?"

"Yes. I'll get it. And I'll.meet you."

ELSIE sat motionless. She felt cold all over. Stop her. I've got to stop her. I've got to do something now, at once, to stop her. . . .

The buzzing broke out. She lifted her hand with an effort and plugged in.

Someone calling Peggy again.

Peggy cried, "Oh, Hilda, is that you? I've been waiting for your call—"

"No," said Tom Bailey's voice, "it's not Hilda, it's me, the boy friend. How's every little thing?"

Peggy said quickly, "I can't talk to you now, Tom. Please get off the wire. My little nephew's sick and I'm keeping the line open to—"

"Well, why not run up there and find out first-hand how he is? I've got my bus—"

"No. No, thanks. I—I can't leave the house just yet."

"How about my coming around and keeping you company?"

"No, really, Tom, I'm—I'm too upset what with Robby sick and his parents away. I don't want to see you."

"But I thought you and I—you told me yourself the other night—"

"Anyone will say anything with enough moonlight—"

"Oh, was that it?"

"Yes. That was it."

"Thanks for the information." He hesitated. "But if you need me or—"

She hung up. She tapped the hook impatiently.

Elsie said, "Operator."

"Give me three-one-two, please."

"I'm taking all calls for three-one-two. Mr. Martin asked me to."

"Mr. Martin? Harry? Is he back?"

"He's on the way. He's flying."

"Flying? What for?"

"The baby's sick. Very sick. In fact," said Elsie suddenly, "I was just going to call you but your line was busy. Mr. Martin asked me to tell you to go right over to his house. He said he knew you'd do it."

"Go—go there?" stammered Peggy. "Go there *now?* What for?"

"I don't know. He didn't say."

"Can't I call up and find out?"

"No. I can't give you the house. He asked me not to. All he said was for you to go there at once."

Peggy sighed, "I suppose I'll have to, then. But I can't stay. I mean, I'll find out what Hilda wants, then—then I'll leave for a little while. I guess that would be all right."

"That will be perfectly all right, I'm sure," said Elsie, "as long as you go there first."

Sitting back from the switchboard, she felt suddenly tired, drained of all strength. She glanced at the clock above the board. Three. Harry must have started by this time.

A blue car shot by the door. Ken Maynard's car. She watched it turn the corner onto the Ocean Road. She felt a faint pleasure in the thought that it would stand beside the dune house waiting for Peggy's fawn-colored roadster that would never appear.

Presently Ken Maynard called Peggy Martin from the pay booth in the station. Elsie made no attempt to get the number. Instead she spoke into the mouthpiece herself, knowing he would assume she was a maid in the household: "Hello. Hello."

He said irritably, "Is Miss Martin there?"

"No, sir, she's just gone out."

"Did she go in her car?"

"No, sir, in Mr. Bailey's car."

"Mr. Bailey's car!" he fairly sputtered. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir. Any message?"

"No. No message."

A few minutes later the blue car went scorching by, turned at the corner and shot towards New York.

The hum of an airplane brought her to her feet. She ran out to the steps and shouted at the airplane, "It's all right, Harry, I fixed everything!" Then, feeling foolish, she glanced about quickly to see if any of the neighbors had heard, but there was no one in sight.

THE buzzing again. Peggy Martin. She sounded close to tears. "Have there—have there been any calls for me?"

"No, Miss Martin."

"Well, if there are any will you put them on here, please? Once I got inside this house they—they quarantined me." Her voice quivered. "You're sure nobody's called me?"

"Yes, I am sure. No one. Wait a minute. Here's a call for you now."

"Oh, put it on!" cried Peggy.

It was Tom Bailey. He said, "See here, Peggy, if there's anything I can do—"

"Oh, it's you, Tom," she wailed. "Oh, I thought—"

"I'm swell at running errands. I can fetch and carry—"

"Thanks, Tom, but—but nobody can do anything for me now. I'm—I'm quarantined."

"You're *what?*"

"Quarantined. Robby's got scarlet fever. Once I saw him they—they locked me in here and—"

"I'll come and keep you company. I've had scarlet fever— I'll be right over."

"If you—if you come over here I'm likely to cry on your shoulder."

"That's what the old shoulder was made for." He rang off.

Peggy tapped the hook. She said, "I want the bank, please."

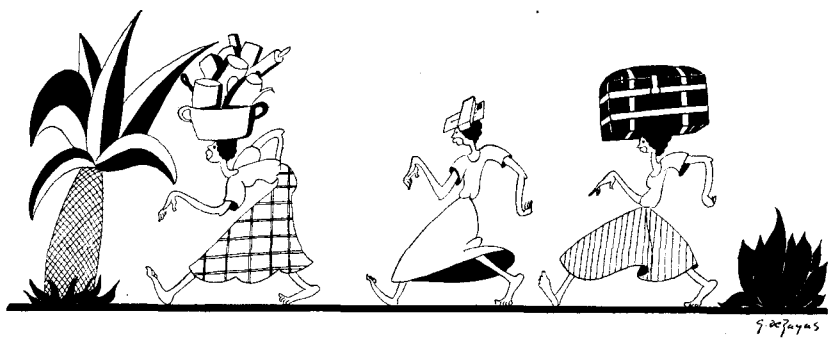
"The bank's closed," said Elsie, pleasantly. "I guess you haven't heard the excitement. Old Mr. Maynard had a stroke today, brought on by a terrible fight he had with his son, Ken Maynard, who came up here just to get some money out of him. It's all over town. They say the old gentleman was sick and tired of shelling out to that no-account and this last row just about finished him. They've taken him to the South Durwood hospital, but Ken went straight back to the city."

"Did—did he?" said Peggy. "Are you—are you sure?"

"Yes. You'd think he'd at least stay and see whether his father lived or died, wouldn't you? But not Ken Maynard. All he's ever cared about is himself."

There was a deep silence at the other end. Elsie inquired, "How's the baby this afternoon?"

But Peggy did not answer. She was crying. Elsie could hear her little stifled sobs. After a minute Elsie said, "Well, give Robby my love," and pulled out the plug. "And Harry, too," she added, softly. She looked at the clock. Another hour before her relief came. She wondered if it would be cooler that evening, when she went to the movies. She hoped the leading man would look like Harry Martin.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Down in Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana, the native women carry everything—from milk bottles to coffins—on their heads. In fact, their aversion to using their hands is so strong that they even carry letters in this manner, weighted down by a brick.

France has about 125 blackmail newspapers which owe their existence to the French belief in the utmost freedom of speech and its resultant attitude toward libel suits. With bribes, they ferret out cases of financial irregularity and personal misbehavior and, unless paid to forget the facts, build them into gigantic scandals.

The U. S. Post Office Department issues a monthly list of newly-discovered fraudulent companies which it forwards to all post offices with instructions that mail addressed to these concerns is to be stamped "Fraudulent" and returned to the senders.—*By Marion E. Hall, Mohrland, Utah.*

A new method of increasing the production of an oil well is to treat it with diluted hydrochloric acid, which eats off the plugged surface of the producing strata. One well in Kansas recently used this treatment and increased its daily output from 25 barrels to 1,440 barrels.—*By K. Taylor, Tulsa, Oklahoma.*

The most valuable fur in the world comes from the sea-otter, a semi-aquatic animal found on the rocky shores of the North Pacific, especially on the Kurile Islands. The thick, silky skins often sell for as much as $2,500 apiece.

In Asia, which contains just half of the population of the world, the mother and not the wife holds first place in a man's affections throughout his life.

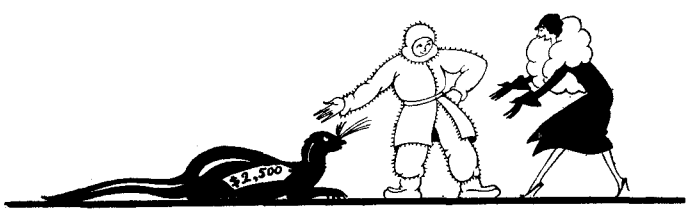
The most dramatic warning to reckless motorists is the "wreck" which is staged at dangerous spots along the highways of England. This gruesome scene, which is set on one side of the road, consists of two wrecked and overturned cars with several dummies of dead bodies realistically sprawled near by.

Undoubtedly the world's greatest masters of archery are the Tarascans, a tribe of Mexican Indians. With their bows and arrows, many of them can split a grain of wheat at a distance of 30 feet.—*By A. W. Baker, Dinamita, Mexico.*

Argyria, a peculiar disease that turns the skin a grayish-blue color, is growing in prevalence and so far no method of treating it has been discovered. It is caused by the long-continued use of medicines containing silver salts. In advanced stages the skin, when exposed to sunlight, turns dark brown.

Economic boycotts raised against one nation by another sometimes prove to be boomerangs. During the past 25 years, four of the nine boycotts declared against Japan by China actually were followed by an increase in its Japanese imports.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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Danged Varmints

By Howard S. Reed

as told to

W. B. Courtney

For thirty-two years Howard Reed has followed the danger trails, tracking, trapping and shooting wild animals in tropical jungles and on arctic tundras. As collector for zoölogical societies he has tramped Asia from Siberia to Siam—casually hanging up a world's record by shooting twelve tigers in sixty days. Here, in the first of a series of articles, he shows you how he learned the trailcraft that has brought him safely through a thousand breath-stopping adventures. He introduces you to the famous scout, Ute Bill of Colorado, who taught him to stalk cougar

THERE is one fragment, at least, of the lifetime of every man that etches into his brain a picture the vivid pattern of which never fades through all his after years, and which he can recall and see "as if it had happened only yesterday" in the hour when he comes to the end of his earthly trail; for the adventurer who stalks the off trails, the long trails, through jungle and over veldt, beside lost rivers and between snowy hills, it is the twinkling when first he stood eye to eye with wild death, and life hung in the balance of a trigger finger!

One such picture is glowing now, after forty years.

It was springtime in the Rockies, and noontime of a sultry day. A lanky boy broke from a highland thicket and moved upward on a trail worn by many generations of bighorn sheep. Afar, on the next ridge, he caught a shy flash of white, but he did not move his long Western rifle from the "carry." He was not after one of those harmless and elusive valiants today; there was meat to spare in his camp larder. This time he was out to kill for the sake of killing. The consciousness of danger on every side flowed through him; a bright stream that kept his nerves exposed like old rocks in a mountain creek.

The boy was clad in a buckskin suit, fringe and all, just as you have seen in the old-fashioned books. He had made the suit unaided, from shooting to sewing. Ute Bill had said a boy must know how to do such things. The buckskin was decorated with tufts of wildcat fur, and there was a design of claws stitched to the tops of his moccasins; those were his own conceits. The fur and claws were from two wildcats he had fetched down a week ago. That was why he was out this morning on a solitary round. Ute Bill had said, "Well, son, now I reckon I kin trust you out alone after one of them danged varmints!"

Alone on the Trail

The cougar might have been a *couguar* to the old French voyageurs; and a catamount or a painter or a California lion to the Yankee pioneers; it might be a mountain lion to the big game hunters, a puma or a panther to the naturalists, and a *Felis concolor* to the zoölogists—but to Ute Bill, most renowned of all the West's old-time cougar hunters, it was always just a danged varmint.

Bill had picked a tough one for the boy. For years a canny old giant had laired in the desolate up-country along the creek that flowed into the north end of Grand Lake, and defied all efforts of expert trackers and hunters, of outraged ranchers, to get him. Colonel Couzens, whose herds had been struck most often by the tawny death bolt from the hills, had posted a standing reward in addition to the government bounty for that cougar which was fast becoming a camp-fire legend throughout Colorado.

This morning they had made their arduous way to the topmost ridge of the cougar's domain. Here the trail divided. Bill pointed out a slender black peak to the north. "Trail joins again, thar," he said. "I'll take this 'un; an' you take that. We'll meet at the peak. Now, son—watch out, remember the danged old varmint's smarter than you are. He kin see better, smell better, move quicker, strike faster, and kill deader than you kin. So long, young feller."

Panic Joins the Hunt

Now the boy had been alone for two hours. The sense of isolation, which had been held off at the beginning by the excitement of finding himself responsible on a major game trail, pressed in; he was so utterly, helplessly, independent! Except for Ute Bill, there was not another human being within two days' packing. The boy felt in this the subtle malevolence of nature laying a snare for him.

He began to shift his gaze and his head more often, jerkily; signs that he was losing confidence in his eyes and in his hearing, which are the first indications of panic on the trail. The hand that gripped his rifle became greasy with sweat; he twitched it involuntarily at each new turn in the trail. Premonitions danced in his mind. Thus, when a slight rattle of gravel sounded on the slope above his head and behind him, the boy was turned into a statue of ice!

Then a great flame of fear melted him, assaulted every fiber of his being. Drop your rifle and run, run! Jump down the slope! Scream for help—Bill! Bill! Cougar! For a timeless moment he wavered. It was a crisis in his life. Then the blood bequeathed by his pioneer forbears, toughened by his frontier environment, slowed down; muscles and wits trained during two years with Ute Bill took command. He threw his rifle across his middle into his left hand, raised the hammer with his right, and looked toward the sound.

He waited, breathless, while his eyes strove to read every sign of the vacant slope, and the only sound was the thumping of his heart against his ribs. There was another stir, faint as a vagrant thought, and a pebble ran free down the slope. The boy's gaze shifted up its apparent course, and stopped at a boulder. He tightened the butt of his rifle into his shoulder crotch, and waited. Over the top of the boulder the head of a ground-hog came slowly into view. Shoe-button eyes, consumed with curiosity, stared at the motionless boy. The "cougar" was as fat and saucy and inquisitive a woodchuck as any

(Continued on page 34)

Harold Von Schmidt

Twenty feet away, a great tawny body was crouching, balancing for the leap

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What, no Butler?

Continued from page 9

that an Arabian acrobatic dancer cannot dance with anything on except maybe a veil or two, and personally I am somewhat embarrassed by the spectacle of a doll taking off her clothes to make up, especially an Arabian. But Ambrose Hammer does not seem to mind, as he is greatly calloused to such scenes because of his experience with the modern stage, and, anyway, the Arabian manages to get a few veils around her before I can really find any grounds for complaint. But I wish to say that I am greatly surprised when I hear this Arabian dancer speak in very good English, and in fact with a Brooklyn accent, and as follows:

"Oh, Ambrose," she says, "I am so glad to see you again."

With this she makes out as if to put her arms around Ambrose Hammer, but then she remembers just in time that if she does this she will have to let go her hold of the veils and, anyway, Ambrose pulls away from her and stands looking at her with a very strange expression on his kisser.

WELL, I will say one thing for Ambrose Hammer, and this is that he is at all times very gentlemanly, and he introduces me to the Arabian acrobatic dancer, and I notice that he speaks of her as Miss Cleghorn, although I remember that they bill her in lights in front of the Club Soudan as Illah-Illah, which is maybe her first name.

Now Ambrose gazes at Miss Cleghorn most severely, and then he speaks:

"The game is up," Ambrose says. "If you wish to confess to me and this party, well and good, otherwise you will tell your story to the gendarmes. I know you kill Mr. Justin Veezee, and," Ambrose says, "while you may have an excellent excuse, it is against the law."

Well, at this Miss Cleghorn turns very pale, indeed, and begins trembling so she almost forgets to hold on to her veils, and then she sits down in a chair and breathes so hard you will think she just finishes a tough tenth round. Naturally, I am somewhat surprised by Ambrose's statement, because up to this time I am not figuring Miss Cleghorn as such a doll as will harm a flea, although of course I will never lay a price against this proposition on any doll without having something of a line on her.

"Yes," Ambrose says, speaking very severely, indeed, to Miss Cleghorn, "you make an appointment to go to Mr. Justin Veezee's apartment the other morning after you get through with your Arabian acrobatic dancing here, to look at his etchings. I am surprised you fall for etchings, but I am glad you do, at that, because it gives me my first clue. No guy is hauling out etchings at four o'clock in the morning to look at them by himself," Ambrose says. "It is one of the oldest build-ups of a doll in the world," he says.

"Well," Ambrose goes on, "you look at Mr. Justin Veezee's etchings. They are very bad. In fact, they are terrible. But never mind this. Presently you struggle. You are very strong on account of your Arabian acrobatic dancing. Yes," Ambrose says, "you are very, very, very strong. In this struggle you break Mr. Justin Veezee's neck, and now he is extremely dead. It is all very sad," Ambrose says.

Now, I wish to state that I am greatly mortified at being present at this scene, because if I know what Ambrose Hammer says he knows about Miss Cleghorn, I will keep my trap closed, especially as there is no reward offered for any information leading to the apprehension of the party who gives Mr. Justin Veezee the business, but Ambrose is undoubtedly a very law-abiding guy, and the chances are he feels he is only doing his duty in this matter, and, furthermore, he may get a nice item for his paper out of it.

But when he tells Miss Cleghorn that she is guilty of this unladylike conduct toward Mr. Justin Veezee, she gets up out of her chair, still holding onto her veils, and speaks to Ambrose Hammer like this:

"No, Ambrose," she says, "you are wrong. I do not kill Mr. Justin Veezee. I admit I go to his apartment, but not to see his etchings. I go there to have a bite to eat with him, because Mr. Justin Veezee swears to me that his housekeeper will be present, and I do not know he is deceiving me until after I arrive there. Mr. Justin Veezee gets out his etchings later when he can think of nothing else. But even Mr. Justin Veezee is not so old-fashioned as to believe any doll will go to his apartment just to look at etchings nowadays. I admit we struggle, but," Miss Cleghorn says, "I do not kill him."

"Well," Ambrose says, "if you do not think Mr. Justin Veezee is dead, a dollar will win you a trip around the world."

"Yes," Miss Cleghorn says, "I know he is dead. He is dead when I leave the apartment. I am very, very sorry for this, but I tell you again I do not kill him."

"Well," Ambrose says, "then who does kill Mr. Justin Veezee?"

"This I will never, never tell," Miss Cleghorn says.

NOW, naturally, Ambrose Hammer becomes very indignant at this statement, and he tells Miss Cleghorn that if she will not tell him she will have to tell the gendarmes, and she starts in to cry like I do not know what, when all of a sudden the door of the dressing-room opens, and in comes a big, stout-built, middle-aged looking guy, who does not seem any too well dressed, and who speaks as follows:

"Pardon the intrusion, gentlemen," the guy says, "but I am waiting in the next room and cannot help overhearing your conversation. I am waiting there because Miss Cleghorn is going to draw enough money off her employers to get me out of this part of the country. My name," the guy says, "is Riggsby. I am the party who kills Mr. Justin Veezee."

WELL, naturally Ambrose Hammer is greatly surprised by these remarks, and so am I, but before either of us can express ourselves, the guy goes on like this:

"I am a roomer in the humble home of Mrs. Swanson in Ninth Avenue," he says. "I learn all about Mr. Justin Veezee from her. I sneak her key to the street door of Mr. Justin Veezee's house, and her key to the door of Mr. Justin Veezee's apartment one day and get copies of them made, and put the originals back before she misses them. I am hiding in Mr. Justin Veezee's apartment the other morning waiting to stick him up.

"Well," the guy says, "Mr. Justin Veezee comes in alone, and I am just about to step out on him and tell him to get them up, when in comes Miss Cleghorn, although of course I do not know at the time who she is. I can hear everything they say, and I see at once from their conversation that Miss Cleghorn is there under false pretenses. She finally wishes to leave, and Mr. Justin Veezee attacks her. She fights valiantly, and in just a straight-away hand-to-hand struggle, I will relish a small bet on her against Mr. Justin Veezee, or any other guy. But Mr. Justin Veezee picks up a bronze statuette and is about to bean her with it, so," the middle-aged guy says, "I step into it.

"You're wanted on the phone, but the King would rather you didn't get calls during business hours"

Leonard Dove

"Well," he says, "I guess maybe I am a little rougher with Mr. Justin Veezee than I mean to be, because I find myself putting a nice flying-mare hold on him and hurling him across the room. I fear the fall injures him severely. Anyway, when I pick him up he seems to be dead. So I sit him up in a chair, and take a bath towel and wipe out any chance of fingerprints around and about, and then escort Miss Cleghorn to her home.

"I do not intend to kill Mr. Justin Veezee," the middle-aged-looking guy says. "I only intend to rob him, and I am very sorry he is no longer with us, especially as I cannot now return and carry out my original plan. But," he says, "I cannot bear to see you hand Miss Cleghorn over to the law, although I hope and trust she will never be so foolish as to go visiting the apartments of such characters as Mr. Justin Veezee again."

"Yes," Ambrose Hammer says to Miss Cleghorn, "why do you go there in the first place?"

Well, at this Miss Cleghorn begins crying harder than ever, and between sobs she states to Ambrose Hammer as follows:

"Oh, Ambrose," she says, "it is because I love you so. You do not come around to see me for several nights, and I accept Mr. Justin Veezee's invitation hoping you will hear of it, and become jealous."

So of course there is nothing for Ambrose Hammer to do but take her in his arms and start whispering to her in such terms as guys are bound to whisper under these circumstances, and I motion the middle-aged-looking guy to go outside, as I consider this scene far too sacred for a stranger to witness.

THEN about this time, Miss Cleghorn gets a call to go downstairs and do a little Arabian acrobatic dancing for the customers of the Club Soudan, and so she leaves us without ever once forgetting in all this excitement to keep a hold on her veils, although I am watching at all times to remind her in case her memory fails her in this respect.

And then I ask Ambrose Hammer something that is bothering me no little, and this is how he comes to suspect in the first place that Miss Cleghorn may know something about the scragging of Mr. Justin Veezee, even allowing that the etchings give him a clue that a doll is present when the scragging comes off. And I especially wish to know how he can ever figure Miss Cleghorn even as much as an outside chance of scragging Mr. Justin Veezee in such a manner as to break his neck.

"Why," Ambrose Hammer says, "I will gladly tell you about this, but only in strict confidence. The last time I see Miss Cleghorn up to tonight is the night I invite her to my own apartment to look at etchings, and they are better etchings than Mr. Justin Veezee shows her, at that. And," Ambrose says, "maybe you remember I am around with my neck tied up for a week."

Well, the middle-aged-looking guy is waiting for us outside the Club Soudan when we come out, and Ambrose Hammere stakes him to half a C and tells him to go as far as he can on this, and I shake hands with him, and wish him luck, and as he is turning to go, I say to him like this:

"By the way, Mr. Riggsby," I say, "what is your regular occupation, anyway, if I am not too nosey?"

"Oh," he says, "until the depression comes on, I am for years rated one of the most efficient persons in my line in this town. In fact, I have many references to prove it. Yes," he says, "I am considered an exceptionally high-class butler."

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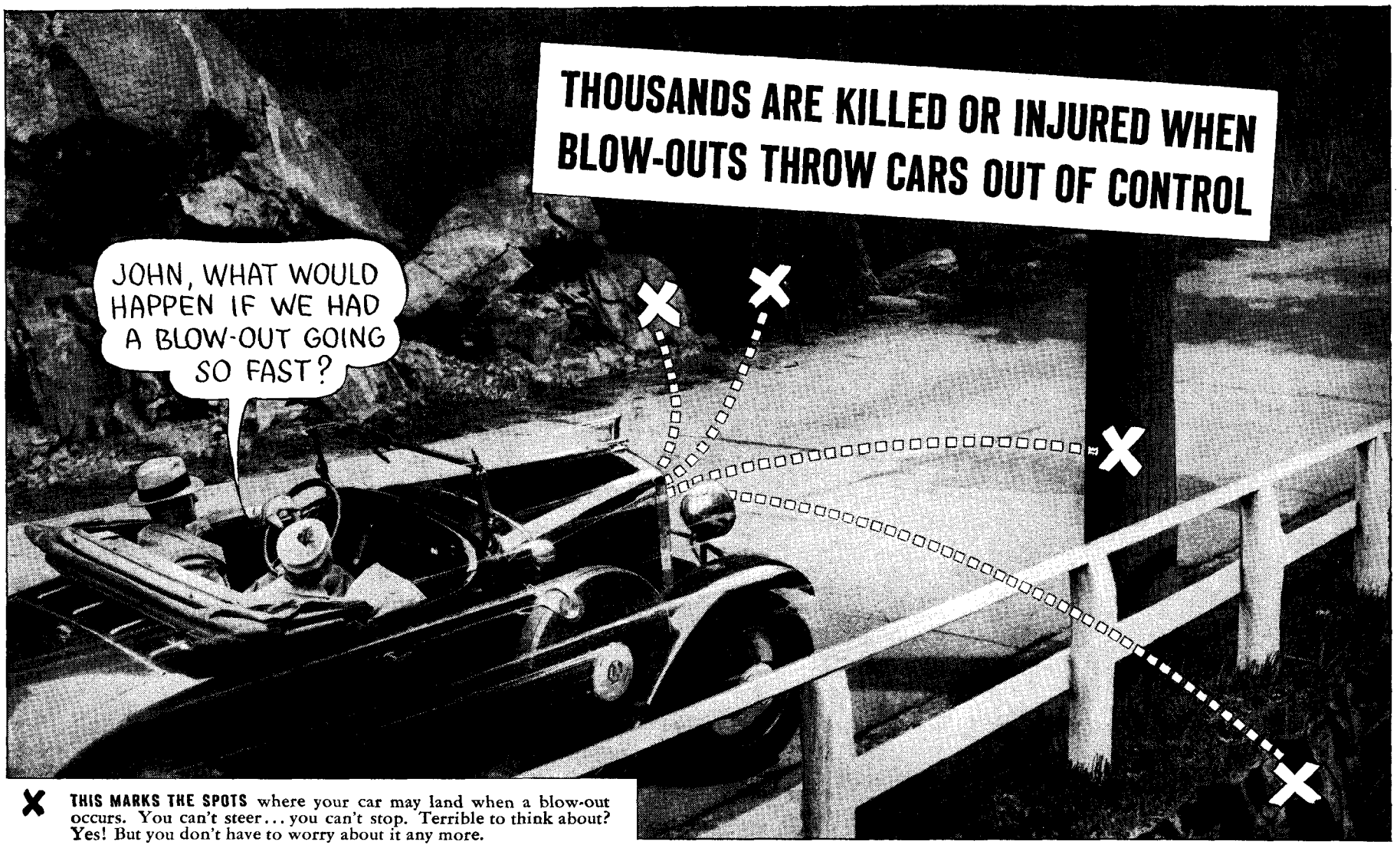
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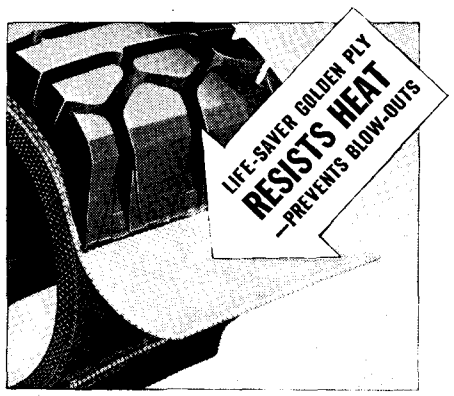

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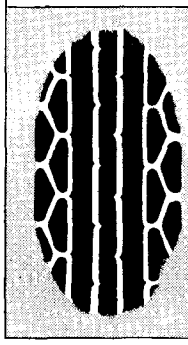

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Head Down!

Continued from page 20

"Yes, I can."

"Can you play good, first-class golf?"

"In my town, there is none better. I am regarded in San Dimas as a darn' slick golfer."

"You know what happens," she said slowly, "if you lose?"

"Off comes the old bean."

She nodded solemnly.

He turned away and trotted down into the hold after Captain Lowry's bag and clubs. As he moved, all his resolutions were forgotten and if he could have had it on the run, he would have taken a snort of some strong liquor. Informing First Mate Boddy, who agreed to hold the Land's End at anchor for a reasonable time, but saying no word to the prostrate captain, the lone passenger slung the bag over his shoulder, reappeared on deck, crawled over the rail and started down the rope ladder.

"If you will pardon me, sir," said Mr. Boddy, "I think you're making a mistake."

"I know I am," Davie agreed. "If I'm not back here in four hours—"

"I understand, sir," the mate said quietly. "Any message for your relations?"

Young Mr. Houser shook his head as he slid over the rusty side of the freighter into the kanetch, and the instant he faced Fern Clarkson at close quarters he knew he no longer cared what happened to him in this or any world. The nearer he got to her the more beautiful she became. Instantly the black demons began hauling on their oars and the kanetch shot shoreward.

"THIS is a wonderful thing for you to do," Fern said, smiling sadly, "seeing you do not even know me."

"I know you now, lady," replied Davie. "If this is strictly on the level you will sail today with us, a completely rescued woman."

"The years that I have waited for this moment!" she cried. "I can scarcely believe it, but I do hope and pray you are a good golfer."

"I told you I was. I could have been the state champion had I remained at home."

"And now that we are moving ashore," she said, looking at the rapidly approaching beach and its fringe of curious savages clad in upas leaves, "I must give you a serious bit of warning, Mr. Hawser."

"Houser," he corrected. "Davie Houser, and you could easily call me Davie, seeing what I am risking today. I might even call you Fern."

"Please do," she urged, "but the time grows short. His majesty, the emperor, is even now waiting to begin the game, and is impatient. The whole island will be looking on, for this is a momentous day."

"Why is it?"

"Because—" and here she hesitated.

"Why?"

"Well," she said reluctantly, "they set such great store on getting—on capturing a white man's head. It will be a general island festival tomorrow—if you should lose."

"Oh, it will, will it?"

"Yes, for the O-Oans are the most superstitious and fanatical of all savage races. No white man is permitted on the island, except to play golf. You must promise me to remember."

"What?"

"You cannot look."

"I cannot look at what?"

"You cannot look at anything. The natives are convinced if a white man looks at them, on shore, they will wither away and die. You must not look at the emperor Kanukamena or his wives, or his children or his ministers. They will all be there in state costumes. You must not look at the breadfruit trees, for they will no longer bear fruit, so the poor wretches believe. And if you look at the near-by mountains, the belief is that they will turn into volcanoes and explode the island into the sea."

"A jolly little idea," said Davie.

"The moment you step ashore, a native will walk behind you."

"He will?"

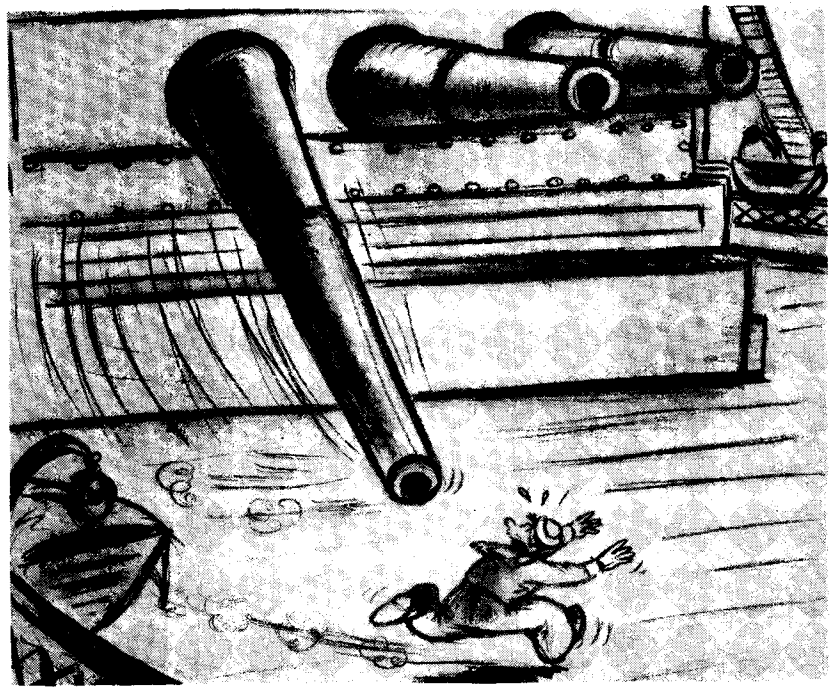
"Yes, carrying an axe. If you look at anything, he cuts your head off then and there, and you won't even get to play the game."

"A man follows me around with an axe?"

"Yes," she said, "the chief executioner of O-O, and therefore, when we step out of this boat, lower your eyes to the ground and as you value your life do not look at anything but the toes of your own shoes."

"Certainly is a strange island," said Davie, "but I will do as you say, Fern, just to avoid trouble."

A small body of savages, carrying spears and tom-toms, met the incoming kanetch and immediately formed a hollow square about the white man.



"For th' lova Mike, Commander, I don't even know your wife!"

Frank Owen

Davie realized he was in for it and that perchance his earthly career was over. Sure enough, a powerful brute walked up behind him, carelessly swinging a pole-axe and stood at attention. Davie could see the shadow of the axe at his feet.

WITH tom-toms beating and the savages chanting a tribal lament, they reached the O-O golf grounds, and while Davie could not glance about him, he felt the presence of a monster throng. Beautiful Fern Clarkson stood at his side, whispering words of encouragement and warning, but Davie needed little warning, as there was ever near him on the ground the shadow of the axe.

"This is his royal majesty, Emperor Kanukamena, Star of the Sea," said Fern, and Davie unslung his golf bag and shook hands. All he could see was a grimy paw and a couple of lean black legs and splay feet.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Houser," said the chieftain. "I haven't had a game in some time with a gentleman player. I hope we have an interesting match."

"What is your majesty's handicap?"

"I'd say about four. What's yours?"

"I'm five at San Dimas," said the young man, and a coal-black caddie took his bag.

"I should inform you," said Kanukamena, "that there are certain little rules for white men—"

"I know," said Davie. "I can't look at a mountain. All right. I'll remember."

"WE MAY as well tee off," said the owner and Davie declared he was ready. He could hear the subdued murmur of thousands of voices, but he saw nothing except the brilliant green grass beneath his feet and he perceived that he was walking on velvet turf, beyond the wildest dream of an American green-keeper. Naturally, the emperor shot first and Davie heard the smart click, indicating a good poke.

"Your turn, Davie," Fern said and she took him by the hand gently and led him to the tee.

"Which way is the green?" he inquired in a low, tense voice, for he was a trifle nervous, "and how many yards for this Number One hole?"

"Four hundred and ten yards," Fern replied, standing close to him, "and the green is this way. It is a small green, entirely surrounded by traps."

He teed up and unbuckled the famous swing that has brought renown to the name of Houser at San Dimas, and the shadow of the pole-axe was on the green turf beside him.

"Where did it go?" he asked Fern, who was shaking with excitement.

"Straight down the middle of the fairway," she cried. "Oh, what a beautiful drive! It is out beyond Kanukamena."

"Nice shot," Kanuk remarked briefly and the match was on.

The entire island moved along down Number One fairway, with spears clashing and tom-toms beating, and Davie walked slowly, looking at the tips of his shoes. Fern Clarkson paced beside him, clinging to his arm, and when they came to his ball, it lay in the precise middle of the fairway.

"Where is the green?" he inquired and Fern again indicated. Knowing he had driven 235 yards in a straight line, and therefore had 175 yards to go, Davie removed a Number Three iron from Lowry's bag, settled into his easy stance and swung.

"Where did it go?" he asked Fern when the tom-toms stopped beating.

"Oh," she cried. "It dropped on the green, ten feet from the cup."

"Nice shot," remarked the emperor, who had driven his own ball into a vicious trap. Davie won the first hole, taking an easy four to his majesty's five.

Well, there is nothing to be gained by reciting the details of that tense golf match for the freedom of a beautiful girl, whose father was a pro. Davie beat the Emperor Kanukamena easily, smoothly, five up and four to play and his majesty took the licking like a gentleman and a sport. He shook hands with Houser when the issue was settled, and Fern Clarkson was so overcome with joy that she could do nothing but cling to her savior's arm and stare at him.

"You are the steadiest golfer I ever saw," Kanuk said admiringly. "I'm pretty good myself but you are a marvel."

"Thanks," said Davie "and now Miss Clarkson is a free woman, is she?"

"Certainly," said Kanuk. "Those were the terms, and I am a man of my word."

There was disappointed muttering among the headhunters of O-O that afternoon as they led Davis and Fern down the hill to the kanetch, for a rare type of head was getting away. Fern was overcome with happiness, but Davie continued to stare at his own feet even after he boarded the kanetch, and refused to look up until they bumped against the rusty plates of the Land's End. Strong hands helped Fern on board and Davie went up the ladder after her, and there was excitement on board, with Mr. Boddy shaking hands all around. Fern and Davie walked the deck together.

"How can I ever repay you, Davie?" she asked.

"I have some good ideas about repayment," he replied. "First of all, let us get out of here, for I am still nervous and my neck is stiff from looking down."

THE Land's End sailed within thirty minutes and it was a delighted Davie who led Fern up to meet Captain Lowry.

"Here she is," he said to the skipper. "Meet Captain Lowry, Fern. . . . He plays golf, too, when he's all right."

They were married in Sydney five weeks from the day Davie defeated the emperor and the guests agreed that Fern Clarkson was the loveliest bride ever seen in Australia. The happy couple returned to California on a mail steamer and some months later, when Davie Houser won the coveted state championship at Pebble Beach, the proudest onlooker was Fern, the bride. She went around with her new husband and encouraged him when he faltered.

"Why wouldn't he win?" irritably asked a veteran golfer, who had been put out in the first day's play. "Look at that swing. Look at the way he keeps his head down."

Davie was driving off the seventeenth, having won his match. The crowd was silent as he swung. Click. The little white ball shot down the fairway, 240 yards in a straight line, and all the time it was in the air, all that long, anxious period when less gifted golfers turn and look up to see what the ball is doing, the new champion of California stood there like a metal statue, staring at the tee and his own shoe-tops, just as though someone were behind him with a pole-axe.

"Perfect shot, Davie," Fern murmured, taking his arm affectionately, and the gallery fans admitted that they made a nice-looking couple.

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Danged Varmints

Continued from page 29

boy, from Maine to Mexico, ever saw. The boy let his rifle fall back to the carry, and felt silly.

"Shucks!" he said.

He continued on his way. Loneliness and fear, departing, left hunger behind. The boy came to a place where the trail narrowed until it was not double the width of his body and followed the face of a ledge. Above was an overhanging buttress of rock that shut off the midday sun; below, a precipitous cliff fell hundreds of feet into a gorge where a mountain torrent glinted. The boy stood his rifle against the rock wall and reached into the carry-all pocket of his buckskin coat for a chunk of cold venison. He chewed on it, relaxed in body and mind, his eyes roving far and wide over the great basin of Middle Park, unrolling to the purple horizon like a cosmic painting framed by mountain ranges.

The wind blew strongly here, and bore a winey odor in which were mingled fragrance off the surface of mile-deep mountain lakes in ancient craters and the pungency of lichen baked on bald rocks by the noon sun. Pines marched up the ridge, on the other side of the deep gorge, and at the top they were brushed by the same wind that had stirred wheat tops a thousand miles to the east. The boy drowsed under the spell of what now seemed to him a beneficent nature, and dreamed that some day he would be a great cougar hunter—perhaps even as great as Ute Bill.

He never knew how or when that day-dream ended and grim reality began. It was as if the magnificent panorama suddenly went out of focus and the wind in the gorge rose with a sardonic blast, while a finger of cold horror touched his brain. At any rate, he found himself looking—not over a far-flung mountain valley—but to a turn in the narrow ledge trail, not twenty feet away, where a great tawny body was crouching and writhing, balancing for the leap; its long tail lashing, its big, yellow, fathomless eyes fixed viciously upon him.

Hole in One

The situation was plain. The old cougar, hunting down its daily patrol line, had sneaked around the bend, thinking of bighorn; it had waylaid many a fat one here, where the ledge trail was too narrow for a quick turn and flight, where the wall above was too sheer to climb and below too steep to risk a slide for life even if fear had not paralyzed the limbs. It was a perfect natural trap. But it was a two-edged trap! When the cougar saw, too late, that the stranger was neither a bighorn nor a mule deer, but a human, it was instantly at bay and prepared to spring.

At that moment the boy looked, stirred, cried out; the cougar, startled, leaped prematurely. The boy, about to reach for his rifle, forebore in the flick of a single heartbeat when he saw the confused flood of white belly and tan sides, of distended claws and bared fangs, cresting down upon him with a fetid spray of hot breath. He threw himself forward, flat upon his face on the ledge, and felt the slash of hind claws on his back. The cougar, hurried, had overjumped.

For a moment the prostrate boy teetered on the cliff; his head and shoulders were over the edge, his eyes staring down into space. He got one arm back upon the solid rock, pulled himself around so that now only his feet overhung, and squirmed desperately to reach his rifle. The cougar had whirled, and was crouching for another leap. The boy clutched the butt of his rifle and pulled it down to him. Then, from the ground, he fired point-blank. The cougar, pierced in the brain just as it took off, went straight up instead of forward. Its long body twisted spasmodically in midair, fell back upon the ledge again, then bounced over the edge and hurtled down through the void like a brownish-yellow meteor.

The boy scrambled to his feet and raced madly along the ledge and up the safer trail beyond, intoxicated by the pounding of fear and of exultation through his blood. Stumbling, panting, laughing, he cried as he ran, "Bill, Bill, I've shot it! I've shot the cougar! I was too quick for him, Bill. I shot it!"

Death on Vermin

Ute Bill, who had reached the rendezvous long since, had heard the rifle shot and the yelling, and rushed down the lower trail to meet him. Straight into his arms the delirious boy flew, and was held motionless there as in a vise, while the calm eyes of the veteran peered into his face and the cool admonitions to take it easy, son, toned him down.

"Humph," Ute Bill grunted, "where's your rifle? Why didn't you stop and reload? What would you have done if you met another varmint? And why didn't you find a stream and wash that blood from your face whar it was cut when you fell? Do you want to git pizened? Why did you pick out sich a place to stop for grub, and why did you git to mopsin' when you knew you were on the danged varmint's huntin' line? And whar does the varmint lay? Did another ledge break his fall, or did he stick in a tree, or did he roll all the way to the bottom? Why didn't you wait to see where he lay? Don't you know you'll have to have the hide to git the bounty?"

But even in my chastened excitement I could tell by the twinkle in his eye that Ute Bill was pleased, and sure now that I, his protégé, would one day become an expert hunter. For I was that boy. The need of constant vigilance on the trail, seared into my brain by that springing cougar, has saved my life many times on many far-flung trails in the thirty-two years I have spent since then as a big-game hunter, collector, and field naturalist for American museums and scientific societies. The trade of scouting, as painstakingly taught to me by my scout friend in those old days in the Rockies, has contributed to my success in bagging the world's most dangerous beasts, dead or alive, in many strange and remote lands of which poor, unlettered old Ute Bill never heard.

When a babe in arms Bill had been snatched from a raided emigrant train by a Ute war-party. He was tossed in with the tribe's papooses, and grew up a savage. He had all the traits and skill and patience of the Indian, quickened by whatever it is that makes the white race superior. His only school was the Ute campfire, but all the lore of nature, of woodcraft, and of wild life with which naturalists and scientists have filled libraries, Bill had at his finger tips.

Bill wasted no time making fine distinctions as between races of men, or between humankind and the animal world. For Bill the world was divided into two groups—the righteous and the varmints. Among the former were all game which did not wantonly kill: antelope, elk, songbirds, and men who shot legitimate game only for food. Among the varmints were all men who shot non-predatory animals merely for the fun of killing; and all the vermin of the wilds, beast and bird, from weasels to wolverines, from ravens to owls, from house cats to cougars. For Bill life was a war to the death on vermin.

"You'll have to take them, sir. I can't take them off!" *Bill Holman*

Hunt America First!

He used to tell me that men, having a little more of larnin', were "bounden to help the antelope and sich." The cougar—the "danged varmint"—was Bill's especial hate, as it has been of every other sportsman and hunter who has witnessed its depredations among wild life and domestic cattle of the Far West. Yes, I have seen the best hunters of all lands at work on the trails, but none of them was Ute Bill's superior.

It is like that with animals, too; Americans have never been able to see the herds in their own land for the lone critter in a foreign country. When the American big-game hunter of means, or the American city fellow who takes all his adventures from a printed page in an armchair, gets to thinking of big game he thinks of Asia and Africa.

And yet, to this day, you do not have to leave your own country for the best in big-game hunting—by that, I mean the kind that tries the fiber of the hunter more than it worries the game. Here, within the United States, the grizzly, the cougar, the moose and the elk rank in about that order, if you want to consider game in relation to the danger its chase offers the hunter. The bighorn sheep and the Rocky Mountain goat will give you plenty of chances to kill yourself, if you are not sure-footed.

The beautiful animals themselves would never come near enough to you to harm you, even if harming you was within their powers and natures.

The antelope and the bighorn are the two animals next facing extinction in the United States. They could be saved by a vast national park, taking in both mountains and prairies, summer and winter feeding ranges, where there were no barbed-wire fences and no dogs, and where the cougar was mercilessly hunted out. The cougar is doing for the bighorn. The adjuncts of civilization—dogs and barbed-wire fences—are exterminating the antelope.

Through all the tribulation of wild life in the Far West you can spot the claw marks of the cougar. The cougar is smaller than the lion or tiger, it is true, but the only hunters who will scoff at his prowess or his courage are those who have never seen him at bay.

Big Cougar—Little Boy

The bagging of a lion can be as simple as you want to make it; so, too, can be the killing of a tiger in all except certain remote inland jungles. But you have to work to get a cougar.

You have to plunge headlong through thickets that threaten to impale you—Jay Bruce, one of the greatest of professional cougar hunters, lost an eye recently. You have to scramble up mountains, scale cliffs, leap ravines; you have to withstand cold and hunger and exhaustion. You have to have a stout heart, sturdy legs, a quick eye and a calm brain—if you want to bag cougars.

The ambition of every boy in the old West was to grow up and kill one of the tawny murderers. While the cougar is not a man-killer, there were a few known and authenticated instances, in the old days, of cougars tracking and killing humans. There were many more records of partial attempts, wherein the cougar made off when his intended victim put up a fight. You see, the opportunities for cougars to become man-killers in our West—where every man, woman and child, Indian or white, who ventured onto the trail went armed and ready for trouble—were fewer than the chances offered to tigers, in jungle country where defenseless and ignorant natives leave themselves open to attack. I remember one adventure of a pioneer family with which I was acquainted. This happened on the west slope of the Gores Range.

The father was away on a long trek south to fetch his winter provisions. His wife remained at the cabin, with their two children, a boy of thirteen and a girl of eleven, who rode double on their one pony each day to the log schoolhouse eight miles down the valley. Each twilight the mother watched from the cabin for the home-coming children. One late fall afternoon, with snow already a foot deep on the trail, darkness fell and the children's pony, rider-

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less and panic-stricken, galloped into the clearing.

The mother wasted no time trying to capture the pony but seized her rifle and ran down the trail. She had not gone far when she heard the screams of her children, and a strange clatter she could not understand; she redoubled her speed, and half a mile from the cabin she came upon a weird sight in the light of the newly risen moon. The boy and girl were crouched in the snow, back to back; around and around them, in ever tightening circles, a cougar paced, its tail twitching the signal for the kill. The mother, of course, promptly shot the beast; and then heard the rest of the tale.

The cougar had, without warning, stepped out of the thicket, just behind them on a curving part of the trail, as they rode home. The pony, terror-stricken, had reared so quickly that the children were thrown, and then bolted. The boy helped his sister to her feet, put his arm around her, and—watching backward over their shoulders—the children started to *walk* up the trail. They knew that to run would be as useless as it would be fatal. The great cat padded slowly after them. It grew dark, and the cougar disappeared into the brush, only to turn up ahead of them on the trail. He had cut them off from home, and now he started to stalk them.

The boy remembered stories of how wild beasts might be awed by a human who would keep his nerve, stare them straight in the eyes and perform strange antics. He warned his sister to stand fast and to join him in shouting at the cougar; and he began to drum upon his dinner pail. This strategy of the cool, brave little pioneer children held off the puzzled cougar until the mother's arrival.

Catty Remarks

Human brains alone saved those children, for nature and size of prey never stopped hungry cougars, who habitually killed wild horses in the old days, and now bring down even the strong, massive, vicious bull elk. Fights between cougar and grizzlies, their only rivals for the kingship of the American wilderness, are not uncommon, and the cougar usually comes out victorious.

The cougar ranges through more degrees of latitude, and to higher altitudes than any other member of the cat family, from British Columbia to the Straits of Magellan. Once he roamed all over the United States, but now has withdrawn into the Rockies and the Sierras of the West. Above timber line he kills bighorn sheep. Below timber line he kills deer, and makes forays after domestic stock. He kills about 120 deer every year, over a lifetime of from twelve to fifteen years.

The adult cougar is brownish-yellow, tawny—a lion without a mane. If ever you encounter one you may be sure it is a cougar by the size of its eyes—great, greenish-yellow windows of a mean soul—and by its tail, which is one of the most beautiful and expressive in the animal kingdom, long, graceful, tipped with black. The average size is probably seven feet from tail to tip and 130 pounds. The largest Roosevelt got was 164 pounds. Compare this with the lion, which runs from 250 to about 320, and the cougar would seem to be less blessed; but the lion is round-muscled, while the cougar and the cheetah of Persia are long, lean, flat-muscled like the highest type of human athlete, and are, in fact, nature's most splendid hunting and running machines.

No wild animals are as stealthy as the cats, and no cat is more stealthy than the cougar. He hunts a regular line, ten to eighteen miles in circumference, and patrols it daily. If you want to bag a cougar you must first locate his beat. You must make certain it is not an old, abandoned beat; then wait. He will be sure to come along—if he does not get your scent, although most likely he will, for he always hunts upwind; and if one of a half dozen other things does not intervene, although it most likely will, for the cougar is a fiend incarnate in outguessing people.

Danged Varmints

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Cougars Hunt Alone

Unless pickings are lean on his beat, a cougar will doze through the sunlit hours on the highest and most inaccessible part of the surrounding mountains—preferably, on a ledge overlooking his tracks.

When he sets out to hunt he moves in a silence so complete, he steps so daintily—avoiding twig and dead leaf patches, and setting his rear pads carefully in the print made by the fore ones—that he is nothing more than a yellow ghost along the trail, and not a creature of substance. I would wager on a cougar to walk within a foot of your head, if your eyes were closed, and you would not hear him. A human hunter studies the trail underfoot and the signs ahead—near by and distant. The cougar, hunting, studies only the wind; makes long pauses, sometimes fully half an hour, when he is as motionless as if graven into the rocky background. He is quick to admit his own mistakes, and will back-track and come on again if he has made a poor approach.

When he is actually stalking prey his tail is carried high and twitches a signal to other cougars which might cross it, "Beat it, fellow, this is *my* soup!" He creeps to springing distance, then flattens out, tries the footing for each paw until it is packed hard and firm, gathers his legs carefully and delicately under him and—let's go! His preparations, if uninterrupted, are so careful that he seldom misses. Twenty feet is an easy leap for a cougar; forty is more difficult, but within his average capabilities—while jumps of fifty feet across chasms have been observed of cougars in flight.

The cougar is smart, and his hunting technique is perfect. It is inculcated in her cubs by the mother cougar during a year of intensive training, before she turns them out to fend for themselves. Tiger children are not such good pupils; a mamma tiger has to devote two years to their training! Cougars hunt alone, except in the mating season. If the beats of two males overlap, there is a fight, and the loser revises his territory.

Year after year a cougar will patrol its line as faithfully as a policeman; unless the game gives out or other forces beyond its control intervene, a cougar will hunt until death the circuit on which he started as a yearling. Cougars take marriage lightly. The female will drive the male away when she is ready to have her kittens, because there is nothing so toothsome to a cougar papa as one of his sons or daughters. When the next orange blossom season rolls around, however, the male will forgive and forget and look up the same old girl. He can recognize her by her scent.

"We ought to tip him off that there's a scout in the pews looking him over for a bigger job" *Fred Neher*

A School for Cubs

In so tolerant a social order, of course, there are many Enoch Ardens—and in the out-of-the-way wilderness of the Western mountains there is many a splendid battle, with only the moon and a shy prospective cougar bride to witness. The mother cougars know the value of sunlight and always select as a nursery a cave with a southern exposure and a sun-drenched entrance, and a bald ledge just outside where she can drag the cubs each day for their ultra-violet treatments. The cubs are light yellow, elaborately mottled with black spots, which begin to fade after the sixth month. They are weaned at three months, but stay under the mother's care for perhaps eight more months—or until she begins to hear the love birds twitter again.

Once they are weaned she takes them on the trail, and teaches the cougar technique, patiently and painstakingly. She will hunt for miles for a deer or bighorn, kill and conceal it, then go back to fetch her cubs; later she will egg them on to kill while she looks on critically; first, rodents and small things, gradually working up to bighorns. The day she leaves them, her cubs are efficient and canny hunters, fit to stake out their own circuits.

Matching wits and stamina with so crafty a beast as the cougar developed, quite naturally, a strain of "varmint" hunters, redskin and paleface, whose subtlety and trailcraft and fortitude and grit have become part of the folklore of our great Far West. I rate them above the famous buffalo hunters, although their exploits were not as spectacularly in the public eye. The cougar hunter drops from the sight of the world on his lone, remote trail. The bison required of a hunter only pluck and horsemanship, not even marksmanship, for you could ride alongside your quarry and hold your Winchester to his ear.

More than sentiment makes me place old Ute Bill first among the paleface cougar hunters; but there were other grand ones—John Goff, who guided Roosevelt; Buffalo Jones, who has shown Zane Grey around the cougar country; Bob Baker of Montana, Jay Bruce of California, and others. Roaming the Rockies and Sierras at this moment, shooting out a livelihood, are men who support themselves, and even families, on the bounties they get for killing cougars. Bruce and Baker, both professional State Predatory Animal Hunters, vie for the cougar championship—each having a record of more than 200 kills.

Major, the Veteran

Bruce, who packs alone from one end of the California Sierras to the other, has maintained a pleasant home in town and sent his children through school on his varmint earnings. The last time I met him he was worried lest the loss of one eye would handicap him on the trail! Bruce is a keen man; tall, broad-shouldered, lithe and handsome; as a mountain-lion hunter he fits your most romantic idea of what a Hollywood director would call "just the type." If you are an amateur hunter you might think you are pretty sturdy, but Bruce would have your tongue hanging out in half an hour. Indeed, few of the most hardened woodsmen can keep pace with him as he lopes afoot all day long, taking rocks, brush, and the like in stride.

Bruce, like most of us who have come up through all the schools of cougar-trailing, hunts with a trained dog pack and a pistol. He is a dead shot with that pistol; and cougar work is all close work, as one amusing adventure of his proved. His dogs had treed a cougar on a steep mountainside. As Bruce ran up to make the killing shot, the cougar suddenly launched itself out from the tree, over the dogs, and plumb into Bruce's arms. Cougar and man, interlocked and struggling, rolled wildly down the mountainside, and the dog pack closed in on both with a right good will, unable in the great excitement to distinguish between master and cat. Bruce came out of that one with claw marks and dog bites!

I do not know who was actually the first to breed and train dogs for cougar-hunting, but I do know that my pack was among the first—that I came by the idea on my own, and that my ranch kennels have housed some of the bravest and finest dogs ever seen anywhere. Major, the veteran campaigner who rules my present pack, is the best cougar dog I have ever known. I am going to take him into Asia on my next expedition after the Giant Panda, with

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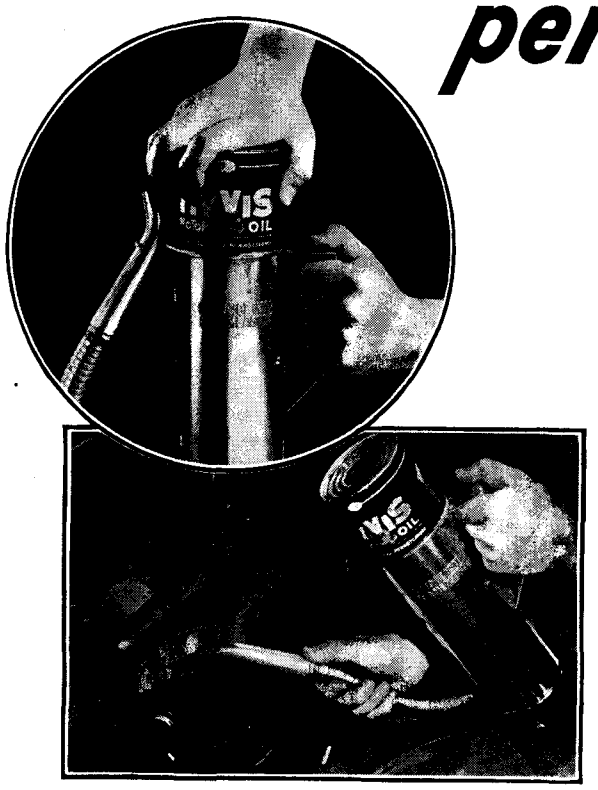

Neat, clean dispensing equipment and tightly sealed cans are a positive guarantee that you receive pure HyViS every time. The grade number (Society of Automotive Engineers' rating) is plainly stamped on the top of every HyViS can.

AT LAST, there's a way to be absolutely sure your motor receives the exact lubrication needed to insure long life, full power and freedom from repairs!

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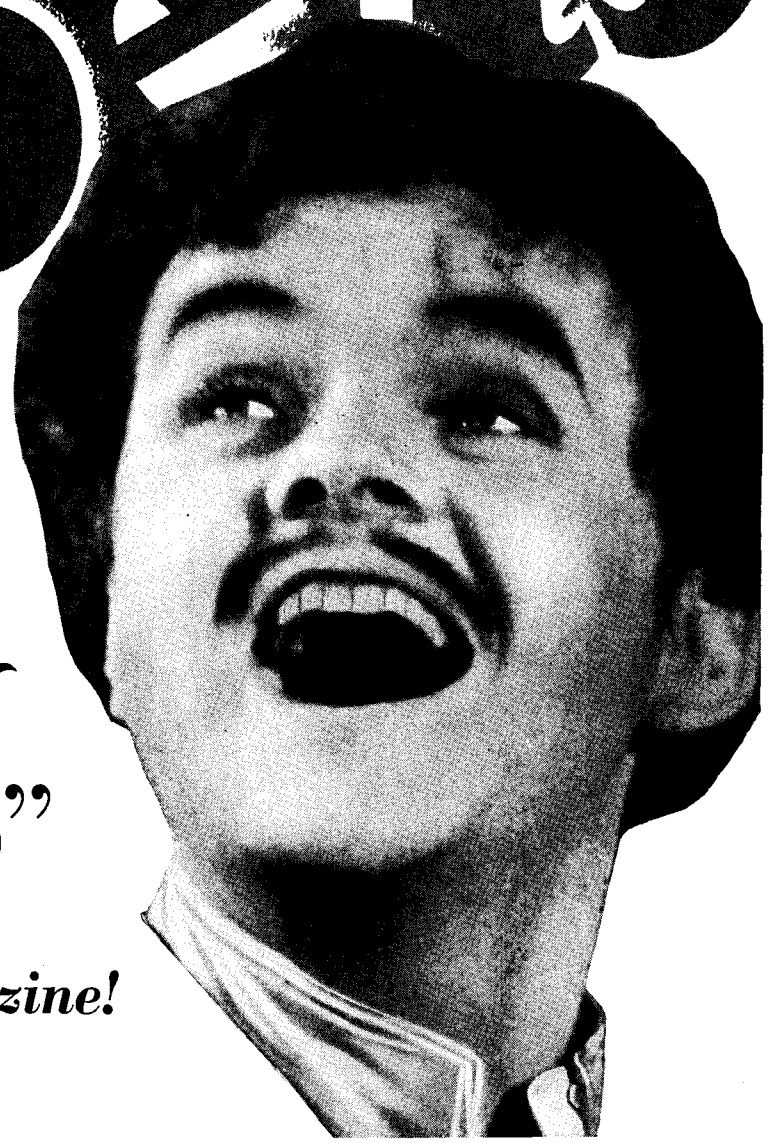
Lawrence Tibbett's Own Life Story—



"Along the Glory Road"

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"At 25," he writes, "I was just another hammy baritone and didn't know it." Then he tells you about the pugilistic teacher who "pounded the phony culture out of my system and made an honest baritone of me."

With ingratiating candor and wit, he writes of his early struggles, the freak of luck that gave him his start in opera, his royal battles with other opera stars, his adventures in the movies, his two marriages, his amazing friendships, what he thinks of the "Diamond Horse-shoe," Hollywood, and Art (with a capital "A").

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Danged Varmints

Continued from page 36

cowboy lasso so that I can do something that has never been done before—fetch one back alive; the Philadelphia Zoo wants it! Major, like other of my dogs, is the result of a cross between a purebred foxhound and a thoroughbred collie sheepdog; the hound for its nose, the collie for its judgment.

One rare hunt I had with Major and his pack-mates comes to my mind now. A certain wily old cougar had dined off beefsteaks on the hoof, at my expense, for years; and I thought I heard him chuckle every time I set out a trap or poison or took the trail after him. It came to the point where I had to get that cougar or lose control of my blood pressure. Clearly, the usual sort of hunt would not do. So I packed my chow bags and bedding roll, took my pistol, called out Major and his pack, and prepared to camp in the mountains back of my ranch until either I or the cougar, or both of us, had cashed in.

On the Trail

It was after nightfall when I made the brush country, but my nose told me that it was rutting season, and the musk glands in the hind legs of the deer were actively giving off that signal with which nature equips these timid animals to enable them to distinguish and find one another in the thickest underbrush and in the darkest night. From the persistency of the odor I knew that deer were plentiful here. I felt that I had reached the outer limit of my cougar's orbit, which ranged from here to my grazing plateau. So I made camp.

An hour before sun-up I was on the trail with my leashed dogs. I wanted to pick up the cougar's beat for sure, before loosing the dogs, for the best of them are apt to be misled by cross trails and thus waste time. Scents are the letters and the wind is the postal service of the wilderness; the cool moist airs of early morning and dewfall in the evening are the best carriers, while the hot midday air is the poorest carrier. Near the crest of a ridge we struck a light game trail through scrub pine, and then my eyes picked out cougar droppings filled with deer hair.

I took Major off the leash first. He ran on a few feet, his fine head raised and moving from side to side, his sensitive nostrils quivering—then his tail snapped up and his nose went down. I immediately turned the other dogs loose, and they scurried around Major. We had scarcely got under way when Major brought up short, and the hair along his neck and spine bristled. As if this was a signal, the pack spread out on both sides of the trail—and then went off in full cry through the brush. If ever you have tried to follow dogs over a mountain you will know that my work had just begun.

Although your dogs soon outdistance you—mine were a mile ahead in no time at all—their voices are like a synchronized sound film which constantly illuminates for you the progress of the hunt toward its climax. The pitch and tempo of the baying vary with each new turn in the fortune of the chase; moreover, you know each dog by his voice. I heard Spot, my second in command, raise a long, strong announcement of a fresh trail; immediately there was a confusion of yelps which showed that the others were crossing to him, and then Major's voice rose in authority again as he took the trail. Then came the most exciting signal of all, "Cougar sighted!"—more stirring, to me, than the bark of "Treed." Meantime, I had been running steadily—climbing, scrambling, taking a tumble more than once. The chase was circling off to my right, and I began to short-cut across to try to overtake it.

The going was arduous and had me winded; but now I had the greatest luck. The cougar had circled so drastically that he was coming head-on toward me. I burst into a high clearing, atop the ridge, just in time to see the cougar—a fine, large male—spring for a lone boulder with the pack at his heels; just in time, also, to see a rare event—the only instance I know of in which a cougar's tail—that beautiful, useful and graceful telltale of his emotions—almost brought him to grief. Major, leaping behind the cougar, fastened his teeth on its tail and upset the spring, so that the cougar fell back into the pack. There was a wild, brief scurry out of which the cougar sprang clear to the top of the rock, from which he glowered down upon the dogs like a monarch at bay on his throne before a howling rabble.

I grasped my pistol and ran close; you want to be certain to kill your cougar with the first bullet because if he falls, wounded, into your dog pack he is apt, in his rage and pain, to slash your best dogs to pieces before they can finish him. Before I could shoot, my dogs, seeing me, took renewed courage—and Major actually managed to scramble up the boulder and nip at the cougar's flank. With a scream of desperate rage, the cougar leaped out from that boulder—over the jaws of the leaping pack, and straight at me as I ran in! Making a frantic effort to stop short I sat down with a great deal of haste and no dignity at all—and the cougar landed right in my lap. I had not expected that!

But he was not stopping, and neither was I—so we quickly rolled apart. The cougar sprang away—I shot—the dogs went right over me as if I were not there. Anyhow, among us, we ended the career of that cattle-killer and deer-slayer before he had gone fifty feet. That was my last cougar.

"Don't Forget What I Larned Ye!"

Somehow, it reminded me of my first cougar and of Ute Bill. It was not long afterwards that I saw good old Bill for the last time. I was on an elk-collecting expedition for the Denver Museum of Natural History, with an assistant, Tom Taylor, when the unprecedentedly heavy and early snows caught us in the Flattop Mountains northwest of Egeria Park. We had to abandon our main outfit, load our horses with food and blankets which were cut to the limit, and begin a forced retreat over the Continental Divide.

In this God-forsaken wilderness, one day we encountered a lone horseman complacently making his way along. It was Ute Bill. He took his pipe from his mouth, and all he said by way of greeting was: "Wal, where the hell do you think you're going thataway, this time of winter?"

We paused for a little chat in the biting cold. Bill warned us no one could make his way across the Divide now, but when I said we were going to try it anyway, he grinned; and as we parted he called after us: "Wal, son, don't forget what I larned ye—and keep yer eyes peeled for them danged varmints!"

Grizzly Comedians, the second article of this series, will appear in an early issue of Collier's.

AMONGST THE *unemployed*

DOES the caffein in coffee make a sheep-counter out of you? Does it keep you awake, jangle your nerves, or upset your digestion?

If so, the way to make sheep-counting at night unnecessary ... the way to throw those sheep out of work...is to change to Sanka Coffee!

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DOES
YOUR CAR
eat
gas?

Is gas and oil consumption going up, along with your speedometer?

Listen to what good lubrication did for this Montana elevator superintendent:

"We have a 1930 Chevrolet which has operated over 66,000 miles to date, without ever having any adjustment of bearings . . . or valves ground. There is no apparent difference in compression, its mileage per gallon of gas is about the same as when new . . . 17 to 19 miles per gallon . . . there is no noticeable increase in oil consumption. None is added. Oil is completely changed every 500 to 800 miles. We have used Quaker State Motor Oil in this car exclusively.* "

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Quaker State removes this light-end material . . . at the refinery. It never reaches your motor. Every gallon of it is 4 quarts motor lubricant, net.

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and Superfine Greases

* What's your experience? Write us. Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

Manhattan Love Song

Continued from page 25

Fanny; she must not miss Miss Lord. But Fanny had identified the little star already, and was drinking in every detail of her appearance with thirsty eyes.

"How'd you like to be her?" the elevator boy asked, when he and Fanny had the car to themselves.

"I'd rather be me!" sang Fanny.

"Yes, you would!" said the elevator boy.

In the lingering sweet twilight that made even the city streets romantic, Fanny walked home; she wanted to walk tonight, to see things, feel things, make them all a magical background for the joy of being young and lithe and filled with glorious hopes. The world smelled of lilac tonight; the crowds going home, streaming like a river along the East Side sidewalks, seemed happy too; windows were open everywhere, and children, wild with spring, were running and shouting, bareheaded, in the streets.

In Mamma Behrmann's dining-room the windows were open, and the warm dusk was the only light for dinner; it was too hot for lamps. Fanny let Otto have her round red sausage and her sauerkraut—her dinner was milk and rye bread, and stewed pink rhubarb and honey cookies. She and the boys and their stout old hostess lingered in pleasant idleness when the meal was over, nibbling, yawning, talking a little, silent again.

"Lessons, Fanny," Otto presently said.

"Oh-h-h, we can't do lessons tonight! I *ache*."

"But if I say we shall walk to the East River and look at the moon, then you don't ache?"

"Oh, let's—let's! It's so heavenly out!"

Otto laughed with German heartiness. But on their walk it was he who quoted Heine: "*Im wunderschönen Monat Mai*," and "*Auf meinen grossen Schmerzen*," and he who held her hand for sheer youth and love and happiness, as they came back.

THE streets were filled; hurdy-gurdies were playing and children mad with spirit were dancing; women leaned on window sills; and sometimes through an open hallway they could hear a baby crying sharply, fretfully. Other babies, wide-awake and attentive in their fathers' arms, watched the parade of the first warm night. Fanny, back at their own steps, protested that she didn't want to go in.

"Then we sit on the steps," conceded Otto.

After a while he said:

"You are so happy that you may be an actress?"

"Oh, happy!" Fanny sighed in an excess of bliss.

"But if you do this you don't have a home and children," Otto suggested mildly.

"Oh, some day I might. Look at—" Fanny had to hesitate a moment, but in the end she could name women who had been wives and mothers, and great actresses too.

"See, now, they don't do anything well because they do all things," Otto commented.

Fanny did not hear him. Off to the southwest, above the levels of the big buildings, the sky was still streaked with a murderous, strange red; in the east a great circle of moon was rising, enormous against the puny bridges and the little houses. It was almost ten o'clock; everything was quieter now, the crowds in the street thinned, the children went to bed. Now and then an elevated train crashed by, and now and then the sound of a boat's whistle came from the river. The biggest city was settling herself for sleep; there were still great lights, there would be great lights for hours, but myriads of tinier lights flickered and went out, and the soft night breeze moved the shabby curtains on many a darkened window sill.

"So you are afraid," Otto presently said, in his amiable way—"you are afraid to be just a nice, plain lady, with a husband and children; is that it?"

"Not afraid," Fanny said, rousing herself wearily, contentedly. "But I want to be everything! If other women can do it, I can do it. *Gute Nacht, mein Freund, ich geh' zu Bett!*"

"*Gute Nacht, Kind*," said Otto.

"LEAVE us cut out the visitors, will you, please?" asked Mr. Pfingst patiently. "We'd ought to get started."

Fanny looked at him sympathetically; no one else seemed to know that he had spoken. A few men stood in a knot on the great, empty, dirty stage, talking absorbedly and gesturing with passion; someone—a lean, handsome youth, light-heartedly played the piano; three girls, gathered about him, sang what he played. Other persons, an oddly assorted lot, sat on scattered chairs, murmuring to one another, or were in the position Fanny felt to be her own—that of a child sitting up past bedtime.

She looked her best, but there was nothing sensational in her attire. Her manners were an artful combination of complete self-effacement and exquisite readiness to oblige, assist, obey, sympathize. She was alert, yet retiring; eager to miss nothing, yet undesirous of attention.

But how delicious—how exquisite to her senses this theatrical atmosphere was! The shadowy darkness of the great, empty theater, the humble cleaners who were working their way up and down the aisles; the magnificent person, whoever he was, who sat in a box; the stage in its shabby morning undress of odd scenes, hanging ropes, eccentric lights—all these were a part of the most fascinating background in the world, and she was a part of it, too. It seemed incredible that only a few hundred feet away Broadway was filled with men and women pursuing their morning avocations—bakers putting Danish pastries into their windows; taxis waiting for the green light; girls in the "dime" selling thread and green tumblers and pencils, and that she, Fanny Furness of Palo Alto, was in here glorying in all this enchantment.

"You must be crazy about it," one of the girls said to her somewhat witheringly, during the course of a rehearsal.

"What makes you think so?" Fanny asked, in the vibrant voice that had singing notes in it.

"The way you act," the girl said simply. She had no illusion as to her profession herself. She was Day La France, and had been in movies, and was noted after the star and the leading man, under "Who's Who in the Play," on the program.

For the first few rehearsals all the players appeared to be entirely unaware of one another's existence; they complained in low tones to the director, or asked him questions, but they spoke to no one else, buttoned up their coats or reddened their lips when dismissed, and went their varied ways. But after a week of hard work there was a certain softening; like animals, they lost their first suspicions and fears, and began to put out friendly feelers. Fanny was almost immediately popular—she could count on that nowadays, given any start at all, and enjoyed the confused, wasteful, delayed hours of rehearsals as if they had been staged for her benefit only.

Her part in No Parking Day or Night was nothing; there must be a dozen merry studio friends to burst in on Magda in the first act, and Fanny was one. She was to wear her own clothes, only substituting a rakish-looking béret for her hat, and escorting an eager wire-hair on a leash. The wire-hair belonged to one of the men players, and was eternally straining to reach his master; Fanny's haunting fear was that on the night of the opening he would tangle all their legs together in one ignominious, capsized heap on the floor.

"What time ought we get here Thursday night?"

"Oh—eight."

"Eight! I was planning to get here, with my supper, at about six."

The young actor to whom she was speaking looked at her amusedly.

"You'll get bravely over that. Eats?"

The last word was an invitation to a late luncheon; it was almost four o'clock. Fanny accepted it with an equally brief "Oke," and they walked away together.

At the corner they paused, and Fanny thought that she would not lunch at all, ordinarily, for dinner at Mrs. Behrmann's was early and hearty. She would drift into a movie, and wait. But since this nice young man was so hospitable—

"What sounds good to you?" he asked.

"Lobster stew," Fanny said promptly. It was the meal of meals for a wet, muggy May afternoon.

"That's an idea, too. Well, then, Morton's is the place," he said. They had been walking north, now he turned south.

LONG afterward Fanny wondered what the difference in her life might have been had she said, "I want a drug-store sandwich," or "Let's go to Enrico's and have spaghetti." In that case they would not have gone to Morton's famous fish restaurant, and Larry Knowles, finishing his own lobster stew there, would not have come past the plain little white tables and twisted chairs, and recalled himself to her acquaintance.

"But it's so long since I've seen you," Fanny apologized for having almost forgotten him. He had been an intimate of Chris during his days with the law firm. She had met him once or twice and upon an occasion they—Chris, herself and Larry—had spent a Sunday at Coney Island.

"It's six months. More, I guess."

"It seems ages."

"I phoned once to Mrs. Brown's, but she didn't know where you were. I was after Chris' address; thought you might know."

"Oh, Madge and I left Mrs. Brown's. It was too expensive. I'm living with a darling old German family now. It's a boarding house."

"And how's Miss—I've forgotten—"

"Madge? She's in California. I had a long letter from her at Christmas."

Larry Knowles was looking at her oddly; now he spoke in a low, almost a diffident tone.

"You knew Chris was sick?"

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The blood left Fanny's cheeks; she stared at him, unable to speak.

"I don't know how sick," Larry said hastily. "I only know he was sick."

"Is—I didn't know he was back in New York!" Fanny laid a quick, impulsive hand on the man's wrist. "Is he back at the office?"

"Arnold, Overman and Carnot have gone out of business, you know."

"I didn't know it. Then—where is Chris?"

"Well, I don't know. I know where he *was;* he was at a little hotel in Twenty-fourth Street when he first got back. But I telephoned there after I met him—"

"You met him?"

"In the street about a week ago. And he looked so—so *rotten,*" Mr. Knowles said simply, "that I felt kind of worried about the old boy. But like a fool I took it for granted he was still at the Twenty-fourth Street place—or I didn't think of it at all, maybe, and I didn't get his address. Later I telephoned the hotel, thinking he might come dine with me, or my father might do something for him, or something, and they said he had left ten days ago."

Fanny was scribbling busily.

"IF HE telephones you—if you get in touch with him in any way, will you tell him I'm there—that's the telephone number, and that I *must* see him? Or would you telephone me if you get any news? He may have gone to a hospital—but there are so many hospitals, darn it!" Fanny said, businesslike, unemotional, anxious. "At home, now, there's one, and a few private sanatoriums. But here—you might as well say you lived in a brownstone house!"

Chris here, and sick! Fanny was but vaguely aware of parting from the two men; she went on her way possessed of but one desperate need—she must find Chris. Seven million or seventy million, she must search him out. Poor and sick and heartbroken, in this immense city, and not likely to have his name in a directory, much less a telephone book—but she would find him!

She walked to the hotel where he had been, talked earnestly to an admiring clerk. The conversation had been going on for ten minutes when a call-boy, loitering interestedly near, observed that he thought the gentleman had sent three collars to the laundry, and would probably call there for them.

"Which laundry?" Fanny asked eagerly. Well, the agency was round the corner and up the block, halfway, at a newspaper and cigar stand. The clock behind the hotel desk stood at just half past five; she all but ran to the newspaper stand, breathlessly entered the little shop that smelled of ink and glue and peppermint and newspapers and cigars.

Sure, the Eureka Service was there, and the man went home at five, but he would be back at seven. Might—might the lady look over those little pink-paper bundles of collars? No, she wouldn't take any; she just wanted to see if a certain name was there.

The newspaper man could do nothing about it, and was plainly a prey to the darkest suspicions, but he finally suggested that she come back at seven.

At seven she came back, and was allowed to inspect the pitiful little packages that held just those parts of his wardrobe that the poorest man may not launder in a hotel room. And there it was, in the firm angled hand she remembered: "C. Thring."

Fanny had her half-dollar ready. When that gentleman came for his collars he was to be given this note—here, please fasten the note to the collars. She wanted his address, if the man could possibly get it. He *must* get it! And here—this was for him.

That night was all fear, confusion, broken dreams in which Chris needed her, anxious awakenings, with a hammering heart. And the next afternoon, on an impulse, she went to the newspaper stand again.

The laundryman, with an air of efficiency, returned her note.

"He sent a girl in for the collars, lady, and I didn't know whether you'd want her to have it. She come in about ten minutes after you was here."

Fanny had been in New York almost a year. Complete stupidity in small matters from obscure officials she now took as a matter of course. She said, patiently:

"You got the address?"

"Well, say, I never thought of it," responded the clerk.

"That girl comes in for the paper every night," the other clerk now volunteered. The stupor of despair into which Fanny had fallen lightened a little, and she asked simply, with an air of dealing with a child:

"When she comes tonight will you ask her where this gentleman is?"

"Sure I will. Want her to take the note?"

Fanny considered, looking at it in her hand.

"He may be layin' low," suggested the laundry clerk, with interest.

"Yes, I think I wouldn't send the note," Fanny agreed absently. "But get me the address if you can. If I knew exactly when she would be here I'd wait."

"If you come in at five-thirty, like you did yesterday and wait, she'll be here."

The girl, duly appearing at quarter to six, turned out to be a smart high school student, with rich dark curls on her neck, reddened lips, and carefully blackened eyelashes. Did Mr. Thring live at her house?

"Sure he does," the girl responded willingly. "He don't board, but he has a room. But he's awfully sick."

"Sick?"

"He hasn't been out of his room for about a week, hardly," said Miss Varsi, unemotionally. "Mamma just sent for his collars with the other boys'. I haven't even taken 'em upstairs yet. He only come about ten days ago, and Mamma says she doesn't know what to goodness he's living on."

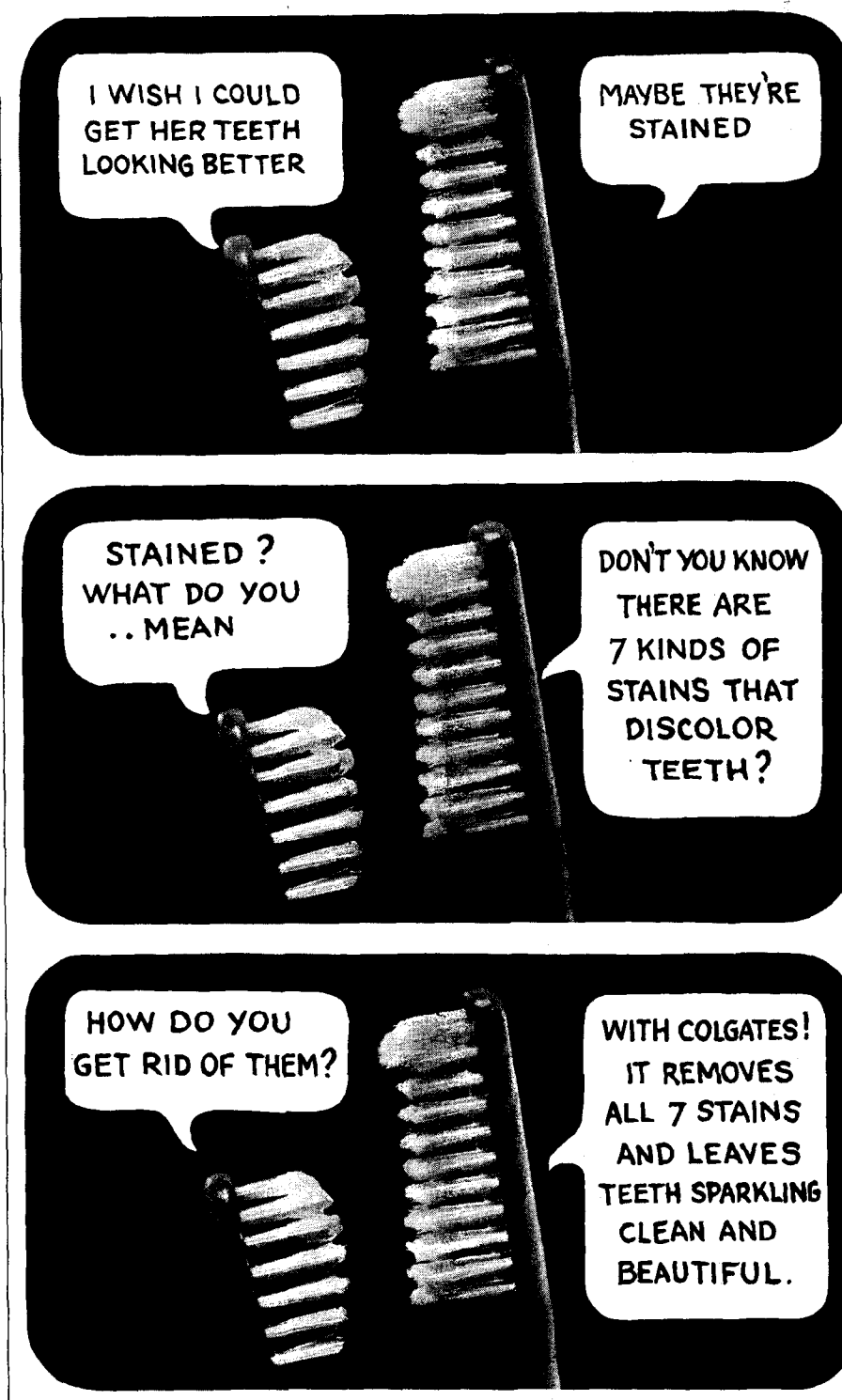
THIS information was imparted while they walked through the dingy street and mounted the battered steps of an old building once a residence of some pretensions; now caught in among tenements and cheap basement shops. The flat-fronted cheap buildings showed an unending display of those signs that taken all together spell poverty: "Rooms. Meals. Midwife. Modes. Violin. Housekeeping Apartment. Rooms. Meals."

"He's way on the top, at the back," said Miss Varsi, parting from Fanny in the entrance hall. "I'd go up with you, but I have to do my English."

Fanny mounted alone the great stairway that left the first floor with an elegant sweep; mounted the second flight that was still wide and handsomely balustraded, and still covered with the rags of a fine old carpet, and the broken survivors of brass stair-rods.

The last stairway was narrow; it had been built only for servants in a day when the discomfort of servants was the end and aim of all architects. Tonight it was dark, too; there was no light here, and but for the reassuring answer, "Sure, he's up there—someone's up there—he was talking!" that had been given by a slatternly woman in the hall below to her timid inquiry, Fanny would never have dared penetrate into its forbidding secrets at all.

(Continued on page 42)


I WISH I COULD GET HER TEETH LOOKING BETTER
MAYBE THEY'RE STAINED
STAINED ? WHAT DO YOU .. MEAN
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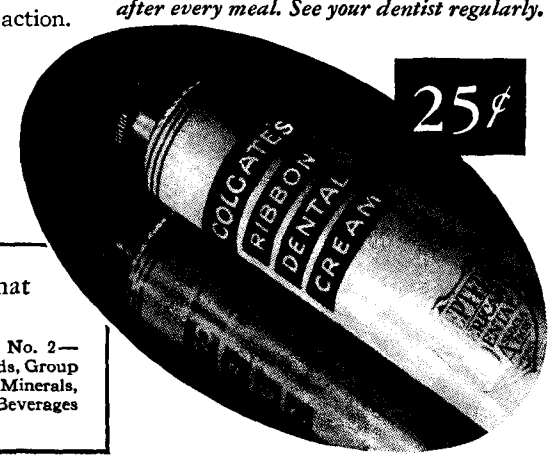
The *polishing* ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists recommend—completes the job of removing the stains.

Get a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it for 10 days. Notice how much cleaner it gets your teeth—what a difference it makes in your appearance. The large-size tube is only 25c.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.



The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

Group No. 1—Starchy foods, Group No. 2—Sugar foods, Group No. 3—Protein foods, Group No. 4—Fatty foods, Group No. 5—Minerals, Group No. 6—Fruits, Group No. 7—Beverages—and tobacco.

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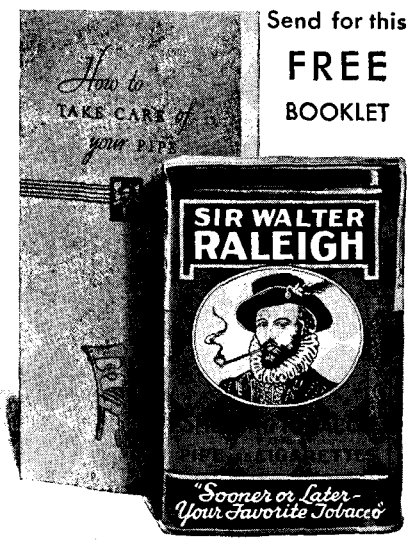
WARNING *to* bridegrooms

WASHING HIS PIPE! If she had been scrubbing a set of books, he couldn't have been more horrified. But can you blame the little dear? That pipe had made the happy nest smell like the fo'c'sle of a pirate ship!

Good tobacco in a well-kept pipe never prompted a bride to get out the washboard. Sir Walter Raleigh offers a mixture of mild Kentucky Burleys that is as satisfying as a late morning sleep. It has proved that tobacco *can* be full bodied and mild at the same time. The younger generation is unanimously for it. And even grandfathers admit that this popular brand is a great improvement on the favorites of yesterday. And gold foil keeps it fresh.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. C-38



Send for this FREE BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

(Continued from page 41)

As it was she went carefully, keeping one hand on the wall, feeling for the boards beneath her feet. At the top there was dim twilight in an angled bit of hall. One or two doors opened upon it, and showed empty storage place beyond; unfurnished attic rooms. One door only was closed, and after a gingerly and frightened inspection of the rest, Fanny went to it and softly tried it.

It opened under her hand. She could see the room beyond it by the dulling light that was coming in through an uncurtained mansard window. There was no light in the room, the floor was bare except for a strip of colorless carpet; there was a bare table, a chair with a broken leg, a litter of books, a man's suitcase opened on the floor, with various odds and ends of wearing apparel scattered about it, and a white iron bed, with one of its brass knobs missing, and its visible mattress and tumble of dirty covers all at the last stage of age and shabbiness.

FANNY was to assimilate all these details later. Now she only saw, and with a hard-beating, frightened heart, that Chris lay in the bed, and that he was very ill. He was alone.

"Chris!" she said in a whisper. She went to the bed and stooped over it and laid her hand gently on his hot wrist. He flung it off, turned over in bed, began muttering again. She realized now that she had heard this low murmur while she had been investigating the hall. It had reached her with all the other blended noises of the house: a feverish distressed babble—words and words and words in Chris' beautiful voice, and no meaning to them, and no consciousness.

"George—that's yours. George—George—George—I'll see you, George. My head, sir; I hit it when I fell. It had rotted through, sir, it was a rotten rope, sir. All right, the ace bets—the ace bets—"

Then indistinguishable syllables, all said fast, with an air of hurry and pain, and then, politely:

"I wonder if I could trouble you for some of that iced pineapple—ice—ice—ice—he giveth his beloved ice—will you please send that letter to Mrs. Richard Thring—Thring—Thring—my God, if I could have a drink!"

Fanny had stood for a long minute rooted to the floor in fright and horror. The house terrified her, the dreadful, poor room, with its strips of worn carpet and its bare high window over the city terrified her; most of all it terrified her to be alone with this fevered madman in the swift-gathering dusk.

ONE long minute, and then she tore off her coat and tossed her hat with it to a chair. She sank on her knees beside the bed.

"Chris, my darling, it's Fanny! I'm going to get you into a nice cool hospital bed, my darling. You're all right. I'll get you—wait! I'll get you something to drink."

She snatched a cup from the little iron sink that filled one corner of the room, rushed into the hall. There was an iron hopper here with a faucet; this had been the only toilet accommodation of the maids of two generations ago. Fanny turned the tap, spilled the water on Chris' shocking pajamas—wore into gray strings—as she leaned over him.

"Here, Chris, drink this—that's right."

She glanced about her desperately. No hot-water bottle and, for all that his face was a fearful scarlet, his feet were freezing, and his teeth chattered. No milk, no ice, no clean linen, no hot water. She clasped her fingers together frantically, grasping the full horror of it, and realized even at this moment, and with wonder, that she was wringing her hands. People did wring their hands, then, Fanny thought, running downstairs, running into a hot kitchen in the basement, where a great many persons, most of them children, were milling about in an atmosphere of steam and smoke and the fumes of food and cigarettes.

Had they ice—had they sheets—had they milk? No, the alert little Varsi girl answered for a puzzled mother, they didn't. Fanny, reading their dubious glances aright, said that she would pay for everything, of course, and a brief colloquy took place in Italian between mother and daughter and several of the other members of the family.

Then Carmen produced a bottle of milk, a chunk of ice wrapped in a rag, and a steaming kettle, and Fanny carried them all upstairs.

"They'd take everything you got!" apologized Carmen, with a laugh, and a jerk of her marcelled head that indicated the other lodgers in the house above her. Fanny, turning from a telephone conversation with a doctor, was brief:

"Have one of your brothers come up with me, and bring this kettle back. Is there a basin up there in Mr. Thring's room?"

Mrs. Varsi silently produced a tin basin in response to a vigorous hint from her daughter; Pio went with Fanny up the stairs. Chris was still muttering and tossing. The room was quite dark now, and Fanny looked about bewildered.

"No light here?"

PIO silently scratched a match, reached for a candle that stood in a battered tin stick. In the flickering, sickly light the room looked more completely desolate than ever.

"If the doctor isn't here in fifteen minutes, Pio, telephone again, will you?" She hunted out a nickel and a tip. If the Varsis were to do anything at all for her she must please them. Left alone, she cracked ice with one of Chris' boot heels. He started up at the sound, muttering. The troubled flow of words began again: "George—George!" And once in the confusion she heard her own name, said quite simply, on a long sigh: "Oh, Fan! Fan!"

She sponged his face; kept bits of cracked ice on his split dark tongue—oh, he was very sick, he was very sick! Her eyes, her mind, her whole being were concentrated on the door, on the creaking stairs up which the doctor must come. Fanny combed Chris' dark rich hair, found a clean pajama-top and somehow pulled off the ragged worn one over his head, made him look a trifle more respectable. She smoothed the bed, all the time breathing hard with fright, with a sense of urgency, danger.

Chris looked very thin; he had not shaved for many days. His hands were dark, like black claws; his mouth was cracked, his swollen tongue cracked. The dark gray eyes she loved, the eyes that had always been so sane, so intelligent, so pleasant when Chris smiled, were drawn deep into his head; his skin looked tight on the cheek-bones, and was a deep red.

THE doctor at last—a fat, prosperous, middle-aged doctor. He was in a hurry for he and his wife were going to the theater tonight; anyway, there was not much to say about Chris.

"Well, you've got a pretty sick man here," he repeated more than once; he did not take Chris' temperature; there was no need. Whatever it was, it was all wrong.

"Should he be in a hospital, Doctor?"

"Yes; he ought to have gone to a hospital the minute this thing got to his lungs. No, I wouldn't move him now—it wouldn't do any good to move him now. The change, and the exposure—much better as he is. Your husband?"

"My—cousin. I only found him today."

"I see." There were prescriptions, directions. Fanny, at a gesture from the fat hand, went out into the hall. The doctor was shaking his head as she turned to him, her hand behind her on the closed door. "Keep him quiet, keep up the ice, and what I've given you there," Dr. Murray said. "Anyone to sit with him? He ought not to be left tonight."

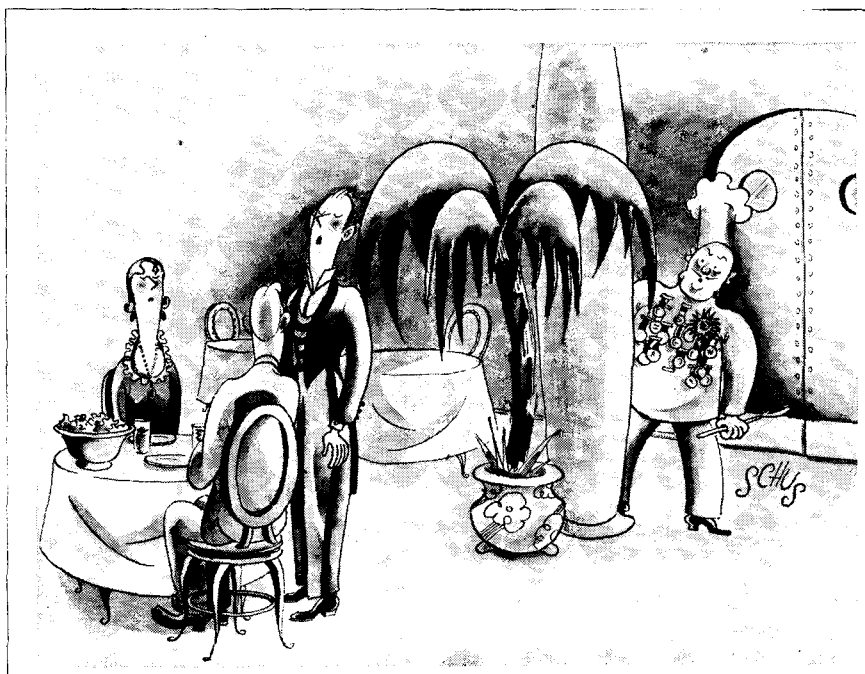
Fanny was pale; her eyes, her mouth, determined.

"No; no one. But I'll stay with him. Doctor, is he very ill?"

"I don't think," the doctor answered, after a look, "that he'll get through the night. I don't *think* so. I think he'll go into a sleep. Here, I'll come in on my way home. I'll be in about half past eleven. My wife's taking me to an opening tonight, No Parking Day or Night."

Fanny had not heard him. With a final nod she had turned, had noiselessly gone back to Christopher.

(To be continued next week)



"The chef says to be careful—one of his medals dropped into the Waldorf salad!" *Adolph Schus*

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Insult Accepted

Continued from page 15

some romantic notion for yourself you'll only stub your head. And that's the truth and that's the hell of it."

And Dick thought: "All right then. I'll stub my head."

At dinner Dick told Mrs. Wingate what had happened.

She thought: "Yes, he's in love with her. He has been thinking of her for a year and now this desperately romantic thing has happened, as it always happens to the Wingates, and he is in love with her and she is Susan Gregory."

The Gregorys: the domineering old man with the hard, flat voice; the patronizing Palm Beach mother. These cold, immensely wealthy Northerners, with different concepts, shrewder values. How would they react to this, to all the implications of romance? The girl, too. What was she like? Lovely and—and what?

She thought: "They'll hurt him, hurt him— Oh, I know they will."

Suddenly Dick said: "I'm going over now to see if she's all right."

AT CASA MARA, Susan Gregory was hugged and kissed and hugged and cried about and kissed and put to bed.

When her parents finally went down for dinner, there was George. George had been a little out of it, so far, and didn't like it. George, since Harvard, had been Susan's father's confidential secretary, and a good one. George was bright and personable and ambitious and his main ambition was to be promoted to the post of son-in-law. He had, in fact, applied for this position and while Susan hadn't said yes she had not said no directly, either. George had hopes that this month on the island, when he'd have her to himself, would prove decisive. Now, the very first day, this distracting business of the rescue had to come up and it was upsetting. No telling how Susan might react. Yes, darn it all, this thing might prove considerable of a nuisance. If this young Wingate were the type that old man Gregory could give a nice fat check to and dismiss, it would be simple. But he wasn't; George knew that. George knew these Southerners all right, and he had heard about these Wingates last year. Cracker aristocracy and as full as possible of pride and chivalry and family. Thought they were as good as anyone. Try to give a fool like that a sensible reward and he would look upon it as a deadly insult, and—

"Well," George thought, "and what?" And then the answer came: "And never show his face around again. I know the type. He'd stalk right out and never show his face around again."

And George thought: "Yes, I guess that that would settle Mr. Southern Gentleman all right. And you can pin an orchid on yourself for that idea, my boy."

Susan's absence from the dinner table simplified the thing.

George said: "I know you haven't thought of anything but Susan so far; but you don't want to keep this island chap in suspense too long, you know. I mean about the practical expression of your gratitude."

Mr. Gregory said: "You mean some —some reward?"

"But I don't think he's that type," Mrs. Gregory objected. "Susan said that he was splendid; so intelligent and understanding when she almost gave way to hysteria there on the beach. Why—"

Mr. Gregory said: "George, we want to be quite sure that he's the sort that I could offer money to. I wouldn't for the world—"

George interrupted with a laugh.

"You're actually afraid you might insult one of these crackers with a check?" He laughed again. "Why, Mr. Gregory, I know these people. A thousand dollars—"

Mr. Gregory said: "If it's a question of money—if you're sure it is—he can have anything—yes, anything—"

George interrupted: "You don't want to spoil him. Say five thousand then. Why, that would keep him in corn-meal and white bacon all his life."

"I'm going to investigate the family first," Mr. Gregory said. "We want to be quite sure about this, George."

But George had no idea of letting Mr. Gregory investigate the Wingates. "You don't need to hesitate," he said. "Besides, there is another angle to it that you haven't thought of yet. If you make a fuss about this fellow on a basis of—well, social equality—he'll get ideas. He'll start to play on Susan's gratitude and—well, you don't know what might happen in a case like that. A check's the way to stop that sort of thing—and right away!"

Gabe, the island negro whom the Gregorys were trying out as houseman, entered and said: "Mistah Richa'd, suh, to see you. Mistah Richa'd Wingate."

Waiting in the library at Casa Mara, Dick wished a few simple wishes. This was going to be awkward at best, but it had to be got through with and Dick only hoped that Susan's mother and father wouldn't turn out to be the gushing type and that they would get through expressing their gratitude as rapidly as possible and that they would then depart somewhere, having the good taste to take this George along, so he could have a few minutes with Susan.

It never remotely occurred to Dick that the Gregorys were going to try to express their thanks in any way more embarrassing than by the presentation of a few verbal posies. It was not until Mrs. Gregory had excused herself to go to Susan and Dick had risen to leave that George had said: "Wait a minute. We haven't half begun to thank you yet." There was something about the words and the way George said them that Dick didn't like. And he didn't like George, or anything about him. Still, he sat down again and Mr. Gregory went to sit behind his desk. Even then Dick hadn't known what was coming, but Mr. Gregory's first words should have left no doubt.

NOW, afterwards, sitting on a drift log down the beach to think it over, Dick remembered those words very clearly.

"Young man," Mr. Gregory had said, "I have gone through life meeting my obligations. There have been very few occasions when a check book wasn't an adequate means of expressing my gratitude or appreciation. This, of course, is one of them."

He had paused and Dick remembered thinking: "What's all this, for Pete's sake?" Then Mr. Gregory had continued: "Yes, this is one of those occasions. You have saved our daughter's life. You have put us under an obligation that cannot be settled in any material way. And yet, that is the only way I know. And so—"

Dick went hot and cold and hot again now, at the thought of it. He had sat there, unable to speak for a moment, from the sheer surprise and humiliation

(Continued on page 44)

ROSE COLLINS

Summer sun is the enemy of soft lustrous hair

While you are so painstakingly, busily acquiring that flattering coat of tan, do you give a thought to what is happening to your hair? The hair actually sunburns, just as the skin does, but with more disastrous results: the natural oils are dried, it becomes brittle and lifeless. Smart women know that a very little 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic patted on the hair with the palms of the hands before going down to the beach affords the necessary protection. Use the Tonic, too, before every shampoo, massaging it well into the scalp, to stimulate the circulation, cleanse the scalp, counteract dryness. If you can leave the Tonic on the hair over night, and shampoo the next morning, so much the better. Get a bottle at any drug or department store and start using it today. It comes in two sizes of shaker-top bottles.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE
Look for the trademark VASELINE when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Consolidated, 17 State Street, New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1933—Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

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But you can't see poor lamps waste current

IT IS EASY TO SEE why you can't get a full stream of water from a leaky hose.

But you can *not* see the current wasted by a faulty lamp. If you had one of the delicate instruments used to measure light, you would find that faulty lamps, which consume as much current as good ones, may give a *third less light*. Poor lamps also have uncertain life and may blacken soon in service.

In common justice to your eyes and pocketbook, be sure to look for the mark GE on every lamp you buy—for home, office, factory, automobile, or any other lighting purpose.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

General Electric manufactures lamps for all lighting purposes . . . . lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Sunlight lamps, too. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

(Continued from page 43)

of it. He would never forget the cold rage that had possessed him as he saw the cynical amusement in George's smile.

Well, that was all over now. He had controlled his Wingate temper; that was something. But it left him in no doubt about the Gregorys and how they felt; about how Susan felt.

They'd held a family council, obviously, to discuss him and decide what they should do. To them he'd been a problem that might prove embarrassing; unless they definitely put him in his place. Dick laughed; he could laugh about it now, or try to. That was how they'd felt; they'd felt that he would be the type to take advantage of their gratitude and hang around and bore and bother them; that he would hang around and bore and bother Susan. Susan felt that way. And so they had decided that the kindest thing to do was tip this native; pay him generously and dismiss him!

Well, it was over now, at least. He'd kept his Wingate temper; that was something, but it wasn't much. Dick looked out over the moonlit water. It was high tide now. Well, he had been at high tide a few hours ago himself; high tide, with Susan in his arms and no one else in all the world, for just a little while, but them.

Dick walked slowly down the beach towards home. Wingates for two hundred years had paced this beach, to think about their plans, and joys and troubles, and their loves. Stories and traditions had come down about them; tales of duels, elopements, and escapes and even hints of darker episodes. There had been Wingates good and bad and prudent and adventurous and all of them had sometime gone a-wooing. Some had found their loves quite placidly at home and some had chased the will-o'-the-wisp to far, high stations.

Well, Dick thought, so here is something new. So now they tip them. Here you are, my good man, with the lady's thanks.

GEORGE, next morning, was in spirits. Susan found him whistling on the terrace before breakfast and he wondered if she knew.

George said: "The hero of the hour came last night."

"Oh, did he?" Susan said. "They should have told me; should have let me come down. Why, I haven't even thanked him yet; not really. And he'll think—"

"Are you worried about what he'll think?" George asked.

"Of course I am," said Susan. "Do you think I haven't any feelings? Don't you think I want to see the man who saved my life and—and thank him?"

"Your father thanked him," George said. "Adequately, I thought."

"Adequately?" Susan asked. "That's a rather funny word to use, George. As if—as if what he did—"

"It isn't what he did," George said. "It's who he is. He's just a little cracker boy and, as I say, your father thanked him. Adequately. At least we thought five thousand dollars—"

"Oh, you didn't!" Susan said. "You couldn't have! Not—not offered money. Oh, you couldn't have!"

George said: "Look here, Sue, you're upset still."

"I hate you!" Susan blazed. "You thought of that—of—of insulting him. I hate you. All of you. And now I'm going to him and—"

"And what?" George asked.

There was silence for a moment and then Susan said, quite quietly: "He—he took it, George?"

"Of course," George said. "He took it like a shot. We knew the type. Look here, Sue, snap out of it."

Yes, he'd taken it. He'd saved her life and taken money for it. Like a shot. He'd taken it and said thanks and had left and that was that and Susan didn't feel like any breakfast. Susan, in her room alone, thought: "So you lay awake all night and thought about him; in the water when he talked to you and held you and you weren't afraid; and on the beach there. So you stayed awake all night remembering; and how he looked and everything he said, and thought what he would say tomorrow and what you'd say, and about afterwards. You thought things about afterwards."

And he'd come around and got his pay and left and that was that. Well, they'd paid him for his job and he was satisfied, she guessed, unless he thought he ought to add a little to the bill for extra service on the beach there where he put his arms around her. Probably that was included regularly, though. He ought to advertise; he ought to put a sign up: "Rescues; easy terms, with comforting on the beach included."

SUSAN did her face up presently and went downstairs to find her father. He was in the library and Susan said: "I think I want to leave here pretty soon, Dad. Can we?"

"Why, Sue, we just arrived. You mustn't let all this upset you so. You've had a shock, dear, but you mustn't let it get you down. It's over now."

"I know, Dad," Susan said. "It's—its all over now. I guess I just don't want to see the ocean any more just now or something. Can we leave, Dad?"

Mr. Gregory eyed his daughter with what he thought were understanding eyes. Poor kid, it had been quite a shock. Of course she didn't want to see the ocean for a while.

"We'll leave tomorrow," Susan's father said.

They sat in silence for a little while and Susan thought, quite suddenly: "Perhaps he's desperately poor; perhaps that's it. Perhaps he has a crippled sister or a mother and he can't be proud."

She said: "Dad, if he's poor was that enough; that check?"

"Are you worried over that?" her father asked. He hesitated for a moment and then went on: "You know, I am, a little, too. George seemed to know about these people; seemed to feel they were the sort it wouldn't do to give too much to. But later I intend—"

"Did he seem glad to—to get it?" Susan asked. "Not as though it were embarrassing or that he'd hesitate or—"

"You know," said Mr. Gregory, "the whole thing was a little odd. I've thought about it since, and, well, there was something odd about it. George said he'd probably protest at taking money—you know George knows these Southerners—and he advised me to come right to the point and then insist. I liked the boy on sight; he seemed—superior's the word. And so I made a little speech to try to make it easy for him. Well, he simply sat there, so I went and handed him the check and—damn it—it was odd."

"What did he say?" asked Susan.

"Well," said Mr. Gregory a bit uncomfortably, "he didn't say a word. Odd, damn it. Simply took the thing and—and he bowed. He bowed to me and bowed to George and left. It made me feel uncomfortable; makes me feel uncomfortable now and—what is it, Gabriel?"

Gabriel, at the door, said: "It's the delegation, Mistah Gregory, suh."

"The delegation?"

Gabriel beamed. "Yassah, it's the preacher and the delegation from the colored people's church."

"All right, Gabriel, have them come in." He turned to Susan. "I suppose a small donation is in order."

Two colored women in their gala best and a neat white-haired old man came in and ranged themselves behind their reverend, a young, intelligent-appearing colored cleric, who advanced a step or so and launched into a speech.

"In the name of our congregation," he began, "we have come to invite you to lay the cornerstone of the new church which your generosity—"

"Whoa, now," Mr. Gregory laughed. "That's a new one, isn't it? I build you a new church and you let me lay the cornerstone, is that it?"

"Why, yes, sir," the preacher said. "We thought—"

Mr. Gregory laughed again, good-naturedly. "A new church! Now, that's about as fine an example of optimism as I ever heard."

"Why, no, sir," the preacher said. "You see, we've saved six thousand dollars from the annual gifts which the Wingate family always make us and with this generous five thousand dollars which you have sent us, through Mr. Richa'd—"

Susan said: "Oh!"

She heard, dimly, her father acknowledging their thanks, as well as he was able; saw them finally leave.

She said: "Oh, Father!" and he turned a rather grim face to her and said: "Just a minute, Susan, till we get down to the bottom of all this. Gabriel!"

Gabriel knew all about the Wingates, yassah. Lordy, he thought everybody knew about the Wingates. The Wingates were the quality, and always had been, yassah. Gabriel's own grandpappy had been body servant to the Cunnel, back in Lincoln war-time. Sho'. Gabriel supposened everybody knew about the Wingates; owned 'most half of the state of Georgia, Gabriel would reckon, yassah.

Susan kept her tears back till her father had dismissed Gabriel, then he came and patted her and said "Damn! Damn!"

"I'm trying not to cry," said Susan. "It—it wasn't your fault, Father. And I guess—I guess George didn't know."

"I'm not sure that's a very good guess, Sue, about George," Mr. Gregory said. "No, I'm not so sure."

"And so he saved my life and we insulted him," said Susan. "And he thinks—he thinks I did it. And he thinks—"

"I FEEL like the devil about this, Susan," Mr. Gregory said. "I—I don't know just exactly what to do. I'm very much afraid he won't let us explain; it's not the sort of thing you can explain. You can't say 'Sorry, but we didn't think you were a gentleman.' You can't say that; you can't say anything. It only makes it worse. And, honey, I know how you feel about this—"

Susan said, quite quietly: "But, Father, I'm afraid you don't."

Her father looked at her and Susan met his eyes and Mr. Gregory said: "Sue!" and came and put his arms around her.

Susan said: "It wouldn't be so bad if we weren't—who we are. And rich; and Northern. He—he'll only have contempt now for us."

"I'll write him," Mr. Gregory said. "I'll write him something; that's all I can do."

"Yes," Susan said, "I guess that's all that you can do." She rose and went toward the door and paused and said: "You—you can wish me luck, Dad."

Gabriel went down the beach with her and showed her the Wingate house, and presently she was waiting in the drawing-room where 'Sephus had conducted her: an old, high-ceilinged, mellow room which looked as if it might have been unchanged in sixty years; a room which

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had a fine and somehow frightening serenity.

She said at once, when Dick came in, while she had courage still: "I didn't know. I didn't know until this morning what they'd done. George lied to Father and you must believe, I—"

Dick said: "Please! I owe you an apology. I did a very kiddish thing about your—your reward. False pride, I guess. I simply should have taken it and relieved you of any further sense of obligation. Or embarrassment. Forgive me."

She said: "But it isn't that. It isn't anything like that. I didn't know! I didn't know until this morning."

Dick said: "Of course. It's simply a misunderstanding."

She could see, though, that he didn't mean it; see that he was wearing his politeness as an armor that she couldn't penetrate; that he was waiting courteously till she left and then he meant to let her leave and never see her any more. She'd never see him any more. She'd meet him and he'd bow politely and she'd never really see him any more.

She said: "I guess—I guess there isn't much that I can say. I hoped—I hoped perhaps we could start over. Couldn't we?"

"Of course," Dick said politely and he didn't mean it and there wasn't anything for her to do except to go. He stood there smiling at her with that cold, polite and awful smile and she was going and he hated her and he would always hate her. Susan's knees shook but she turned and walked to where he stood. She found a small, thin voice, that didn't sound like hers. She said: "I didn't mean to start all over. Not from now. I meant from—from the beach there. C-c-couldn't we? From where you h-h-had your arms around me?"

And then Dick found that he was saying: "Don't cry, honey. Don't cry," to a small, scared little girl who clung to him; a tall, proud girl who clung to him and laughed and cried.

Land of Corn and Lobsters

Continued from page 17

Mountain? The scenery itself is exhilarating, but to it all is added the intense significance of history. All these rugged heights and peaks have their meaning in military topography: a short drive to the battlefield of Chickamauga, kept like a beautiful park, with many of the field batteries standing in the very positions where they fought, is enough to reward the visitor.

In Minneapolis amid its rolling plains my small party had its most affectionate welcome. Cincinnati, I thought, was the most beautiful of the inland cities of the Union. From the tower of its unsurpassed hotel the city spreads far and wide its pageant of crimson, purple, and gold, laced by silver streams that are great rivers. There is a splendor in Chicago and a life-thrust that is all its own.

Americans Know How to Listen

To me, Rochester makes a personal appeal. Here it was that my grandfather and his brother, having married two sisters, built two small, old-fashioned houses in what was then the best quarter of the town, and linked them by a bridge. Here they founded the newspaper which is still the leading daily.

It would be easy to illustrate this theme further and recall the kind impressions of Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and a dozen others; but these examples suffice to convey the sense of variety and character which the great cities of America present to a sympathetic and inquiring eye.

For more than thirty years I have been accustomed to address the largest public audiences on all sorts of topics. A lecture tour as such, therefore, had no serious terrors for me. Still, to a stranger in a foreign land, it must always be something of an ordeal to come into the close, direct relationship of speaker and listener night after night, with thousands of men and women whose outlook and traditions are sundered from his own.

But American audiences yield to none in the interest, attention and good nature with which they follow a lengthy considered statement.

These large assemblies always seemed to take particular pleasure in asking questions after my address was over. At every place I encouraged this, and sheaves of written questions were speedily composed and handed up, covering a discursive range of topics. The audiences appeared delighted when some sort of an answer was given immediately to each. Any fair retort, however controversial, was received with the greatest good humor. I remember, for instance, that I was asked: "What do you think of the dole?" I affected to misunderstand the question, and replied: "I presume you are referring to the Veterans' bonus." This gained an immediate success.

The most critical of my audiences was, of course, at Washington. Here one met the leading men of the Union, and the keen society of the political capital, with all its currents of organized, responsible opinion. But the most interesting, and in some ways the most testing, of all my experiences was not on the public platform.

A Washington hostess, in the center of the political world, invited the British ambassador and me to a dinner of some forty or fifty persons. There were gathered many of the most important men and some of the most influential women in the United States. After the dinner was over, the whole company formed a half-circle around me, and then began one of the frankest and most direct political interrogations to which I have ever been subjected. The unspoken, but perfectly well-comprehended condition was that any question, however awkward, might be asked, and that any answer, however pointed, would be taken in good part.

For two hours we wrestled strenuously, unsparingly, but in the best of tempers, with one another, and when I was tired of defending Great Britain on all her misdeeds, I counter-attacked with a series of pretty direct questions of my own. Nothing was shirked on either side—debts, disarmament, naval parity, liquor legislation, the gold standard and the dole were all tackled on the dead level.

Nowhere else in the world, only between our two people, could such a discussion have proceeded. The priceless gift of a common language, and the pervading atmosphere of good sense and fellow feeling, enabled us to rap all the most delicate topics without the slightest offense given or received. It was to me a memorable evening, unique in my experience, and it left in my mind enormous hopes of what will some day happen in the world when, no doubt, after most of us are dead and gone, the English-speaking peoples will really understand each other.

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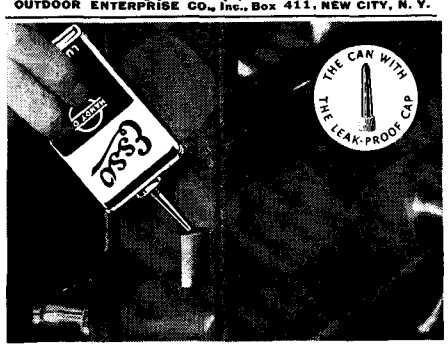

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Starlight Rider

Continued from page 22

knew the animal to be carrying double burden—the weight of the rider and of Lynn, who had been lifted from her own saddle and taken aboard the captor's. Yet the fact was so, and no more than five minutes later the last echo of that flight fainted into the steady pound of his own pony's shoes, rising rhythmically from the baked earth, to leave no guiding rumor that he might follow. As much as he wished to stop and listen, he throttled the inclination. He dared waste no time. So he pressed on, keeping the faintly visible strip of yellow roadway beneath him. The man ahead would, he knew, also keep to it as long as the need for fast travel was paramount.

FROM the moment of Lynn's warning cry, there had been no doubt in his mind as to the man's identity. All signs pointed to Tolbert. As crowded with outrage as he was, Tracy could not shake his deepening puzzlement. Abduction was a dangerous game, a reckless game—the one act certain to bring down instant pursuit. The whole county would be after Tolbert—all of Shadrow's men and some who were not. And it seemed far beside Tolbert's character to thus embark on the one course surest of evoking retaliation.

The pony was breathing deeply, running on at a steady pace. Nothing came from the foreground. Behind, the long silence was broken by a series of outrolling detonations that died into silence again. He had come four miles along the road, or to where it bent down into the desert via the rim's fault. Considering the route briefly, he could see no advantage in it for Tolbert. Almost certainly a TS guard stood somewhere along the fault to spot the foreman's passage and later report it to the following ranch outfit. Moreover, once the foreman reached the desert he was in a vast corral with few exits, these soon enough closed by Shadrow. In addition, Tolbert's horse could never stand the long run across the flats. It had to have rest; and the closest hideout would be somewhere on top of Mogul in the broken country rising sharply behind and above Antelope.

A sure test presented itself. Halted, no sound reached him. But there was a clinging dust in the air, plain indication of Tolbert's passage; and onward a hundred feet or so, where the trail forked left and right, the scent of dust bore away on the latter course into the rugged southern heights of the plateau. Tracy accepted this route and galloped half a mile before reining in, again catching the odor of the risen dust. It was as he had figured. Tolbert elected to reach quick shelter.

It was strange that the TS riders had quit, or seemed to have quit. He could make out nothing back there. The dust held on, his single guide; at one point the trail crept to the margin of Mogul's precipice and he saw the lights of Antelope glimmer two thousand feet below. Afterward the trail advanced boldly into the depths of the high ridge country, hoisted from one increasing slope to another. The flatness of Mogul ended, was replaced by vague and rearing silhouettes jagged against the sky. Presently the trail lessened to a mere trace footway alongside the upthrust shoulders of land; a cooler, keener air washed around him and he arrived after a while at a high park surrounded by dense shadow. Here he stopped, defeated. The dust smell was gone.

There in the dark, Tracy blocked out the surrounding country in his mind. Obviously the man was running south—the one sure way of getting out of the Powder. Still, in the south stood a stiff and immediate climb that would be difficult for a jaded beast, while onward a mile there was another trail leading in the desired direction by gentler grades. And off there lay a hundred by-passes Tolbert might take, each adjacent to isolated ravines and commanding viewpoints such as a fugitive might well use to survey the back trail when light came. More important, in that region were three line cabins.

Tracy went slowly forward. A small breeze scoured the slopes, setting up thin waterfalls of sound; and the click of the pony's shoes made little javelin echoes. It was a dull and straining business to cruise at this speed. As so many times before, there was a violent discord in him between the patience he never sufficiently possessed and his natural desire to break forward impetuously.

Somewhere beyond, Tracy angled up the slope of a small ridge, cut across its spine and dismounted to descend the other side a good hundred yards before halting. Here he crouched, seeing nothing in the pooled blackness below but knowing a deserted cabin to be there. Listening with strained attention he wondered again what Tolbert could hope for, what remote advantage he could be foreseeing. There was no answer, save one—and that too brutal to be probable. Nothing moved yonder—the cabin was empty. Swinging back to the horse, he sidled into a gulch, rode it out and thereafter tackled the stiffly pitched slopes, one and another. It was a blind man's game, to be played against one who never would allow himself the error of underestimating pursuit. Long afterward Tracy came to another hidden hollow and again repeated his silent skirting of a log hut invisible in the depths. As before, the guess was wrong and, as before, he pressed on.

Threading the black defiles, he lost all sense of time. Around what he believed to be midnight he finally came out upon a dominating peak of the Mogul and stopped to consider. Anyway from this point he might command a view of the hills when day arrived; and, as much as he despised the logic of the thought, it seemed best to wait out day from this eminence. Further groping was entirely futile. Tolbert was halted—that he knew; and halted within striking distance of this peak.

"I'll learn a little patience before I die," grunted Tracy, and unsaddled in a slight bowl below the cone of the peak. Rolling in the blanket, he fell to an intermittent sleeping and rousing.

WHAT woke him, just when the first pale wedge of light broke the eastern black, was the faintest reverberation of sound passing along the utter quiet of morning. Rising instantly, he made his way to the top parapet of rock and stationed himself behind it. Any direction, at this hour, he viewed only low-lying layers of fog banked in the depressions like deep drifts of snow. Gradually, as the glow strengthened, out of the east the top mists broke and one after another the higher promontories pierced the thinning blanket; then all at once the fog in the ravines began to eddy and run as water might, exposing the whole southern distance in its gaunt and broken outline. Yonder a quarter mile he sighted one of the cabins he had in mind and, looking at it with a concentrated attention, he thought he made out the shift of a body in the doorway.

It was a slim enough chance, yet he moved directly back to the horse. He saddled and led it down the blind side of the peak a full three hundred yards before mounting; then he cut a circle across the lower ground and struck into a gulch. It led south. It brought him by changing degrees around the peak. It went descendingly on, side walls effectually hiding him. Keeping the peak's spire as a compass point, Tracy arrived at timber and here rose from the gulch to begin another curling foray. One faint shred of activity echoed through the trees. Stopped dead, he jumped from the horse, crawled up an incline, and found himself staring at the back side of the cabin through a narrow aperture in the timber mass. He had made a complete half circle from the back of the peak.

THE cabin was two hundred feet forward and without a window on this side. A saddled horse stood there grazing. Alert now and expecting anything, Tracy flattened against the earth mold and placed one quick glance after another along the vistas presented to him. Tolbert was not to be caught thus easily off balance, and the very air of quiet held a warning. He crawled through the pines, a yard at a time, until he reached a place abreast the cabin's front and perhaps sixty feet away from it. From this point clear ground swept onward to the peak. Lynn Isherwood sat on a log by the doorway with her face lifted to that commanding summit.

He saw her profile to be clear and calm, almost without strain, and instantly one great fear left him. She was exactly as she had been at TS the previous night—her hair smoothed back from her temples, rough gray shirt open at the throat. All her body was in repose and her hands were quiet in her lap; she had courage—that fine quality of courage which was steady and dominating and never needed the false stimulant of anger to buoy it up. A moment later her head came around to reveal the long shadows across those gray-blue eyes. Puzzlement made quick, deep creases on her brow.

Tracy went rigid in his place and his breathing turned small and slow. There was no sound inside the cabin, no trace there of Tolbert. The man was outside somewhere, hidden and hunting; venturing a slight sidewise roll, he searched the roundabout trees with a roused sense of catastrophe. He had gained this shelter too easily. Tolbert had let him pocket himself. Thinking so, he was on the verge of crawling to better shelter when he saw Lynn rise from the log and turn slowly away. That and the rustling of brush on the far side of the cabin arrested him, made him reach for the holstered gun. A man called and came out of the trees on a trot, smiling; and at sight of him Tracy was astonished out of all his set convictions. For that figure stepping into the clear and facing Lynn with a half-hunted, half-sardonic expression on his ruddy cheeks was not Tolbert. It was Bat Testervis—Bat Testervis unshaven and unhandsome.

Testervis spoke to the girl with a quick, overbearing insolence: "You had a chance to make a run for it. Why didn't you try?"

She said nothing and he fell to impatient anger. "I'm getting sick of this freeze-out manner. Look here, Lynn, I'll break that unnecessary pride or I'll break your neck."

"I can't follow all your quick

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changes," said she, calmly. "First you'll sweep up the earth for me, then you'll break my neck. What can I depend on, Mr. Testervis?"

"Be reasonable," said Bat, of a sudden persuasive.

"Are you?"

Testervis shrugged his wide shoulders.

"You told me once I didn't have nerve. I figured maybe that was why you never liked me. Well, I set out to show you I had it. Did, didn't I? I took you right out from under Tade Shadrow's nose."

"What for?" challenged the girl. "Are you a big enough fool to think I can be persuaded that way?"

"If," argued Bat, wholly in earnest, "you saw me as I really am—not as you've made up your mind I must be—you wouldn't be so chilly. What's a woman want if not a man that can take care of her?"

"And you thought I might be made to like you by force?" retorted the girl.

"Never mind how I did it, Lynn. There wasn't any other way left open to me. My outfit is through—all gone. I figured I might hit back but the crew left me flat. I'll never ride this country any more. All I can do is run. What else could I do but watch my chance to catch you alone?"

"What for?" challenged the girl, insistently abrupt.

"Why," said the man, very slowly, choosing his words, "I've told you already. You had the wrong idea of me. I knew if I could get you on even ground it would be different. Forget what Tade's told you. Forget what anybody's told you about Bat Testervis. I'm no wolf. I'm a human bein'. I can make my way anywhere. I'm not afraid of anything that breathes."

"What for?" repeated Lynn Isherwood.

Testervis stared, his ruddy complexion taking on a deeper flush. "I want an even chance—same as you'd give any man you met for the first time. Drop all the nonsense that's been pumped into you."

"You're a fool," stated the girl. "An arrogant, bumptious fool. What you really had in your mind was that no woman could possibly resist your charm once she saw it. Well, you've made the best of the chance you had—and it hasn't worked. I'm sorry, but I don't see you. My first impression was right. You strut and you brag. Down in your heart you're a bully—otherwise you wouldn't be thinking plain strength pleased any woman who had sense."

"Wait a minute," said Bat, a sullen anger showing out of his big eyes. "Don't get me wrong again. I had no wild ideas about abductin' you at all. I made that play to show you I wasn't afraid of TS. Also to have a few uninterrupted hours to explain myself—which you always refused to let me have."

"All right. I'll agree you've proved your great courage."

TRACY'S admiration for the girl deepened enormously. She was jabbing Bat's pride, rubbing salt into his egotism with a wicked deliberation, surely knowing the danger she thereby ran. Bat Testervis visibly swelled with rage and thick color ran solidly up his columnar neck. When he spoke again, Tracy heard the man's temper beat harder against the restraining calm.

"After I'd made it clear I never had the least intention of carrying you farther off—unless you wished to go—I meant to let you do as you pleased. That was the extent of it. I'm not crazy. I know what comes to a man that tries a kidnappin' stunt. It would be playin' right into Tade Shadrow's hands. So I figured to let you go, or to help you get out of the country if you wished."

"I'll settle your doubt," said Lynn, coolly. "Leave me right here."

"You'll never get the chance to decide now!" cried Testervis, all at once overwhelmed by madness. "I have changed my mind! You'll string along with me till I get some humbleness into your system!"

"Better let me go now," answered Lynn, unshaken. "You know what will happen to you if you're caught."

"I don't propose to be caught! By God, I hope Shadrow and his pack keep comin'! I'll do some long-distance damage on my own account for what they've done to me! As for you and your fine airs, you'll sure start regrettin' all that sarcasm and contempt you've laid onto me!"

"And now you're mad," said Lynn Isherwood.

"You're worth kissin'," muttered Testervis and suddenly walked toward her. Lynn's hand struck him so sharply across the face that the report was like a muffled gunshot. Testervis seized the arm before it fell and twisted it toward him. Then he let it drop, staggering back, sullen emotions congealing on his cheeks. Hugh Tracy stood upright in the clearing, cold and soundless, revolver pinned on the other's broad chest.

"STEP aside, Lynn," said Tracy in the flattest speech a man could ever make. The girl, startled, wheeled about with the breath rushing through her throat. As soon as she saw him—saw the incredible fire of his eyes—she cried out:

"No—Hugh—no!"

"Lynn," droned Hugh Tracy, "he's dirt beneath your feet. You ought to realize it by now. Step aside."

"Don't do it—don't do it, Hugh!"

"He was a spoiled and coddled kid," said Hugh. "He never knew how to lose his marbles without cryin'. And he grew up worse. As long as he gets his own way, he's a lion. When the goin' turns a little tough, he's a yellow squealer."

Testervis stood dumb, flat in his tracks, motionless since that first surprise of Tracy's appearance. His breathing came labored and fast. Both big fists hung at his hip line; and either through fear or that madness which destroys, the ruddiness of his skin vanished entirely to leave a strained white mask in which the two bold eyes gleamed with utter malevolence. He had his head back and those eyes, winkless, never left Hugh Tracy's gripping inspection.

"He's lost," said Lynn Isherwood. "Isn't that enough, Hugh?"

"Not for me. All his miserable life he's got out of scrapes without payin'. This time he's got to take his medicine. Turn around, Bat."

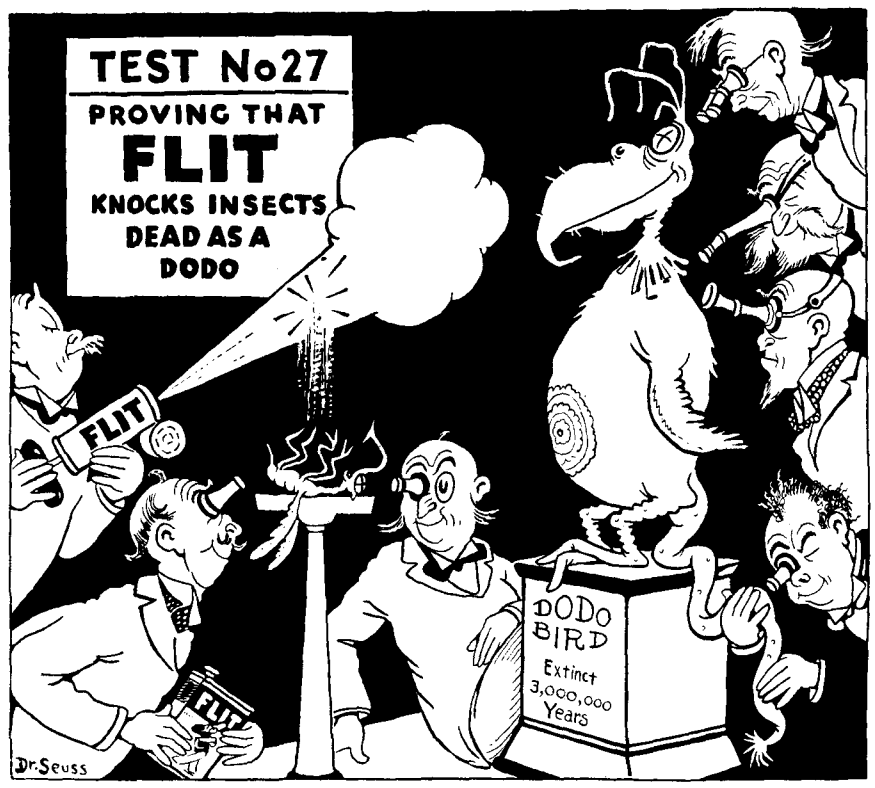
Into the other man's congested, hating glance appeared a distinct break of alarm. "You're not goin' to—"

"If I was able to shoot you from behind I would," said Hugh. "But it ain't in me. Turn around. Lift your hands high."

Testervis swung reluctantly, obeying. Hugh walked forward and reached out to get the man's gun from its holster, and to throw it far into the trees. He retreated then and dropped his own gun to the earth. "All right," said he. "Come on at me."

Testervis wheeled, fury exploding. He yelled savagely: "You sucker, that's what I hoped you'd do! I'll bust your back in the middle!" Lynn Isherwood, half swinging toward him, cried out. But Testervis suddenly grinned in a manner that pulled his lips apart, drew himself to his full height and leaped forward.

(To be continued next week)



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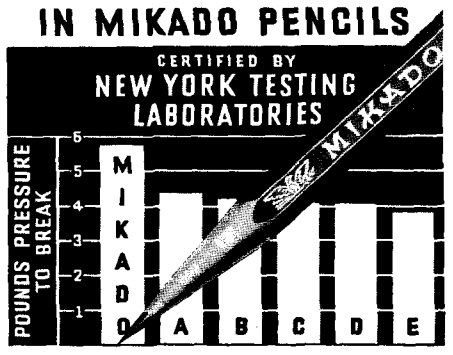

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Starch for the Red Sox

Continued from page 23

For young Tom Yawkey's eyes are very much open.

Baseball isn't something he met only yesterday.

He was weaned on a bat and he must have cut his teeth upon the stitches of a major-league missile. Other kids read about ball players. Tom Yawkey had 'em for playmates. And some of the most famous that ever walked in spikes, too. Ty Cobb, for instance, and old Wah-Hoo Sam Crawford and most of the rest of the great of baseball's immortal yesterday.

For, you see, his uncle owned the Detroit ball club, and the bond between young Tommy Austin and the childless William Hoover Yawkey was as close as that of any father and favorite son.

William Hoover Yawkey bought the Detroit Tigers back in 1903—the year his nephew, Tommy Austin, was born.

From Tabbycat to Bengal Tiger

William Hoover Yawkey was one of Michigan's industrial magnates. His father had built a fortune in timber and mining properties. This William Hoover Yawkey enlarged and expanded. William Hoover Yawkey was a baseball enthusiast. It was quite the thing in his day for industrial tycoons to buy ball clubs and run them as hobbies.

When William Hoover Yawkey bought the Tigers, they were almost as hopeless a proposition as the Sox his nephew has purchased. He brought in, to help him, a young man named Frank Navin. They purchased some ball players, which is always a good way to start. They got hold of a promising youngster by the name of Ty Cobb. Then there was another one named Hugh Jennings. A hard-hitting outfielder by the name of Sam Crawford was annexed. Then there were others who came and went—Bobbie Veach, George Moriarty, Donie Bush and some more.

The Detroit club gradually began to react. A flaming spirit replaced the old hangdogism. Belligerence came on to replace resignation and, in sum and in brief, Detroit's toothless Tabbycat became the American League's red-fanged, saber-toothed Bengal.

Who doesn't remember Hughie Jennings' famous and triumphant "Eeee-Yah"? Or the gleaming spikes of the pugnacious Cobb as he hit the dirt in full flight? Or the booming thud of Sam Crawford's massive mace as he poled that old onion into the high summertime's blue?

Into these scenes and amongst these historical characters wandered little Tommy Austin—now Thomas Austin—Yawkey.

The William Hoover Yawkey estate at Sandwich, across the river from Detroit, was more like a country club where ball players gathered. It was here that young Tom met and knew all the stars. Ty Cobb, then at the very peak of his fame, became his pal and his idol.

But baseball, while lots of fun, was merely the spare-time enthusiasm of William Hoover Yawkey. His business interests were many and mighty and he had serious ambitions for his nephew and heir. He took the boy into his household at the age of seven and began selling him the idea of preparing himself to carry on the great estate in his turn.

When Tom's mother died in 1917, the elder Yawkey legally adopted him. Young Tom was a student in Irving School, Tarrytown, New York, when his foster father died March 5, 1919. The Tigers then passed into the possession of Navin, who still owns and operates the club.

Young Tom went on from Irving to Yale, where he was graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School in 1925. He specialized in mining, metallurgy and chemistry, much of the Yawkey estate being in oils, mines and minerals. He had played football, baseball and basketball at Irving and he went out for both football and baseball at Yale.

He lacked the size and the speed to make Yale's varsity teams—that was the era of Lovejoy, Luman, Pond, Blair and the rest—but significant of his stick-to-itiveness is the fact that he battered his way through to the second team and held his place proudly there from the season's start to its finish. There was nothing of the prima donna or the quitter about him. He was popular with his classmates and well regarded by his instructors as a serious, sane and sincere young man.

After graduation, he went unobtrusively to work superintending the properties that had now become his responsibility. And he had been reared to regard them as a responsibility—not a privilege.

But the love of baseball still burned in his blood and, more often than he should have—or so he expressed it—he'd steal quietly out of the impressive suite of offices he occupies in one of New York's newer and taller business temples and manage to reach the Yankee Stadium or the Polo Grounds just as the umpire caroled "Play ball."

It was his old idol, Ty Cobb, who inadvertently brought him back to the game as an owner. Cobb, as the baseball world remembers, finally topped off his career with a brief stay in Philadelphia. He was attached for duty and rations to Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy's celebrated Athletics, although he did little but the heavy standing around. Also attached to the Athletics was little Eddie Collins, the dynamic daddy of all second basemen and hand-picked by Connie Mack to succeed him as manager. Collins' official portfolio was that of coach.

On a visit with Cobb, the old Georgia Peach introduced young Yawkey to Eddie and the two forthwith formed a hard and fast friendship. They had two bonds in common, they discovered: Eddie, like Yawkey, was a graduate of Irving School. And Eddie, like Yawkey, was a fancy wing shot.

Damon and Pythias Play Ball

The Yawkey winter home is South Island Plantation down near Georgetown, South Carolina. The place teems with both upland and migratory game. Tom invited Eddie to come shooting with him. By the time the trip was over, the young millionaire and the infield immortal were a regular Damon and Pythias.

And they've stayed that way. It was Eddie, as a matter of fact, who first brought up the matter of the Red Sox to Yawkey—not as a business proposition, but purely as an idle conversational subject one night when they were chinning about baseball.

That the Boston club was in wretched financial shape was no secret to baseball men. Things had gone steadily from bad to worse ever since Harry Frazee had started to wreck it back in 1920 in order to scotch himself in a sliding theatrical business. When Frazee, a theatrical man, bought the club from Joe Lannin after the 1916 season, it had won two successive world championships. In 1917, Frazee's first year, it ran a strong race for the pennant, only finally to be nosed out by Chicago, but in 1918 it won the world's title again.

This meant that it was a first-rate ball club, and a going financial concern of the first muddy water.

But Frazee's first love was the theater and things weren't going so well for him there. He had produced "Madame Sherry" and had made a lot of money, but his next several ventures laid eggs.

First he turned over to the Yanks Duffy Lewis, Dutch Leonard and Ernie Shore. Then Carl Mays. Then came the Babe. Then, one by one, Waite Hoyt, Wally Schang, Mike McNally, Everett Scott, Joe Dungan, Joe Bush, Sam Jones, the aforementioned Herb Pennock and Elmer Smith.

He sold the Yanks, in brief, a world championship ball club. And when he was through, he knocked down his franchise, the ball park and such hirelings as he hadn't been able to peddle elsewhere, to a syndicate of sportsmen from Columbus, Ohio, fronted by Bob Quinn, business manager of the St. Louis Browns. The price for this diamond junk was reputed to be $1,500,000. The real estate was supposed to represent the million.

The Red Sox Go to the Cleaners

Since he paid less than a half million for the club in the first place and netted $2,000,000 from "No, No, Nannette" alone, Mr. Frazee did well enough for Mr. Frazee, but he left American League ball in the Hub of the Universe as clean as a chicken picked and singed.

Quinn was never able to get the outfit back on its feet. His funds proved insufficient to swing the task of reconstruction. Further, he had worse luck than the man who worked for his board and then lost his appetite. A fine man personally and one who deserved a better fate, he was at length completely strapped.

Some part of that was what Eddie Collins was telling Tom Yawkey as they sat talking baseball—a favorite subject with both.

Young Yawkey was coming into the major portion of his inheritance in a couple of weeks—upon his thirtieth birthday, but Collins had no way of knowing that.

Suddenly the young man turned squarely upon the famous second baseman and said, "Eddie, why don't we buy it?"

"Why don't we *what?*" asked Mr. Collins.

"Let's go partners," said Yawkey. "I'll buy the club and you run it."

"Whew," whistled Collins reflectively. "Gee, I don't know. . . ."

But they did.

Four days after young Yawkey came into complete control of the millions he had schooled himself carefully to handle, the sports pages rang with the news of the sale. New York reporters, locating the young man in his luxurious office, asked him patronizingly why he hadn't bought the Giants, if he itched to own a ball club.

"Because," he said with that wide, boyish grin that is a very attractive part of him, "I'm an American Leaguer, myself. Me? I wouldn't own a National League ball club!"

"But what do you expect to do with

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it, now that you have it?" I asked as we talked it over.

"I expect," he replied slowly and evenly, "to get a great kick out of making something out of it."

"Money?"

"Some of that, maybe," he smiled, "but by 'something' I mean a first-class, high-spirited ball club. One that will go in there and make the old college try. One that won't move around with its dauber always down. One that will go in there and scrap.

"At that," he continued, "I wouldn't have bought it if Eddie Collins hadn't agreed to be the top sergeant. Eddie's vice president and general manager, with his own block of stock, you know. I'm going to give the club as much time as I can, but it won't be the major portion of it."

"Doesn't the size of the reconstruction job scare you?"

Wanted: Fire and Loyalty

"On the contrary, it's right where I'm getting my biggest wallop. I don't see how any man can get any real satisfaction out of taking a success and merely running it along. That's like landing a fish that somebody else hooked. The big kick comes from taking something that's down and seeing if you can put it up and across. That's what my daddy did. I want to see if I'm as good a man as he was."

"And with what plans?"

"I don't know that I can tell you all of them. I don't know that I know all of them myself. We've got to get some ball players. We've already bought what we could. We got Rick Ferrell and Lloyd Brown from St. Louis, Pipgras and Werber from the Yanks, and we've tried to buy more but the deals fell through. But we'll get more players, as and if they're needed. Players, however, aren't the principal problem. After you've got all the players you need, you still haven't got much unless you can get something into 'em.

"You've got to get some fight, some fire, some eagerness, some loyalty, some team pride into 'em somehow. Baseball, all of it, needs a lot more of the old-time religion. It needs a few Cobbs and Everses and Fletchers in there stealing bases, rattling pitchers and—yes, even getting tough with the umpires. I don't mean brutishness and rough-neckism, but plenty of sparkle and snap and the old will to win.

"I don't mean," he continued, "that modern ball players are sissies. But they're too polite, too matter-of-fact, and most of 'em are too brittle. At least they think they're too brittle and that amounts to the same thing. There's too much coming out of the game because of a strawberry, a skinned knuckle or a pain in the sawdust. Cobb, and those other fellows who played back there when the game was good, wouldn't quit. They were in there scrapping through hell or high water. That's why they were good."

"You say," I interrupted, "'back there when the game was good.' Do you mean . . ."

"Yes, sir," he fired, "I mean the game was better back there and that the public liked it better. The old-timers played prettier, more scientific and more interesting baseball. I don't think there's even an argument on that score. I'd be the last to discount the box-office value of Babe Ruth. It's probably true that the game owes him a lasting debt for switching public interest away from the Black Sox scandal with his terrific home runs. But even so, I think he and his brother sluggers have changed baseball completely and I'm not at all sure that the change has been for the better.

"They've killed, for one thing, the pretty business of base stealing. That was a major thrill of the old days. And it was a bigger thrill, if you ask me, than any ordinary home run.

"But who bothers with any real base stealing today? Somebody tries it occasionally, but what's the use with every batter coming up to take a free swing, a swing that likely as not will slam the ball into the center-field clock? The fine and thrilling stratagems of the old days have almost all been discarded. Baseball needs to see 'em put back.

"My idea of baseball is to outthink the other fellow, outguess him, run him crazy by crossing him up. I want another Wee Willie Keeler who can 'hit 'em where they ain't.' I want a club that won't depend upon brute strength alone. I want a smart ball club. One that will take chances, that will do the unorthodox. I want somebody to steal bases. I'd even like to see 'em try to steal home. As long as they take chances and keep fighting, I don't care about the rest of it. I want it to give me and the crowd a run for our money. If it does that, and loses, it's all right with me. I'd rather they'd take chances and lose than win with dreary, stereotyped baseball.

"I want a resourceful, balanced ball club, not just some one terrific slugger surrounded by a supporting cast the names of which mean nothing. I want a ball club the crowd will love—every man jack on it. I want to hear those bleachers thunder again the way they used to in the old days. I've always had the impression that the bleacherites are a team's real fans anyhow. Big grandstand crowds come and go. Of course there are loyal and faithful supporters in there under the roof, but baseball's time-honored public sits out on the hard planks in the sun. I want to see it given back the thing it used to love, and that's what I'm going to work toward with whatever speed I can make."

"You don't think, then," said I, thinking of the way the minor leagues have folded, how the kids caddy these days instead of playing One Old Cat, and the rest, "that baseball has slipped beyond redemption with the public?"

"No," said he, "the game hasn't lost anything it can't get back. It's lost some of its appeal, yes, but chiefly for the reasons I've been telling you. I believe it will come back if the old features are put back.

Thirsting for Color

"Look, for instance, how the papers blazed with the accounts of that early season tiff between the Senators and the Yankees. Two players bumped each other at second and got up and slung a few fists. From the way the stories hung on, you'd think a couple of nations had declared war on each other. In the old days they had at least one of those a week, with the fans mixing in gleefully occasionally.

"I don't champion such brawls, but I do champion the spirit that makes such brawls possible. Properly bridled and translated into terms of aggressive team play instead of individual outbreaks, it makes the type of baseball that baseball used to be. Give it back the fight, the skill, the science of yesterday and you'll see it packing 'em in again just as it always used to do."

And our advice is to keep at least one peeper focussed upon these rescued Red Sox and this unusual young gentleman who now is their boss.

He's the almost never encountered phenomenon—a product of the present sold completely on the past. And it's going to be extremely interesting to see, as the box scores parade in block formation after one another, whether this puissant young party succeeds in changing the game or whether, as so often sadly happens, the game changes him!

WHAT WILL YOUR SON DO NOW?

We're talking to parents, especially those who, regardless of present circumstances, had made no serious plans for their sons going to college after high school graduation. What we have to say will also interest parents who made plans but have seen them shattered by unforeseen forces.

There was a time when a boy could step from high school graduation into a job. The boy who does it today is fortunate indeed. The inability to do it is not always a reflection on his ambition or his ability. In many cases the job is not there.

The economic horizon is brightening—there's no doubt about that—but there are millions of trained men, with families dependent upon them, waiting to fill jobs as they materialize. All the organized forces of society and government are working to solve the unemployment problem. Your boy, leaving high school, encounters a vast army of competitors. Many of these are grown men willing to take jobs that in former days were held by boys just launching out for themselves.

At the moment it's a serious outlook—and a sad one for the boy. He is willing to work but cannot find work to do. He is at the peak of his energy and his enthusiasm. Shall he begin life in bitterness, or in brooding over his fate, or make associates and acquire habits that would have never tempted him in normal times?

Your greatest responsibility to that boy is TODAY! He needs your advice and your guidance more than he ever needed it before.

Why not, then, encourage him to devote a systematic portion of his spare time to the study of something which will engage his thoughts and—more important—give him training which will be of inestimable benefit to him in the years ahead? This study can give him a new vision of life, inspire him to greater achievements. Apprenticeship is still necessary, but employers prefer young men whose attitude and preliminary training qualify them to adapt themselves readily to the employer's needs.

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Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

Your Dollar's Worth

BEFORE long the dollar must, of course, be stabilized. The dollar is merely a measure, like the foot rule or the quart cup, or the ounce weight. In changing times units of measure have to be changed. But for permanent use we prefer to make our measuring rods of materials less elastic than rubber. We want to be able to trust our money. The old rule of "let the buyer beware" is discredited.

So sooner or later dollars will be stabilized, but it was highly intelligent for President Roosevelt to refuse to agree to stabilization at the very beginning of the Economic Conference. More pressing even than the need of stable money is the rise in prices. Premature stabilization of the dollar might have stopped the upward movement of prices. This had to be avoided.

Yet even though delay was necessary and desirable, the goal toward which we are moving is perfectly clear and definite.

It is safe to predict that both the gold and the silver standards will be reëstablished and the currencies of all countries will be measured in grains of gold and silver.

During the first years of our republic gold and silver were accepted for legal payment. Congress passed a law in 1792 authorizing the unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the ratio of 15 to 1.

European nations also used both gold and silver but the ratios varied. France exchanged at the rate of 15½ to 1. Great Britain in 1816 established the first gold standard. During the years following all important trading nations except China and India demonetized silver.

The trouble with a two-metal standard was due to a lack of international agreement concerning relative values of gold and silver. When silver was undervalued it was hoarded and disappeared from use as money. It is, however, far easier now than it was fifty or a hundred years ago to maintain a fixed ratio between gold and silver in the international market.

It is, furthermore, generally realized that both China and India prefer silver to gold. To improve trade with the Orient silver will be reëstablished as money at a relationship to gold maintained by the leading financial powers. The desire of Congress in the matter was revealed when payments in silver on the war debt were authorized.

It is perfectly clear that the gold standard will be reëstablished in the principal European countries and in the United States as soon as is practicable. Less gold will actually be minted in coin. The reserve ratio against paper money will doubtless be lowered. Few people will actually see or handle or possess gold money. But gold will still be the measure of value and silver will be tied to gold by international agreement.

The amount of gold shipped to pay international debts is generally small. Debts between countries are paid by an exchange of goods and services. The ordinary minor differences between the balance of imports and exports are leveled by gold transfers.

In the future these transfers of gold will be much more between central banks than between private business persons. Gold will more and more tend to be kept apart from common use.

The point at which the dollar, or any other currency, is stabilized is only partially in the control of our government or any government. President Roosevelt has the authority to reduce the gold content of the dollar by not more than one half.

Historically, when the value of money has been reduced, economic forces rather than the arbitrary decision of a government have compelled the change. Commonly when a currency is stabilized the government fixes a value close to that previously arrived at by trading in the international money markets.

France, Italy and Belgium reduced the weight of gold in the franc and the lira. In each case, however, the new valuation was made first in international trade and afterward stabilized by governmental action.

Debts owed by France, Italy and Belgium seemed greater than their capacity to pay. Consequently in the world markets their currencies lost value. The same influences drove England off the gold standard and reduced the buying power of the pound.

The economic forces which drove the franc, the lira and, to a lesser extent, the pound down have not affected and will not affect the dollar. We are a creditor, not a debtor, nation. Speculation can drive the dollar down temporarily but its long-time value in international trade will be governed largely by our position as a creditor. So long as our debtors have to buy American dollars to pay their debts, the dollar will naturally tend to rise in the world markets.

As a nation we are more interested for the present in rising prices than in the exact number of grains of gold in the dollar. So the stabilization of our currency awaits the advancing trade revival. If things continue to improve, the American sentiment in favor of devaluing the dollar will fade. The pressure on the President violently to cut the gold content of the dollar will be lightened. Public attention will be absorbed by other things.

Those who, like Senator Thomas of Oklahoma, expect a drastic devaluation of the dollar are likely to be disappointed. Economic forces will not devalue the dollar. If our government follows the hitherto universal practice and stabilizes the dollar at the rating it naturally finds in international exchange, the number of grains of gold won't be fewer. There is no reasonable cause for alarm.

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IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED

TODAY'S FEATURE The LIVING PEARL

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GOODNESS! THIS MAGAZINE TELLS HOW A MAGICIAN MAKES A LIVE DOG JUMP OUT OF AN EMPTY KENNEL.

WE SAW A BETTER SHOW THAN THAT LAST NIGHT, DIDN'T WE, ROY?

WHAT THEY SAW LAST NIGHT!

I NOW COMMAND THE SHELL TO OPEN.

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS GOING TO HAPPEN!

PRESTO—CHANGO—THE LIVING PEARL APPEARS.

OH-H-H—ISN'T SHE LOVELY!

ROY—WAS THAT A MAGICAL TRICK?

YES—A VERY PRETTY ILLUSION. HERE'S THE WAY IT WORKS—

ROY TELLS GIRLS ABOUT "LIVING" PEARL

OYSTER CLOSED. GAUZE OVER GIRL.

1

STRING LIFTS LID.

2

OYSTER IS TILTED TO SHOW IT IS EMPTY.

GIRL CRAWLS THROUGH OPEN BOTTOM.

LID DROPS BACK. GIRL RETURNS TO SHELL.

3

CATCH

GAUZE WORKS ON ROLLER LIKE WINDOW SHADE. BEFORE APPEARING, GIRL UNHOOKS CATCH, ROLLS UP GAUZE.

4

GAUZE HAS DISAPPEARED. "PEARL" RISES FROM SHELL.

THAT TRICK CERTAINLY FOOLED ME. HAVE A CIGARETTE, ROY?

I'D RATHER HAVE A CAMEL THAN THAT KIND.

I TOLD YOU HE'S A CAMEL FAN, LIKE ME.

CAMELS ARE MILDER THAN THE OTHERS, ROY!

I KNEW SHE WOULD ENJOY CAMELS MORE.

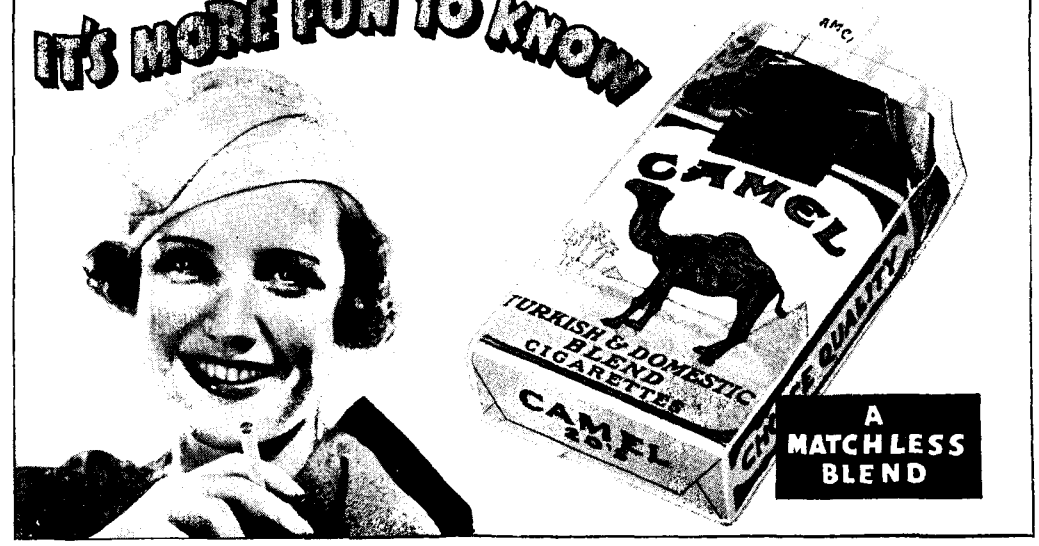
YOU'LL LIKE THEM MORE AND MORE ALL THE TIME.

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS! FOR A MILD, PLEASING SMOKE LIGHT UP A CAMEL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF THE TRUTH OF THE SAYING:

"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS."

NO TRICKS IN CAMELS — just COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW



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IN ONE HAND I HAVE A PACK OF CAMELS, IN THE OTHER A SMALL MIRROR.

ED IS SO CLEVER.

HE CAN'T FOOL ME.

NOW DESCRIBE THE APPEARANCE OF THE WORD "QUALITY."

IT'S UPSIDE DOWN, OF COURSE!

1

NOW DESCRIBE THE APPEARANCE OF THE WORD "CHOICE."

WHY, IT'S NOT UPSIDE DOWN!

I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES.

2

CHOICE

A "CHOICE" WAY OF LOOKING AT IT

THE WORD "CHOICE" IS POSSIBLY THE ONLY WORD OF SIX LETTERS WHEREIN ALL THE LETTERS HAVE THE SAME SHAPE IN THEIR UPPER AND LOWER VALUES. A MIRROR ONLY REVERSES IN ONE DIMENSION. THE WORD "CHOICE," THOUGH IT ACTUALLY IS REVERSED, DOES NOT APPEAR TO BE. IN MAGIC, THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

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